

▲
**Before You Call
a Doctor**



**Diplomacy
for Mothers**



**Supercharge
Your Reading**



**How Good
Is Your Taste?**



**We Reduced
on Chop Suey**



**The Coronet
Gallery of Art
and Photographs**



**—AND 22 OTHER
FEATURES BY**

VINCENT STARRETT

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

GEORGE SLOCOMBE

FRED C. KELLY

LOUIS ZARA

BOB BROWN

AND OTHERS

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

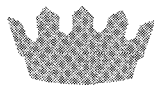


APRIL, 1939

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CORONET

for
APRIL
1939

TEXTUAL FEATURES

FACTUAL:		The Compleat Man	
Before You Call a Doctor		Louis Zara	169
Dr. Eric Clarkson	3	SATIRICAL:	
Diplomacy for Mothers		Hack Writer's Catechism	
Lisa Grenelle	15	Ellington Curtis	9
Wine Detective		"For Gawd's Sake, Don't!"	
Fred C. Kelly	34	Rita Jackson	53
We Lead the World in Fires		SEMI-FICTIONAL:	
Boris Laiming and		The Fussy Brother	
Majorie Kern	41	Donald Deems	19
Patent Pending for 68c		CULTURAL:	
Hamilton Greene	109	Supercharge Your Reading	
CONVERSATIONAL:		Louis Steele	22
How to Talk Poetry		How Good Is Your Taste?	55
William Stephens	118	Sock! Bam! Powie!	
FICTIONAL:		Sidney Carroll	90
A Question of Principle		Modern Medieval	
André Maurois	37	George W. Reed	99
Goddess in Captivity		A Note on Gluck	
George Slocombe	123	Carleton Smith	129
Lost Motion	R. C. Rowe 173	About Prentiss Taylor	
QUIZZICAL:		Harry Salpeter	134
That Foreign Flavor		HISTORICAL:	
Harold Hart	107	With Sword and Pen	
PERSONAL:		Vincent Starrett	27
We Reduced on Chop Suey		'Way out West	
Rose and Bob Brown	112	Elmo Scott Watson	147
A Portfolio of Personalities	154	Eagle and Serpent	
Failure Story	Harold Titus 161	Phillip Paul Daniels	164
BIOGRAPHICAL:		METRICAL:	
Our Amazing First Lady		Preface for a Life	
Annabel Lee	95	Deliverance	
"No Way to Get Rich"		John-Bryan	32
Martin Bidwell	104	Harold Willard Gleason	116

PICTORIAL FEATURES

ART REPRODUCTIONS

COVER: Mlle Jeanne Gonin by
Jean Ingres (1780-1867). Taft
Museum, Cincinnati.

A PORTFOLIO OF HITCHING POSTS

Upper by Richard Correll;
lower by R. W. R. Taylor 11
Continued on inside back cover

DAVID A. SMART
PUBLISHER

CORONET, APRIL 1, 1939; VOL. 5, NO. 6; WHOLE NO. 30
CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart, Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire-Coronet, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$4.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$5.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union, All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1939, by Esquire-Coronet, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A.

BEFORE YOU CALL A DOCTOR

A PHYSICIAN PRESCRIBES COMMON SENSE—TO
SAVE YOUR HEALTH AND YOUR POCKETBOOK



THERE are still hundreds of thousands of people who believe they have a tapeworm if they feel hungry all the time and lose weight in spite of eating more than usual. Some take the advice of the lady next door and try to "starve" the worm. Others take the advice of a patent medicine label and proceed to dope themselves with anything from tinted water to T.N.T. If they could get inside themselves with lasso and shotgun, to capture the vile parasite, they would certainly make the attempt. Finally, they go to a doctor and discover they have no tapeworm at all. They may have diabetes; or they may be suffering from too much thyroid gland activity.

And there are hundreds of thousands of people who believe they have "heart trouble" if they feel an occasional stabbing pain on the left side of the chest. They run to the doctor, or they call him up at 4 a.m., insisting they have had a heart attack. His reassurances don't always suffice. If he puts them to the added expense of getting an electrocardiogram and then shows them the chart (which they don't in the least understand), they

may finally take his word for it that they are in no danger of dramatic collapse. And they may finally accept his advice about diet, to relieve the gas pains which they insisted were heart pains.

The moral is that our folklore about health needs editing. Not that it needs to be abolished, for it serves a very real purpose. Folk knowledge based on a few simple facts about sickness helps both doctors and patients; for people are then more likely to know when and when not to call the doctor. People would save the money they waste on futile "emergency" calls, and would be less hesitant to spend money on preventive examinations. Doctors would be excused from more than half of the most irritating part of their craft: night calls.

This body of folklore has three main sources. First, of course, is the great accumulation of old wives' remedies, compounded out of superstition and out of simple experience with an herb or drug that works. This is not always wrong. The Chinese, for instance, used tea as a cure for burns for many years before modern science found that tan-

APRIL, 1939

nic acid formed a healing crust over burns. But often enough such native remedies—as the application of dung-poultices to sores—only add infection to infection.

As the general level of education rises, there is of course a weaning out of the dangerous and injurious folk-medical practices, and this is necessary even though it includes the discrediting of a few grandmother-remedies that worked wonders. But a new medical folklore grows up on the other side of the fence. Sickness fads follow every advance in medicine. The announcement of a medical discovery seems to stimulate hypochondriacal tendencies. Thus, a second body of popular medical error grows up in the reverse direction of the first body. It deals, not with time-tried poultices, but with newly named disorders.

As the world becomes aware of allergy, folks find or imagine themselves to be allergic to everything from their horsehair sofas (they've been wanting to buy new furniture for ages) to their husbands. As glandular disorders begin to be understood, thousands of nervous or somehow unhappy people become convinced that their hormones need adjustment. Fortunately, there is very little harm done in this direction, as people cannot apply these discoveries to themselves; they have to go to doctors. Such new folklore generally results in nothing worse than a waste of time and worry, plus needless doctor bills.

The third source of folklore on health is, however, often harmful. This is mass advertisement of medicines. It is old stuff for visitors to the United States to remark that, judging from the placards in our streetcars and subways, all Americans are constipated. Advertisements raise certain minor illnesses and discomforts to a point of emphasis out of all proportion to their nature, people get into the habit of dosing themselves with cathartics to relieve the slightest congestion, thus upsetting the rhythm of their natural functions and sometimes winding up with real complaints.

To offset these three possible sources of health error, the average person needs only a common-sense knowledge of his body. He can do no better than to follow the general practitioner's approach, in attempting a self-diagnosis. For if he comes to the doctor with a pain, the doctor wants to know three things first: where is the pain, how long has it been going on, how does it affect normal body functions?

The vast majority of human illness and discomfort is in the minor class and is self-healing. What the average person needs is the ability to distinguish between a minor illness that will pass with a few days of rest, and the symptoms of a real disorder that needs medical attention. There are very few true emergencies in medicine, very few conditions which, viewed with common sense, can't wait a few hours or a night, for the doctor's call.

The most important of these, the sharp pain in the lower right portion of the abdomen, which may mean appendicitis, when hours can count, is already generally known. Gall bladder colics and kidney stone colics cause such severe and agonizing pain, of the doubling-up kind, that it is scarcely necessary to emphasize the need of calling a doctor, day or night, in such cases. Then there are the true emergencies, the "strokes," such as coronary thrombosis, which are unmistakable. Severe hemorrhage from the stomach, chest, or uterus, is usually frightening enough so that the need of calling the doctor in such cases is obvious.

But if a person simply has a little fever, if he has cramps, or a bad headache, the immediate arrival of a physician is not a matter of life and death.

FEVERS AND COLDS

Fever is of course the first reliable indication of disorder, to the layman. And fever accompanying a cold accounts for the bulk of the situations in which the family debates as to whether a doctor should be called. The fever may indicate influenza; the next-door neighbor knows just such a case that proved to be a fatal pneumonia; it may be typhoid or anything. But if that patient gets into bed and takes plenty of fluids and watches his temperature, the chances are he'll see it going down within a few hours. That's the way to treat what seems to be a common cold accompanied by fever.

Time enough to call the doctor if the temperature doesn't go down in a day.

There is a common misconception about hot baths being good for colds. This piece of folklore may be harmful if followed, as it is very easy to catch a chill coming out of a hot bath. The patient who gets into bed is, however, doing about all the physician would want him to do for an early cold.

A cough after a cold is not serious and does not call for a medical man's attention unless it persists more than a couple of weeks.

CONSTIPATION

Doubt about calling the doctor plagues the sufferer from pains in the "vitals" as much as the fever-haver. Here, the doctor's three questions are paramount: the first question should be: "How long?" There are all sorts of cramps and discomforts and constipations and diarrheas due to eating the wrong stuff, or to nervous strains. If the pain endures beyond a few days, it may indicate something more serious, and then the "where" becomes important to the doctor. Interference with a normal physiological function is not always an emergency indication.

The most common concern of this sort, as has already been suggested, is in regard to constipation. People who miss an evacuation, over-sensitized as they are by the intense advertisement of the subject, become alarmed. They rush to their doctors and want to know whether they have

cancer! Or else they take some medicine which forces action. They don't realize that it will then take about thirty-six hours for the evacuated colon to become active again, so, before the thirty-six hours have passed, they become anxious and take more medicine. Thus a vicious circle is started. They may never allow their bodily function to return to natural rhythm.

To medical men, frequency of bowel movement is unimportant, as this factor varies with individuals: from two or three times a day for some, once in two or three days for others. A change of diet, or some nervous strain, may cause a person to miss his customary evacuation. Modern folklore on the subject has convinced him that his body will become poisoned by the unevacuated material. Actually, all he needs to do is to rest, to wait, perhaps to eat more fruit and vegetables and drink more water. He usually doesn't need a laxative or a doctor.

It is when the evacuated material changes greatly in consistency, either as diarrhea or the reverse, and when this condition persists, that he needs medical advice.

This rule cannot be absolute, for, as doctors are taught, "always and never are two words that doctors should always remember never to use." And in this instance, it must be noticed that persons over forty, who fail to have bowel movements even though their diet and mode of living are substantially unchanged, should

seek medical attention, as their constipation may be an indication of malignant growth in the digestive system.

Loss of appetite and loss of weight should not be treated folklore fashion, with patented tonics and tidbits. Consistent loss of weight is a serious symptom, and needs well qualified medical attention. It may indicate some obstruction, such as a tumor in the digestive tract; it is also a sign of tuberculosis. But not of tapeworm. There are no gnawing symptoms with tapeworm; no symptoms at all; as a rule the victim is unaware that there is anything wrong with him until a piece of the parasite appears in excretion.

ACIDITY, ALKALINITY

Another mistaken bit of folklore concerning digestion is in the much publicized subject of alkalinity versus acidity. People have come to believe that a slight change in diet, or even tiredness, may upset the balance between these two chemistries in the body. As a matter of fact, the alkalinity factor is a subject of very delicate control by organic mechanisms that are not so easily affected. It takes a truly serious condition to unbalance this control. Anyone who talks about a rather normal patient having "acid system," "acidosis," or "too much acid in the system" is fostering a dangerous myth. For this can be true only in a severe diabetic on the verge of coma, or in someone with kidney badly damaged so that elimination of its acid contents is stopped, or in com-

parable catastrophies. Short of this, the body takes care of acid and alkali balance.

The reverse scare, "too much alkali," can be substantiated only in conditions such as starvation, accompanied by vomiting.

The folklore follower who dopes himself with alkalis may do so to the extent of damaging his kidneys. In any case, he is doing himself no good, and developing a sense of false security in regard to whatever illness is really bothering him.

HEART TROUBLE

Stomach trouble fears are only slightly more common than heart trouble fears, which abound among business men and people in jobs that keep them at high nervous tension. As has already been noted, such folk are likely to confound abdominal gas pains with heart pains. It is unromantic to learn of such confusion, but the fact is that such pains are often due to imperfect functioning of the gall bladder, as a result of nervous tension; or else the pains are due to eating highly spiced foods, or greasy foods. A little careful diet, a little relaxation, and the "heart disease" is gone.

This intermittent, stabbing pain is not even a symptom of real heart disease. For in the real disease the pain endures, and gets worse with activity or tension. In the false disease, activity takes the sufferer's mind off himself, and thus the stabbing pain vanishes.

Shortness of breath is commonly known as a symptom of heart disease, but many people who want to be romantically or tragically ill take this to mean that if they puff after running up a flight of stairs they are heart-sick. It is when ordinary exertion, such as walking on a level, not walking up against gravity, brings shortness of breath that heart disease may be indicated.

And there are many people who come to their doctor fearing they have heart disease because they frequently have to take a deep breath to "catch up" with their ordinary breathing. That is not being short of breath. It's just sighing. It's heart trouble over some emotional crisis or domestic worry, but it's not organic heart trouble.

HEADACHES

One of the most common worry-symptoms to which folklore and advertising remedies are attached, is the headache. Actually persistent headache requires careful diagnosis, for it may be caused by trouble in the eyes, teeth, sinuses, by high blood pressure, by a brain tumor, or by that old debbil constipation.

It doesn't do much good to take a physic to relieve a headache, because the same thing that is causing the headache is causing the constipation—it may be anything from a business rival to a European dictator. If it's that kind of a headache, the remedy is relaxation. If it's impossible to get

rid of the dictator, there may be some simple relief in taking an aspirin, which diminishes the sense of pain.

But some headaches can be traced to organic causes. Sinus headaches usually occur around 10 a.m. and last into the late afternoon. That is because the frontal and maxillary sinuses accumulate secretions during the night; as some of the matter is discharged through the day, pain is relieved. If headaches come repeatedly during these hours, and if the pain is accompanied by tenderness around the jaws, and there is some pus-discharge through the nose, medical advice should be sought.

Headaches due to eye trouble are more likely to occur late in the day, as, obviously, the strain grows greater while the eyes are in use. High blood pressure headaches generally come in the early morning, and disappear after the sufferer is up and around.

★ ★ ★

Hangovers scarcely require medical attention. The drunk, however, is the frequent cause of unnecessary night calls to the doctor, when perhaps a policeman should be called instead. For if he gets noisy, or sick, after he comes home, the family is likely to call the doctor in alarm, either for his health or their social reputation.

Unnecessary, too, from the doctor's point of view, are the frequent night calls which are put in after family quarrels, when the wife tosses and moans and can't sleep and complains that she feels she is suffocating. A

sedative may help, but a reconciliation is the real cure.

The great majority of emergency calls to the nursery fall into the same category. Most mothers and fathers know that a fever of 103° or 104° is not unusual in a child with a common cold, and that there will be no harm in waiting until morning before calling the doctor; they spend the evening debating this subject, decide not to call him, and then get scared in the middle of the night and put in an emergency call. Doctors don't complain about extra and needless calls at other times, if they're paid for, but they don't like to get out of bed for trivialities. The signs of common contagious diseases, such as measles and scarlet fever, are well enough known so that there should be no time lost in getting medical care in such instances.

Modern folklore on health should be condensed to a few simple rules. Rest in bed is the first thing to try for fevers which are not accompanied by symptoms of major disease. Headaches and bellyaches can be waited out, with the aid of an aspirin and simplified diet. But consistently repeated disorders of this sort, or persistent localized pain, require medical attention. For the "tired out," the "run down," the vast army of modern folk who feel they must be sick somewhere, there is no tonic or elixir. Those troubles are not due to worn-out parts in the organism. Rest, relaxation are the only medicines for them.

—DR. ERIC CLARKSON

HACK WRITER'S CATECHISM

YOU TOO CAN LEARN TO WRITE IN THIS
FASCINATING EASY WAY—HEAVEN FORBID!



INSTRUCTOR of Trade School Fiction, examining his star pupil: Now tell me quickly, what sort of an airman was he?

Student: Why, an intrepid airman.

Inst. I see you know what you are about, young man. Now how did the banker speak over the telephone?

St. With close-clipped phrases and narrowed eyes.

Inst. And how was the executive?

St. Dynamic.

Inst. Excellent, my son. What adjective do you put before "host"?

St. Genial.

Inst. What is a piece of engineering?

St. An engineering feat.

Inst. What was the man from Dixie?

St. A Southern gentleman.

Inst. Of what school?

St. Of the old school.

Inst. And his daughter was . . .?

St. A Southern belle.

Inst. And they dispensed . . .?

St. Southern hospitality.

Inst. Now about suffering. She . . .?

St. Suffered untold agony.

Inst. What other agonies are there?

St. I never heard of any.

Inst. Mm! I never did either. Speak-

ing of the fire, it was . . .?

St. A veritable holocaust.

Inst. And desolation is . . .?

St. Utter, old boy, always utter.

Inst. A lawyer is . . .?

St. A shyster or a respected member of the bar.

Inst. Let us finish with a little game of noun and adjective. The one and only adjective for these nouns. Quick! Give me the phrases. Science?

St. Modern science.

Inst. Patriarch!

St. Venerable patriarch.

Inst. Salesman?

St. Live wire.

Inst. Sportsman?

St. Keen.

Inst. Tune?

St. Catchy.

Inst. Relic?

St. Priceless relic.

Inst. Fate?

St. Appalling fate.

Inst. Enough, enough. Go forth, young man! Grab your Can't-Leak fountain pen and conquer the country. I can teach you no more of the English language.

—ELLINGTON CURTIS



A PORTFOLIO OF HITCHING POSTS

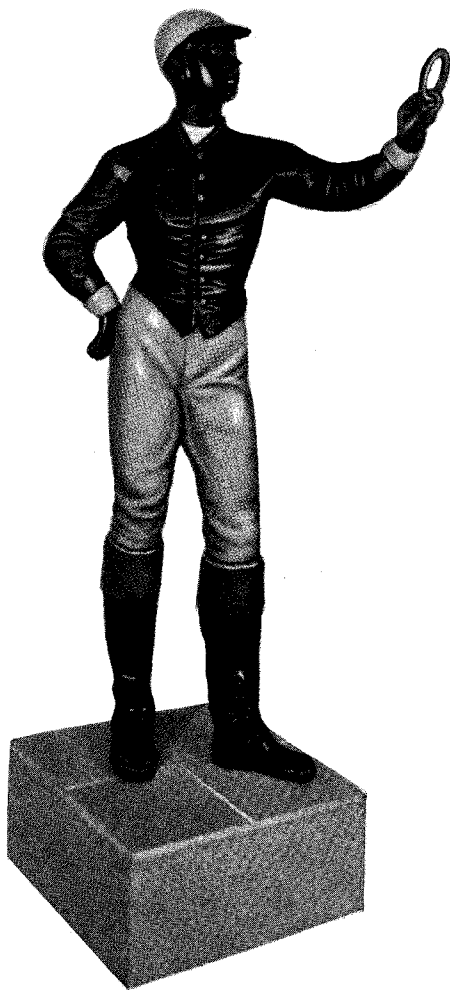
SOME day America will look back on what will probably be known as the "cast-iron" period of native crafts. Already a thing of the past, iron work in the form of garden ornaments, elaborate architectural decorations and the like requires only a few more decades to become entirely nostalgic. One of the chief glories were the variously conceived hitching posts, without which no home of the 80's or 90's was complete. The Index of American Design, a Federal Art Project under the Works Progress Administration, has included these in its comprehensive pictorial record of native arts and crafts, and the reproductions on the following pages are from the collection of the Index.



"DARKY" HITCHING POST. The origin of this hitching post is not a matter of record, although it is known to date from 1877 or earlier. It was shipped from a foundry in North Carolina to Lewiston, Idaho, about sixty years ago. Mounted on metal, it stands 26" high.



JOCKEY HITCHING POST. Stove foundries in New Jersey and New York produced painted, cast-iron hitching posts like this in the period 1870-1880. This post is still in use, standing in front of a cigar store in Pasadena, California. The overall height is 48 1/2" and the rather nicely ornamented metal base is 15 1/2" square.



JOCKEY HITCHING POST

Many hitching posts such as this, of painted cast iron on a cement stand, were made in stove foundries throughout the country during the late 19th century. This one was shipped to California about 1875 and now reposes in the property department of Warner Brothers.

CORONET

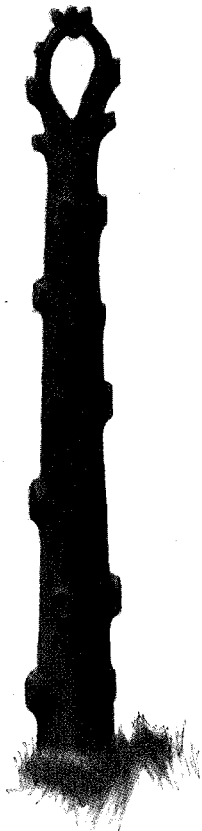


"DARKY" HITCHING POST

The exact origin of this painted cast-iron hitching post, mounted on a wooden base, is unknown but it can be roughly dated at 1860. It was purchased by the Edison Institute, Dearborn, Michigan, and is now part of the Institute's collection. The figure is 25" high.

APRIL, 1939

13



TREE TRUNK HITCHING POST. Dated about 1860, this hitching post in the form of a tree trunk, with enameled surface, now stands in front of a building in Seattle, Washington. It is 4' 2½" high.



"DARKY" HITCHING POST. Records indicate that about sixty years ago this cast-iron hitching post was shipped from Louisiana to a family in the Middle West. It dates from 1877 or before. The height is a trifle over three feet.

DIPLOMACY FOR MOTHERS

THE GREEN-EYED DEMON IS A CHILD'S WORST ENEMY, BUT STRATEGY CAN SEND HIM PACKING



JOHNNY filching quarters from his mother's purse. Bobby having difficulty at school—poor marks, and homework not done. Bella become all of a sudden impudent and unreasonable; little Dickie with his ungovernable temper; and Alice forever demanding attention, showing off—"Look! Look! Watch me, Mummy! See what I can do, Daddy!"

Problem children? No. Not in nine cases out of ten. Just jealous children.

"Get thee behind me, Satan . . ."

It has always seemed to me that Satan, in reality, is nothing more or less than jealousy, incarnate, the source of most evil, present everywhere, in every home, lurking undetected in shadowed corners, always ready to leap, to set brother against brother, to undermine the harmony of any home.

Nor is anyone, any of us, immune—not even the youngest and most innocent, the most naturally sweet and generous. For all children are prone to jealousy—yet no child need suffer from it. Jealousy is curable, even preventable, if only the parent will, first, admit always the possibility of its

existence; if he will, second, have the foresight to defend the child against it; and if he will, finally, assuming the green-eyed monster has already gained control, have the patience slowly to dethrone him. Because it can be done.

It can be done, once the necessity is recognized. But the detection of jealousy isn't always so easy. Children—like adults—will rarely if ever admit to it. Often they aren't conscious of it; often they don't show it directly.

Sometimes, of course, Willie kicks his small sister in the shins in an outburst of perhaps long-suppressed jealousy—a direct and easily read expression of his feelings. But more often the child expresses his trouble far more indirectly—as in the case of Johnny's filching quarters from his mother's purse because he was eaten with jealousy of his older brother.

Johnny's mother did not, naturally, connect the two at first. Very much troubled by Johnny's thieving instincts, and imagining nothing of what lay behind it, she tried the usual methods of cure. She reasoned with Johnny, she pleaded; she took him on

her lap and wept, to impress him with the seriousness of the situation. She explained patiently what happened to little boys who formed the habit of stealing—and she punished him, deprived him of ice cream cones, and so on.

Yes. She deprived him of ice cream cones but bought them for Johnny's older brother, who—she told me—never stole anything, or did anything wrong, or gave her any trouble at all.

She did not tell me, naturally, that she had set the older brother up as a shining example for the younger one to follow. But—again naturally—she couldn't have helped doing so, by attitude if not by word. Children have a sixth sense when it comes to their mother's feelings—you can't fool them. And it must have been painfully clear to Johnny how much more admirable Mother considered his older brother, paragon of virtue, mother's pride and pleasure.

How could it seem anything but impossible to Johnny to compete with such perfection? And if he couldn't compete with his brother in goodness, what was there left but badness? In what other way but by being as bad and troublesome as his brother was good and helpful could Johnny hope to attract his mother's attention, at least momentarily, from his brother? In what other way could he center it on himself?

And—didn't his stealing accomplish just that? When he stole, didn't his mother take him on her lap, for-

getting brother entirely, and centering her attention and emotions on Johnny? What triumph—what joy! Mother wept—but she wept for Johnny. So Johnny couldn't be very sorry.

A child has no sense of sin. Stealing, lying, are to a child just a way of protecting himself, or of gaining his ends. He feels no shame. A child is bad, often, merely because his rival—brother or sister—is relatively good; it is just a matter of competition, sometimes of revenge. A child is bad, frequently, in order to attract attention. And in few cases will punishment deter him—jealous children are strangely without fear.

Only by removing the basic cause—jealousy—could Johnny be taught not to steal. Only by making him feel equal to his brother—as much loved and admired. It's hard to realize that a child who steals needs reassurance more than lecturing, but it's usually true. Confident children, with a strong sense of security untroubled by jealousy, seldom steal.

Confident children seldom have difficulty at school. When Bobby brought home bad marks, and complaints of inattention, unprepared studies, hopeless lack of concentration, Father naturally took him to task. Inexcusable laziness, lack of ambition, no gratitude for advantages received, was Father's verdict. And Bobby was left at home to catch up with his studies while the rest of the family went off on a Saturday afternoon picnic.

Bobby stood by the window and watched them start. He saw Father help small brother Kenneth into *his* place in the front seat, the place beside Father. It didn't put Bobby in the mood for study. Not likely, such a sight, to stimulate Bobby's interest in history.

Ever since he was a little thing Bobby had been Father's particular pal. Father had taken him almost everywhere. Nor had Kenneth, until lately, accompanied them. For years and years Kenneth had been just a baby, and no rival—Father hadn't held much with babies—they bored him, and he couldn't be bothered with them. But all of a sudden Kenneth was a baby no longer; Father laughed at him, encouraged him, began taking him places. Sometimes he even forgot to ask Bobby to come along too.

Kenneth was Father's pal, now. Bobby was forgotten, not needed, not even wanted much any more. Father had Kenneth, hadn't he?

So Bobby couldn't keep his mind on his studies—not that afternoon or any afternoon, not at home or at school. Even among adults the unhappy, the jealous, the discarded, find it hard to concentrate.

Lecturing, shaming, keeping in on Saturday afternoons, can never help Bobby catch up with his studies. Only being reinstated in Father's good graces can help him to concentrate. Only affection, and the assurance that no one, not even little Kenneth, can take his place with Father could pos-

sibly help Bobby bring better marks home from school.

But Alice and little Dickie brought excellent marks home from school, never stole so much as a penny or a safety pin—yet their trouble was the same as Johnny's and Bobby's. They also were driven by jealousy. Alice fought frantically for the center of the stage to prove to herself that she was still really of extreme importance; and little Dickie of the ungovernable temper simply threw a tantrum periodically, whenever he could no longer stand the thought of sister usurping his private place in the sun.

But surely children have difficulty at school, become impudent little exhibitionists, throw tantrums for other reasons than jealousy?

Yes, definitely. Jealousy isn't at the bottom of every trouble. But it is at the bottom of most. During my years in child training at least three-quarters of the problems presented to me have arisen solely and directly from jealousy. When in doubt the most likely guess is jealousy. After all, there's plenty of time to scold and shame and spank if the jealousy guess proves wrong, if reassurance, encouragement, and praise have no curative effect.

So much for cure. But why not prevention, which saves so much anguish, bewilderment, and trouble all round? Which requires only a little foresight, and planning, only the acceptance of the fact, by parents, that jealousy is something that each child needs to be defended against—preferably from the

beginning, before the seeds have taken root at all.

Why not begin before the second baby arrives—months before? Begin by preparing the first child for the coming event—not just in fact, but in attitude. It's not enough to give him a simple biological discussion on birth, the birds-and-flowers sort of thing. Nor is it enough to emit that depressingly cheerful sentiment: "Pretty soon, Jimmie dear, you'll have a cunning little brother or sister to play with. Won't that be fun?"

No. Jimmie himself must be made ready—his independence stressed, encouraged, praised, and the baby represented to him as something more than an amusing plaything. Represented to him as a responsibility, and not just Mother's responsibility, but Jimmie's. This is to be Jimmie's baby as well as Mother's!

In order to protect Jimmie from future throes of jealousy, Mother should begin now, before the baby is born, sharing him with Jimmie. She can consult him as to this and that concerning the baby. Jimmie's advice may or may not be useful, but the asking of it will flatter him, defend him against jealousy, make him feel surer of himself, more grown-up—more in Mother's confidence. It will help, too, if she takes him along when buying the layette, lets him choose some little thing as his present to the baby.

So Jimmie will form the habit of thinking of the coming baby as no possible rival for Mother's affections,

but as a joint responsibility and a joint pleasure that he and Mother will share. Something not to detract from Jimmie's importance, but to add to it. For after all what can be more important than being an older brother? Isn't he the first person the baby will imitate? Doesn't the baby's future depend tremendously on the example older brother will set him, on the support and guidance older brother will give him? Is a mere parent more important than an older brother? I should say not!

So that when the baby arrives no one is more pleased, more possessive than Jimmie. Is it not his baby? Why should he be jealous of the attention Mother gives *their* baby? It is *their* baby, and he himself is no longer a baby, no longer on the same plane—a man now, of responsibility. He assists at the bath, holding the soap, and hands the towel, does a little overseeing. "Better be careful there, Mum he'll fall . . . That water's a little hot, I better fix it."

Jimmie a nuisance? Just a little, sometimes. The bath does take a bit longer. But remember—Mother is doing something far more important than giving Baby a bath. She's building a fine relationship between these two, a relationship that will be unspoiled by jealousy, one that will last them both for the rest of their lives and provide them both much comfort and pleasure. And she is insuring herself and the family a serene, united, and happy home—with Satan far behind them.

—LISA GRENELLE

THE FUSSY BROTHER

THE RACKET WORKED LIKE A CHARM EVERY
TIME HE TRIED IT—WITH ONE EXCEPTION



THIS little dope thumbed me for a ride somewhere in the western part of Texas. He looked quite trim standing by the side of the road dressed in a grey suit and snap-brim hat. I had been droning along all day through this treeless, flat country. It was anything to break the monotony, so I picked him up.

"El Paso?" he asked as he climbed into the coupé.

"Sure. Hop in." I said. It was then, seeing him out of the corner of my eye as the car picked up speed, that I noticed the marks of addiction. He was small and thin with a city-wise, sharp-featured face. His eyes were bloodshot and droopy-lidded and his skin was dust dry with clogged pores. But it was his smile that gave him away; it was a contented, fixed smile, a smile of inward elation. I knew it. It comes from the false sense of well-being morphine sometimes produces.

"On the stuff, eh?" I asked casually.

"Na-a. I'm off it. Been off it a coupla months. But it still shows on me, don't it?"

"A little," I said. From his relaxation and his smile I judged he had had

his last bang within twenty minutes. I was glad I had picked him up, for he looked as though he had been around and if he started to talk it would be interesting.

To prime him, I asked him about the Salvation Army missions in that part of the country.

"The Sallies?" His pride was hurt. "I don't hit 'em. I don't have to. I got a racket."

"A racket, eh?"

"Yeah. An' a good one too. I been workin' it a coupla years. Work it anywheres. Just gimme a coupla hours in any fair-sized burg an' I'll have me eight to ten bucks."

"What kind of a racket is it?"

"Oh, I work the big chain stores—five and tens or maybe the big drug outfits. It's sompin' like shop-lifting, only better. I go in an' pick me out sompin', see, an' when nobody's lookin' I snatch it. Then when the clerk comes I make like I'm returnin' an article. I speak my little piece to her. I allus say the same thing. I hold whatever it is I've swiped up like this, and I say, (Here the little dope held an imaginary object up before his

face, cast his eyes up in mock innocence and recited his speech in a sing-song manner.) 'My brother bought this in here las' week an' it don't answer the purpose for which it was bought.' An' then the clerk says, 'Well, what *does* your brother want?' An' I allus know what they ain't got along that same line, an' I ast for that. So they ain't got it, so they have to gimme the money. It's easy."

"Have you got a brother?"

"Na-a. But sometimes when I'm on the junk and workin' right along, I talk about him so much I get kinda screwy an' almost believe I got one."

"Don't you ever get caught?"

"Well, a course they're wise it's a racket a lotta times. But I watch careful and grab fast, an' I work at rush hours when they can't watch me so good, an' I have a paper under my arm that looks like I mighta had sompin' wrapped up in. One time I hear a salesgirl say, 'Here comes that little guy what's got such a fussy brother.' If they get tough an' I see they're liable t'make a pinch, I try an' talk 'em out of it. I tell 'em what a tough time me and my brother is havin' and how much trouble it is for 'im to appear in court, and how I ain't really got away with nothin' anyway. If that don't work, I run. You'd be surprised how few guys'll chase ya."

He was high from the morphine, all right. During the next two hours he was very entertaining in his way. He saw the funny side of everything.

At last he grew restless. I wondered if the effects of his shot were wearing off.

"Think we'll make El Paso by four-thirty?" he asked.

"I think so. Why?"

"If we get there by four-thirty, I'll have me six or seven bucks by the time the stores close."

At 4:20 we were rolling down into the center of town. The little dope was restlessly peering about looking for something. Suddenly he pointed to a red-fronted store a little way ahead on our right.

"There's my bank," he said. "You kin lemme out right here. I gotta work fast."

I pulled to the curb in front of the store and the dope jumped out and leaned back into the car to say: "Thanks for the ride." He slammed the car door and scurried across the pavement and into the store with the neatness of a letter sliding through a slot.

As I watched him disappear my eye was caught by many bright posters pasted on the windows. They read:

TODAY . . . GRAND OPENING . . . TODAY
FIRST DAY SOUVENIR WITH EVERY
DOLLAR'S WORTH OF MERCHANDISE
TODAY . . . GRAND OPENING . . . TODAY

Grand Opening! What was it the little dope always said . . . "My brother bought this in her *las week* an' it don't—" It didn't take any giant intellect to see that the little chiseler was in for trouble. As I drove slowly



off down the street I started an argument with that India rubber man, my conscience. I told him the dope wasn't doing any harm swiping a few dollars from a big chain store corporation. He came back at me by saying that if I were a solid citizen I would report him to the first policeman I saw. I said a fellow with a sense of humor like that ought to be kept out of jail for the good of society and that I intended to go back and warn him. As usual, the India rubber man stretched to see my point, and I zoomed around the block and parked before the store.

But as I stepped into the street, I saw I was too late. Out of the store popped a big policeman with the little

dope firmly in tow. They stood by the curb, the policeman holding the dope firmly by the arm, evidently waiting for a squad car. In a minute or two a small crowd had gathered.

The dope still wore his smile but I could see he was puzzled. I tried to catch his eye. At last he saw me but gave no sign of recognition. I jerked my head toward the signs in the windows. He looked at them and his smile widened until he broke into a chuckle of comprehension. I liked the way he took it.

He turned towards the officer and said in a loud voice for my benefit, "This is my brother's fault. He's gettin' too damned fast on his feet."

—DONALD DEEMS

SUPERCARGE YOUR READING

A WORKABLE FORMULA WHEREBY THE INTELLIGENT
READER CAN FURTHER SHARPEN HIS CRITICAL "I"



IN THE arts, and particularly in this true in literature, the right to be bored is a very sacred privilege. However, the reader who earnestly desires to get the greatest amount of profit from the time he expends in reading should, before he exercises the right to be bored and turns to other forms of entertainment, first ascertain that he is not being bored from within. For some people read the way they chew gum. They find nothing exciting in reading and do it purely from habit or because the evenings are long. Happily, however, many more people read for simple enjoyment.

Until the day when palates as well as principles can be regimented, tastes will, of course, vary and no amount of advertising and ballyhoo will seduce all readers to that handful of literary accidents called best-sellers. Nevertheless, even in the reading of the best-seller, the earnest and critical reader can employ one quick and dependable formula to aid him in deciding whether the book was worth the midnight oil.

It was Goethe who formulated these twin criteria of judgment; al-

though in one form or another they have been employed since the Golden Age of the Greeks. Briefly the test consists of two simple questions. The first is, *What has the writer attempted to do in this work?* The second is, *How well has he succeeded in doing it?* (Substitute painter, sculptor or composer for "writer" and the same test will apply to any of the other arts. Consciously or subconsciously, every professional critic employs these criteria, or at least should do so).

The first question—What has the writer attempted to do in this work?—is a very important index to the understanding of what one reads. To answer it correctly is to establish in one's own mind the purpose of the artist or craftsman who gave his time and effort to the writing. More than that, it helps to make reading an exciting adventure, for the reader can then say to himself, "I know what the author wants to do. I'll follow him and see how well he succeeds." It establishes at once a rapport between reader and writer.

Simple? Indeed so deceptively simple that those who are given to

hasty reactions find it difficult to apply this test. Time and again such readers find themselves unable to come to grips with what they are reading: primarily because they have not first clarified for themselves precisely what was the goal of the book in hand.

One must remember to begin any reading with an open mind, with no preconceived notions, and with none of that worshipful timidity that often distinguishes the book-a-year reader. However, regardless of the excess mental baggage one carts along, the conscious repetition of the first question—*What is the writer trying to do?*—will often help considerably to prepare one for the fullest enjoyment of the author's creation.

Once the question is posed the answer will follow inevitably. It will rise from the printed page, perhaps in a sense of mood rather than in a single clear sentence, but rise it will to give the reader the comfortable feeling that he knows what is going on.

To illustrate with Charles Dickens' immortal classic, *David Copperfield*: a reading of the first pages immediately conveys the flavor of the autobiographical and the feeling that the author, looking back in time upon youth and adolescence, is engaging to recreate the mist and beauty of early associations and experiences and to present with verisimilitude the growth and development of little David up through a definite stratum of the typical English social life of the time.

Turning to a French immortal, *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexander Dumas, we are confronted by a scene in the harbor of Marseilles as a ship is sighted on the horizon. Swiftly the leading characters, Edmond and Mercedes, and their chief foils are brought in and from the earliest chapters the feeling is carried to the reader of a swift tumble of events, of mystery and suspense and adventure. Even the description of the harbor of Marseilles brings up a suggestion of the mystery of the sea, a foreboding of the vaster mystery of the isle of Monte Cristo which is to be revealed farther on. As the reader's pulse hammers with the beat of the story he senses that a terrible revenge is to be taken to satisfy the earlier wrongs done.

In a great Russian classic, Feodor Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*, the reader's first impression is of the dark figure of the semi-mystic student crossing a bridge on the way to his quarters. The fog of uncertainty, pierced here and there with shafts of half-mad brilliance, is manifest as we follow Raskolnikov through the earliest paragraphs. Even before his footsteps have turned toward the flat of the pawnbroker whom he plans to murder, the reader has been immersed in the vagaries of the character's soul and a problem has been presented: a crime is to follow, the punishment of which will be soul-torturing because man must atone for his transgressions, psychologically if not legally.

In the Pulitzer Prize novel of

Chinese life, *The Good Earth* by Pearl Buck, the story opens with Wang Lung's wedding day and at once embarks upon an intimate account of the all-consuming love of the Chinese peasant for the soil. In sentences almost as pure as the English of the King James Bible, are depicted the simplicity and hardships of life in Old China, the bonds of family, the spirit of acquisition, the battle for subsistence and, under all, the powerful throbbing desire for possession of the earth which is both theme and purpose in the story.

Having followed through with the first part of the critical test, as indicated in the examples above, the reader will find that he has suddenly acquired a certain healthy conceit and satisfaction, a confidence that he is in the "know," which makes him at once kin to the author and a definite part of the literary scheme. For the reader is as essential to literature as the ear is to the existence of sound, and no writer feels completely fulfilled until he has found an appreciative audience.

If the first question—What has the writer attempted to do in this work?—can be answered readily, the second question—How well has he succeeded in doing it?—presents a much more complicated problem of judgment. One might, first of all, say that in doing any reading at all the reader is, in effect, tuning in to the wave-length of the author's broadcast and that the sensitivity of the *receiving* instrument—

all other points being equal—will go a long way to determine the quality of the program reception. However, snobbish as that reflection may sound, it is not difficult to see the truth of it.

For the untrained reader, the careless skimmer of pages, the peruser who is appalled by every leaf that is not broken by short lines of dialogue, may easily miss the finer nuances in the prose, the more delicate points in the narration. It was Kipling who said, "What I like in a good author is not what he says but what he *whispers*."

Moreover, in reaching any conclusion to the second question posed, the reader must necessarily finish reading the book. Final sentence cannot in fairness be passed by those who lack the perseverance to stay with a work and choose instead to read *at* a large number of books rather than read *in* a few well-chosen ones.

Assuming that our reader continues resolutely to the very last page, if he is a reader of judgment he does not arrive at "Finis" like a runner in a hundred-yard dash breasting the tape, relieved that the task is done. Instead he pauses for a few moments of reflection to permit himself a flavoring of the final mood and the acting out of the dramatic conflict, and rapidly to recapitulate the march of the entire work.

Then in answer to the critical question—How well has the writer succeeded in doing the job he set out to do?—the reader deliberately formulates his final judgment. If the author

has fulfilled the promise he held out, the work is itself, in a large sense, a success. If the author has fallen short of his goal he has fallen short of a full artistic accomplishment.

To illustrate again with *David Copperfield*: The end of the story relates of David's second marriage, the resolution of his domestic problems and the beginning of a serener attitude toward life. With that, *Copperfield* has developed fully and has achieved a stature which in itself was the purpose of the entire work. Of course, there is the host of fine characters, such as Aunt Betsey, Micawber, and Barkis, which would alone be a major achievement in almost any other novelist's work; but the primary purpose of *David Copperfield* is to give the story of the growth and maturing of David, his shortcomings as well as his merits, and had that purpose not been accomplished the book would not be what it is, one of the finest examples of nineteenth century story-telling.

In *The Count of Monte Cristo*, the end of the story brings to the reader a sense of fulfillment, such perhaps as only the tale of wrongs avenged can give. However, the strict exacting of vengeance does not bring the reunion between Edmond and Mercedes which a clumsier writer might have attempted. Romantic as *The Count of Monte Cristo* undoubtedly is, it is romance with a sharp realization of the values of human behavior: revenge which burns so fiercely must turn to cinders everything in its path,

including the love that once flourished.

The ending of *Crime and Punishment* includes a final error of structure which Dostoevski, originally writing his book as a newspaper serial, never corrected. The story is an artistic triumph when Raskolnikov, led on by the tortures of his soul to give himself up, finally turns to leave for Siberian exile in company with the hapless streetwalker who, in helping him reach his redemption, has found her own. *Crime and Punishment* should have ended there. Dostoevski, however, perhaps to satisfy the "happy-ending" addicts, added an epilogue and told briefly of the final spiritual serenity which his characters found in exile. Unfortunately, that epilogue is an unnecessary appendage. It does not rob the author of his deserved triumph because he has already accomplished his purpose, but it does mar the otherwise beautiful completion of the story.

In *The Good Earth*, Pearl Buck completes her story when Wang Lung has won possession of vast stretches of that soil which he has loved so dearly. But a shadow already threatens to fall: Wang's sons have little of their father's passion for the earth, a new China is a-borning and, as the tale closes and the writer's primary purpose is fully accomplished, a sense of uneasiness rises from the pages: man achieves only for the present, what the future will unfold must ever remain an unknown and disturbing quantity.

One may well ask the value of such

critical judgments, once the reader has arrived at them. Their first value is that they are a triumph of personal discipline. So much of the knowledge and information that we absorb every day is the product of the cogitation of others that an opinion arrived at independently becomes a genuine mental stimulant. Secondly, it encourages that general independence of thought so essential to the democratic way of life. Three or four independent critical reactions and the reader will wonder why in the world he ever accepted unquestioningly the judgments of others who were perhaps no better equipped to judge than he was.

Thirdly, it may lead to the growth of a body of informed readers well able to arrive at intelligent judgments

of their own. They will be thus equipped to take issue not only with erring writers but also with such of the critics who are no more than professional mosquitoes, sharp enough to sting and draw blood and yet ineffectual in giving such wise criticism as will help the writer to improve his work and the reader to get the fullest enjoyment out of the writer's efforts.

What has the writer set out to do? And how well has he succeeded in doing it? It would be curious to see the effect on both authors and professional critics were informed readers suddenly to begin to subject every piece of written work to this simple test. It might well make for more careful practitioners in both camps—and for better reading. —LOUIS STEELE

EXCERPTS FROM A SONG-WRITER'S DICTIONARY

NEST: A domicile occupied by newly-married human beings. Commonest forms: country cottage with ramblers round the door, and Park Avenue penthouse.

BABY: A young woman between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, usually with blonde hair.

ALABAMA: A very prosperous state, boasting one song to every seven inhabitants.

BLUE: The color of all babies' eyes and also of the sky except when it is—

GREY: A color that will *very* soon disappear and change again into— (see preceding)

MOTHER: A silver-haired lady with

a heart of gold. Very precious.

MONEY: Something that is used to purchase goods—absolutely unnecessary for marital happiness, and usually a deterrent to it.

FARM: A rural place where all song writers are born, and to which they are pining to return.

BAY: A big body of water entirely surrounded by moonlight.

GLAMOROUS: A sure-fire rhyme for "amorous."

AMOROUS: A sure-fire rhyme for "glamorous."

FEBRUARY: A punk month to write popular songs about.

—PETER NESBIT

WITH SWORD AND PEN

RECOUNTING THE EXPLOITS, BOTH MILITARY AND
LITERARY, OF SOME FAMOUS SOLDIER-WRITERS



MEN said that Mohammed wept on the knees of his houris in Paradise, when he heard the guns of Don John of Austria, at Lepanto; that black Azrael, the angel of death, had turned traitor to his worshipers. This is perhaps unlikely; but the guns of Lepanto had one memorable effect that literary historians like to remember. They brought Miguel de Cervantes, a common soldier who lay ill of a fever, scrambling from his bunk and up on deck, in spite of his captain's orders. Thereafter, he participated in the great sea-fight that wrecked the Turkish battle fleet, and ultimately was wounded in the left hand. He also suffered two breast wounds; but it was the other wound that was most serious: after seven months in a hospital at Messina he emerged with his left hand permanently disabled.

Precisely how this came about appears still to be somewhat of a mystery. But whatever the truth may be, it was all "for the greater glory of the right," as the victim himself remarked. For the hand that remained to him was the hand that wrote the *History of*

the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote, one of the greatest books in any literature.

Cervantes, however, was a soldier. He was a soldier before he was a writer, which is less often the case than the situation in reverse. Returning to Spain from his foreign adventures, he had beaten his sword into a pen, but when literature failed him he again entered the public service. He was collector of revenues at Granada when, in 1597, he became short in his accounts and was thrown into prison. There it was that *Don Quixote* was begun. The year was 1605, however, and Cervantes was fifty-seven years of age before it was published.

From the first it was a sensational success; but it made little money for its author. Dishonest publishers at once began to pirate it, and even to issue spurious sequels. In vain he strove to capitalize its popularity by writing his *Exemplary Novels*; then, disgusted, after ten years of effort, he wrote his own sequel and the second part of *Don Quixote* appeared, more wonderful than its preceding volumes. In its entirety the book has been called the wisest and wittiest ever brought

into the world; the fantastic adventures—at once humorous and pathetic—of a man born out of his time, an analogue of mankind's tragical-comical predicament on earth. A year later—in 1616—Cervantes was in his grave, the site of which is unknown.

There is little that requires to be said, in this day, about the essential greatness of *Don Quixote*; but every commentator is entitled to his personal tribute. This one nominates it as the noblest novel in the world.

*Cervantes on his galley sets the sword
back in the sheath
(Don John of Austria rides homeward
with a wreath),
And he sees across a weary land a strag-
gling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight for-
ever rides in vain.*

That is Chesterton in his fine battle-poem, *Lepanto*; and "it will be a sad world indeed," comments good Doctor MacLaurin, "when Don Quixote at last reaches the top of that winding road and men cease to love him."

It is an interesting circumstance, perhaps, that another great writer of those picturesque olden days, who began his professional life as a page in a noble household, also became a soldier, was captured in action, and, to complete the parallel, was held for ransom by the enemy. Not too much is known of the episode; but it seems certain that when Edward III of England invaded France in 1359, during the Hundred Years' War, Geof-

frey Chaucer commanded a small band of archers. Foraging for food before Reims, in the course of his monarch's unsuccessful assault on that city, he was taken prisoner by French skirmishers and held for a ransom said to represent the equivalent of twelve hundred and fifty American dollars. This the king paid and Chaucer was released.

Thereafter, much of Chaucer's life, also, was in the public service. It was on the whole a happier and more successful life and service than that of Cervantes; from the performance of menial tasks under the direction of the court chamberlain he rose to the office of squire, and ultimately performed a number of ambassadorial missions abroad. Thereafter his fortunes alternately waxed and waned until the end of his life. He died in 1400, not quite a century and a half before Cervantes was born, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer's greatest work, the famous *Canterbury Tales*, was written about 1387, and was first printed in 1475. A group of pilgrims on the way to Canterbury, pausing for refreshment at the Tabard Inn, for their common amusement agree each to tell a story, going and returning. It is his pilgrims, described principally in the Prologue, who are today more important than the tales they told. Pictured with a fidelity unsurpassed in the whole range of art, they are types of an England which, without them, would be as unreal as a flat page of history.

One smells the very soil they trod, in this earthy chronicle; the cuckoo sings, the horses' hoofs ring sharply in the frosty morning air, and the voices of the company of wayfarers chime across the years as once they sounded down the English countryside. That old inn courtyard in which, in the dawn of that spring morning, five centuries ago, the Canterbury pilgrims jostled and jested and made their pleasant game, remains today one of the most alive and various pictures in the language of historian or poet.

In the great age of Elizabeth of England, one soldier-writer stands out in romantic colors among the many who, in some fashion or other, must have borne arms for that remarkable woman. He died early on the field of battle and lived on into history as a very mirror of chivalry.

Like most courtier-poets of his time, Sir Philip Sidney wrote silver sonnets to his queen; but the sequence of more than one hundred sonnets that ultimately took London by storm was not addressed to Elizabeth. The poems were addressed to a pseudonymous "Stella," who in real life was Penelope Devereux, sister of the great Earl of Essex. And Penelope was unattainably married to another man. This, too, one is tempted to remark, was in the tradition of Elizabeth's courtier-poets; but to be more accurate it established the tradition. Thereafter, for a time, the court hummed with the music of innumerable sonnets celebrating various "Celas,"

"Phyllises," and "Dianas," whose loveliness or whose stubborn virtue had driven the poets to distraction. Sidney also wrote a *Defence of Poesie* and a long prose romance called *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, neither of any importance in our day but very popular in their own. All these were first published after the poet's death.

But whatever his merits as a poet—and they were sufficient—Sidney was an accomplished statesman, a gallant soldier, and a valued servant of his Queen. Camden calls him the "jewel of her times." He saw active service in Ireland and at one time projected—with Drake—an expedition against the Spaniards in America. Subsequently, he was made governor of Flushing and a general of cavalry under his uncle, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who commanded the forces sent to assist the Dutch in their campaign against the Spaniards in Holland.

He was then just thirty-two years of age; the year was 1586. In the autumn of that year Leicester prepared to besiege the town of Zutphen and the Spaniards, knowing the garrison to be in dire need of provisions, dispatched a convoy to its relief. A heavy escort accompanied the convoy. Leicester, informed of the movement, had no knowledge of the escort's size, and sent an ambuscade of only five hundred men to intercept it. Some fifty of his younger officers, however, volunteered to accompany the force, among them Sidney. The morning of September 22 dawned cold and

densely foggy, as the company of volunteers rode forth to join the ambush; they had just reached the main body of their comrades when the convoy came up. At the same instant the fog rolled away and revealed the terrible odds against them. Before and behind, the provision wagons were guarded by mounted arquebusiers, pikemen and musketeers on foot, and others to the number of thirty-five hundred men.

It is said that the young Earl of Essex jumped into the lead, calling upon the volunteers to follow him "for the honor of England and England's queen." Whatever may have been the actual words he used, a hundred horsemen immediately charged, with lance and curtel-axe, and the Spanish cavalry broke, but formed again under cover of a volley from the musketeers in the rear. A second charge re-broke it; and thereafter the conflict was hand to hand and desperate for nearly two hours. Sidney's horse was killed at the first onset; but he mounted another and rode forward to strike down, with his own hand, the assailants of a companion who also had been unhorsed. Meanwhile, the musketeers had continued to fire from behind the whirling cavalry, and some time toward the end of the encounter Sidney received a ball in his left leg, just above the knee. He endeavored to remain on the field; but the bone of his leg had been shattered, his horse was unmanageable, and in the end—in an

agony of pain and thirst—he was obliged to ride back to the English camp. It was on this ride that he is said to have spoken the words destined to make his name immortal. The incident is best told in the quaint language of Lord Brooke, who is authority for it:

"In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at that same feast, ghastly, casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, 'Thy necessity is greater than mine.'"

Some queer figures have worn the uniforms of their countries at one time and another, and worn them often enough with an ill grace. None queerer than Edgar Allan Poe, who in 1827 enlisted as a private soldier in the army of the United States, under the assumed name of "Edgar A. Perry." Little is known of this phase of the somber poet's life; but he appears to have discharged his duties efficiently enough to have been made a sergeant-major. He was freed upon the payment by his foster-father of a sum of money for a substitute. Then, in 1830, he entered the military academy at West Point, where he neglected his duties with such conspicuous success

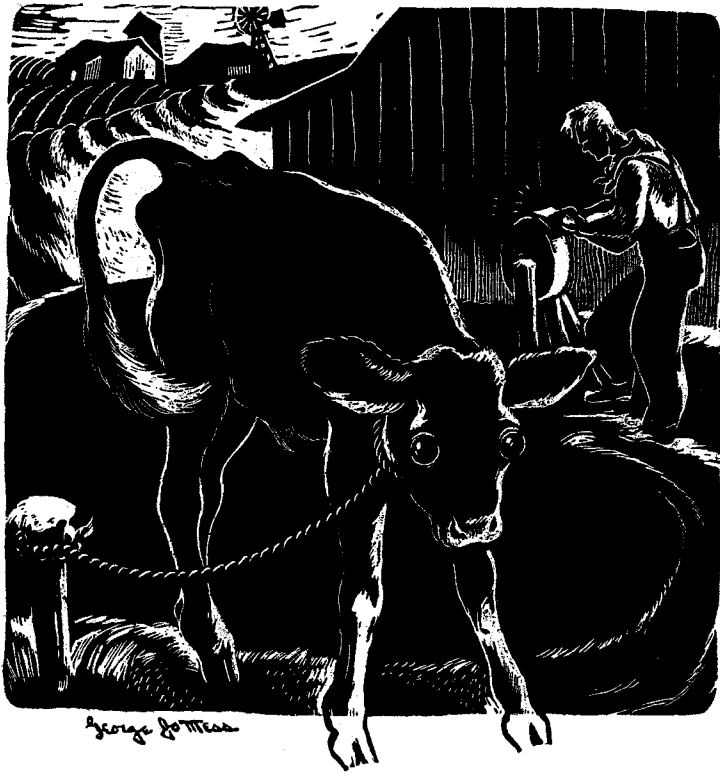
that he was court-martialed and discharged in less than a year.

Yet another strange example of the military man was Coleridge, who—in 1793—in love, in debt, and probably in despair—became suddenly “Silas Tomkyn Comberbach” of the King’s Light Dragoons. He had fled from a troubled school life at Cambridge, to enlist. The new recruit was very popular, but he was a poor dragoon. He could not sit a horse, let alone groom one. However, he found that by writing the love-letters of his illiterate companions, and telling them stories, he could get them to perform his drudgeries; and all went well until, upon a day, with a piece of chalk, he wrote a line of Latin on his stall. The revelation of scholarship betrayed him; an officer who chanced upon it made Coleridge his orderly. Thereafter it was his duty to walk behind his officer in the streets, where ultimately he was recognized by a fellow-student from the University. The end of the episode was reached when his friends procured his discharge, and he returned to Cambridge. More suited for a soldier than Poe or Coleridge was Sir Walter Scott, that martial spirit, who for a short time, in his youth, was quartermaster of a volunteer cavalry troop. And Byron, who would gladly have fought for Greece if death had not intervened.

Of all the soldier-writers who fought in the American Civil War, the highest ranking officer was Lew Wallace,

the author of *Ben Hur* (1880), who became a major-general. The military life of Ambrose Bierce is usually dismissed in a few lines; but he served valiantly, in the Civil War, on the staff of General Hazen, was severely wounded in the head, and retired with the rank of major. His finest stories, and some of the finest of their kind, are the short masterpieces of warfare in his famous volumes, *In the Midst of Life* and *Can Such Things Be?*

The list of soldier-writers is a long one, even before the great war of 1914 is reached. It is not often remembered that De Maupassant was in the ranks during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. But the muster is too long to continue. One’s purpose has been principally to touch the high spots of the subject, to celebrate those professional soldiers who found greater fame with their pens than ever they could have hoped to find with their swords; and undoubtedly it is a better fame. The many writers—preponderantly poets, it would seem—who went to war in 1914, and later, were not professional soldiers in our meaning of the term; and so it is unnecessary to speak of the heroic deaths of such men as Brooke and Seeger, of Thomas, Ledwidge, Kilmer, and the fine story-writer, H. H. Munro, known to a grateful world as “Saki.” Under a rule of intelligence such as the nations of the world *should* have reached by the year 1914, these men would never have been permitted to offer their lives in battle. —VINCENT STARRETT



PREFACE FOR A LIFE

The day they led the calf to slaughter
Was blue and shining as pond water.
Glad with the wind, the wind-mill spun
Flashing the clangour of the sun.
All beasts were calm. The placid sow
Grunted in lazy shade. The cow
Drooled gold slime from the orchard pool,

CORONET

32

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ducks shook dandelions cool,
The rooster, pacified by lust,
Majestically strode the dust.

When suddenly, with trembling knees,
With quivering nose, and scared brown eyes,
Straining against the rope of fate,
The little calf was led, to wait.

Rolling its eyes it waited, while
The other farmer with a smile
Spedded the whet-stone, whetted death.
Then struggling, bubbled back its breath.

And death administered, it fell
First on its knees with pitiful
Deep pleading grunts, then in the blood
That made a lake where it had stood.

The farmers smiled and talked of money
The warm bees circled after honey
The soft blue sky gazed through the shade
Where the warm-hearted starlings played.
The wind-mill creaked and flashed and turned.
The mothering world was unconcerned.

—JOHN-BRYAN

APRIL, 1939

WINE DETECTIVE

*A LITTLE HEADWORK GOES A LONG WAY TOWARD
MAKING A CONNOISSEUR OUT OF AN AMATEUR*



It so happens that one of the foremost wine authorities in France is a former United States Senator, Henry French Hollis, from New Hampshire, who cast one of the deciding votes in the Senate in favor of national prohibition. "I was naïve enough," he says, "to think the prohibition amendment might be enforced."

When Hollis left the Senate back in 1919 he went to France on one of the numerous post-War commissions and fell so completely in love with Paris that he decided to open a law office there and stay permanently.

Then he began to take an active interest in French wines. He observed that almost never does a Frenchman become intoxicated, despite the complete lack of restriction on drinking, with bars open all day, all night and Sundays. The reason, Hollis soon discovered, was that a Frenchman drinks wine, not to derive a purr or a kick out of it, as an American drinks cocktails, but simply because he likes the wine. He enjoys its flavor, its bouquet, and even its color, just as a person of cultivated taste might appreciate wonderful music. In other words, the

wine is not just a means to an end, but rather an end in itself.

Impressed by this civilized attitude of the French toward their drinking, Hollis began to study wines as diligently and as painstakingly as one might study a language. For nearly twenty years now wine has been his chief hobby; he has overlooked no possible means for adding to his knowledge of what a good wine should be and how to distinguish one excellent wine from another. In the beginning he could tell good wine from vinegar and that was about all. Today the most famous wine authorities in France are proud to treat him as an equal. I had heard stories of incredibly well-trained palates able to identify almost any wine, but Hollis is the only man I ever knew who can perform amazing feats as a wine detective and then can explain modestly and plausibly exactly how he does it.

I happened to be in the Hollis law office one day when an American friend of his entered, carrying a bottle, and inquired:

"Is what I have heard true, that you can examine and taste any wine

and be able to tell exactly what it is?"

"Yes," replied Hollis, "that's not so difficult as you might think."

He picked up the bottle the friend had brought in—from which all labels had been removed. "You must understand," he began, "that you do not recognize a wine solely by the taste, as you might recognize an acquaintance on the street by sight. You do it by process of elimination. Now, before I even open this bottle it is easy to tell that this is a white wine. I know that by the yellow capsule which covers the cork. If it were a red wine the capsule would probably be red, or at any rate it would not be yellow. Thus you see we have already eliminated at least half of all the wines in the world.

"Anyone can tell by the taste of this wine that it is sweet. I have no hesitation in stating at once that it must be either a Sauterne or a Monbazillac. No other wines have their peculiar sweet flavor, almost syrupy in a fine vintage year. The first thing to determine is whether this is a Sauterne or a Monbazillac. It tastes a little like a Château Labrie, 1916, from the Monbazillac district, that I have in my cellar, but yours is a finer and more distinguished wine. I am positive therefore that it is a Sauterne.

"Upon further tasting I catch the flavor of a Château Suduiraut which I have sampled once in my life, three years ago. A good memory, you see, is sometimes more important to a wine connoisseur than an especially sensitive palate. Let's call this bottle a

Sudiraut. I'm sure that's what it is.

"Now for the year. Though the wine is sweet and heavy, and not at all impaired for a lover of Sauterne, yet it is slightly madérisé, meaning that it has begun to have a little of the flavor of an old Madeira wine. A Château Suduiraut, unless it were older than 1911, should not have that Madeira flavor. I'll assume therefore that this wine is older than 1911. The next good year for Château Suduiraut, back of 1911, is 1908. I'm willing to say that it's a Château Suduiraut, 1908."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the visitor. "That's exactly what it is."

On another occasion, a friend of Hollis, himself no slouch of a wine connoisseur, had asked the Senator and his wife to dine in one of the good Paris restaurants, at 8 rue Saint Marc. As they sat down, the host said:

"Don't look at the menu or the wine list, or the labels on the bottles, and let's see how good you are. I want to find out if you are able to identify the wines I shall serve."

The first bottle produced was in a wine cradle. Hollis took one glance at it and quietly observed: "From the yellow capsule and the shape of the bottle I can see that this must be a white Burgundy. Since there are only two really fine white Burgundies—Montrachet and Meursault—we are already down to two wines before even seeing it or smelling it, let alone tasting it."

After the wine had been poured, the

Senator sniffed its bouquet and said: "This is quite old, in fact so old that I am unable to tell without tasting it whether it is Montrachet or Meursault, and I doubt if anyone else can." After tasting it, he added: "It seems to me more like a Meursault than a Montrachet, so let's call it a Meursault. As to the year, it is a little past its best and I judge that it must be older than 1900. The next big year back of 1900 in white Burgundy is 1898. My guess is that we have here a Meursault, 1898."

"You have done well," observed the host. "Only on the year were you incorrect. It is a Meursault, 1892."

"You're mistaken," declared Hollis. "It is *not* of the year 1892."

"How can you be so sure of that?" inquired the host.

"Because," said Hollis, "I happen to know that 1892 was the only year in that decade when white Burgundy was so poor that it was not bottled."

The waiter brought another bottle. By the same simple process of deduction, noting the capsule and the shape of the bottle, Hollis recognized it as a red Burgundy. "Inasmuch as there are fifteen or twenty excellent red Burgundies," he said, "I can't tell what this is without tasting it." After a few sips, he declared: "This is either a Romanée Conti or a Chambertin. It is old and a trifle passé, but still a superb bottle." After a few more sips, the Senator was sure it was a Romanée Conti, that it tasted like a Romanée Conti, 1899—or at least that it was

not 1898 because he was well acquainted with this particular wine of the 1898 vintage.

"You're close to it," said the host. "You had the correct year and the region. But instead of being a Romanée Conti it is a Romanée."

Hollis shook his head. By this time the wine waiters and Monsieur Cathelin, the restaurant proprietor, had grown interested in the controversy.

"There's only one way to settle the argument," Hollis chuckled. "Why not dust off the label and see what it says?" A waiter carefully removed the dust and on the ancient label, somewhat tattered, one could read: "Romanée Conti, 1899."

The next time Hollis dined with that same host, the meal was accompanied by a bottle of white wine.

"What is it?" inquired the host.

"Meursault, 1923," Hollis promptly replied. The host asked the wine waiter. Yes, said the waiter, it was indeed Meursault, 1923.

After the waiter had gone, Hollis remarked: "You know, it isn't really Meursault, 1923, at all."

"What?" asked the host, "Why you just said the same thing yourself?"

"I know I did," admitted Hollis, "but I fibbed, and with a purpose. I just wanted to see if the wine waiter would agree. I thought he would, because Meursault, 1923, is a very fine wine. But this is not even a Meursault. It is a Pouilly, and of a poor year at that"—which turned out to be correct.

—FRED C. KELLY

A QUESTION OF PRINCIPLE

SCENE: A NEWSPAPER OFFICE; TIME: THE
PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE



EXCUSE me for disturbing you, sir,
but . . .”

“I said nobody was to come in.”

“I know it, sir; it’s the hour you
read the paper. But this is so serious.

“Havas has just telegraphed us that
Brignac is dead.”

“Brignac? My God! How? A sui-
cide?”

“No, chief; not at all . . .”

“Then how? An assassination?
Come, come, speak up.”

“Nothing like that, sir. It was a
natural death, although sudden. After
breakfast he went out as usual to go
to the Ministry. Arriving at the corner
of the Rue de Varenne, he tottered,
and the newspaper vendor saw him
fall to the sidewalk. A chauffeur who
was passing by picked him up and
took him to a police station . . . It was
all over.”

“Cause of death?”

“It seems he had an old heart ail-
ment that was very much aggravated
the last six months. The contrary
would have been surprising.”

“Yes . . . Then there is no chance of
making this death suspect?”

“None, chief . . . The police were

very prudent. The Commissioner had
the body examined by three doctors.
Besides, he had a consultation with
Debric last week, and the family was
warned of imminent danger. Anyway
the son himself demanded an autopsy.
Everything was in order . . . more
than in order!”

“All right, all right . . . Here is in-
deed a campaign finished. So much
the worse. We’ll find something else.
After all, the theme was getting ex-
hausted. It’s only half a misfortune.”

“Now what will we do, sir? A big
headline on page one?”

“Of course. What else is there this
evening?”

“Very little.”

“Yes, in fact, nothing . . . Now a
big headline, three columns! SUDDEN
DEATH OF BRIGNAC. Don’t put Mon-
sieur, or his first name. A photo . . .
wait, not the good one; that one we
snatched at the time of the affair, the
one where he looks like a bandit . . .
And then the facts. Have you enough
details to make three columns?”

“Oh, certainly. Besides it’s easy to
pad a biography. And then Brignac
was twice President of the Council,

six times Minister, and to finish, this sinister story. We're not lacking material."

"We certainly aren't. But read the text over yourself. We must have a recital without commentaries. Remember that the French public is very punctilious about the etiquette of death. Attacks which yesterday would have enchanted it, would have it reproaching us today . . . 'Indecent attitude!' . . . I know that."

"And if we were to do just the opposite, chief? . . . 'We bow before this prematurely opened tomb . . . Death puts an end to all polemics . . . The right to judge Brignac now belongs to Him who . . . ' All this better said, of course. Without platitudes, but in this tone."

"Are you crazy, son? What? For a year I've waged against this man the most violent campaign in contemporary journalism. I beat him. I put all France on his trail. I made him howled down in his own territory. I made all the hotels in the country close their doors to him. In six months, by this campaign, I've doubled the circulation of a paper that was dying when I took it over, and you want me to take it all back?"

"It's not a question of that."

"Let me speak . . . What is it a question of, if not of that? Now you want me to make the amend honorable to Brignac on the pretext that his mitral valve or his aorta has failed? Well, you're a good one. What credit would we possibly have after

this retreat? You heard my orders."

"Yes, sir. That is to say . . ."

"That is to say what?"

"Nothing. I understand."

"All right: do it!"

"Yes . . . I'm going . . . You don't see anything else?"

"Ah, that! What's the matter, son? You look sulky, upset. Is it still this story? You haven't told me everything?"

"I've told you everything I know . . . And that isn't much. But it's true, chief that I am . . . how shall I say it? . . . a little troubled. Brignac is dead from heart disease, and it's certain that our campaign, or at least the consequences of this campaign, helped to hasten his end. Don't you think so?"

"It's very possible. Nobody will ever know . . . In any case it's all very much the same to me."

"It would be the same to me, I suppose, if I were sure of Brignac's guilt. But it's that I'm not sure of it. Oh no! not at all . . . I told you from the first day, chief, that I never liked this story. When I returned from there, after my first inquiry, at the start of the affair, I remember pointing out the very strange attitude of the local police and their evident hostility to Brignac. I showed all that in my first story. You didn't pass it."

"Why would I have passed it? Brignac was a political adversary, the most dangerous of all. It wasn't for us to suggest the arguments that were in his favor when fate sent us the

means of ridding ourselves of him.”

“Perhaps . . . But it isn’t for us either to accuse him when justice, despite our pressure, refused to do it . . . when everything seemed to prove that the guilty one was a vulgar assassin. Let us suppose, sir, for a moment, that Brignac had been completely innocent, and that we killed him.”

“Don’t use such grand words to speak of little things. We *didn’t* kill him. We didn’t kill anybody. We practiced our trade as partisans. He did the same all his life.”

“Pardon me, chief, but the words I use are the true ones. We have killed him. And not only killed him, but tortured him . . . made him die by slow fire . . . persecuted him until his heart burst. I do not know if our part in this affair isn’t very much blacker than his was.”

“What are you singing to me? But that’s enough of that, son. If any other of my editors had held out such proposals I would have told him to get out long ago, and to go to work elsewhere. But I’m attached to you, we made this firm together. Only understand that I have no cause to blush for my attitude in this affair. We are not charged with righting wrongs. That is the affair of justice. Our role is to respond to the wishes of that certain public which is our own. Well, this public *wanted* Brignac to be guilty.”

“They wanted it for one obvious reason—because we told them so.”

“Not only because we told them, but also for more profound reasons . . . because Brignac was the symbol of forces we hate, that we have reason to hate. And now it is no longer the journalist speaking to you, but the partisan. A year ago we were going to have some detested elections. We knew that our adversaries, once in power, were determined not to relinquish it. It was indeed necessary to stop them at any price, to seize the levers of command. The Brignac Affair will be for us and ours, salvation. It has disgusted many honest people who hesitated and wavered before. Brignac is dead, but we, perhaps, owe to him a miraculous restoration. What is a man? Doesn’t a military leader have to sacrifice millions to assure a victory? You shake your head? You’re not convinced?”

“No, sir, a hundred times no! How can you compare war to a political struggle, lively, ardent, but all the same between citizens of the same country who perhaps would go together tomorrow to defend their country. And then can I deny that there were lies? Between us hypocrisy is useless. We know that there were lies.”

“Not at all . . . hypotheses.”

“A hypothesis given out as true is a lie. Well, why suppose that these lies will give us victory more than truth, sincerity, loyalty would have? You say that the Brignac Affair rallied honest people to our cause. Do you think we will keep them when they know what the Brignac Affair really was? And

they will know, fatally. All is known . . . I claim that the surest method to rally honest people is honesty. Excuse me, chief, for this vehemence, but I have the feeling that the future of our ideas, perhaps that of the country, depends on the attitude we are going to take today. I think it is foolish and stupid to wage combats when truth is to be found in the opposing camp. Because truth ends by triumphing one day. All political defeats come from that. We belong to the same party, you and I."

"But not to the same school."

"True . . . And the most curious thing, sir, is that you, the man of experience . . ."

"You can say: the old man. At the point we've reached, consideration..."

"All right, you, the mature man, believe in violence, and I, younger, I want something else . . . something nobler . . . a reconciliation between Frenchmen, collaboration . . ."

"Then you think that our opponent's campaigns are campaigns of good faith to which one can respond with arguments of good faith?"

"Alas, no, sir. Our adversaries are as guilty as we are. But I don't think we'll conquer them by vying with them in bad faith, nor will we convince them. I think violence doesn't pay."

"That's good! Violence doesn't pay in post-war Europe! But haven't you looked at Europe?"

"At any rate, our friends have had the childishness to believe that they would win over crowds by disparag-

ing their leaders! Even putting yourself on the most cynical level of realism, could you imagine a more clumsy maneuver? When their followers were beginning to be weary of these men, our attacks had an immediate effect of regrouping them around them."

"I think, God forgive me, that you are going to give me a lecture. I have to finish a paper; you to execute an order. That's enough, go! And tomorrow you will give up the management of the news bureau to Bertrand. I'm sorry to part with you, son; I sometimes dreamed of leaving you this business . . . Yes, it's true . . . although I never spoke to you about it, I often thought of it . . . Well, that's finished, once and for all. You will give in or you will go."

"I'll go tomorrow, sir . . . or at the end of the month; tell me which you prefer. I want you to know how much gratitude and friendship I have for you. You taught me this trade. You've treated me like a son."

"Brutus said that, I think?"

"I'm not making literature . . . I've had and always will have a great deal of affection for you. That's all."

"I think you're sincere. Twenty years from now you'll decide in my favor. I won't be here to know it."

"Good night, chief."

"Good night, son. Tell Vincent I don't want to see anybody. And it's understood, isn't it? Three columns on page one: DEATH OF BRIGNAC. . . ."

—ANDRÉ MAUROIS

WE LEAD THE WORLD IN FIRES

*ALL WE NEED TO SAFEGUARD OUR LIVES AND
PROPERTY IS MORE CARE—AND LESS STUPIDITY*



WE HAVE the biggest and best fires in the world right here in the U. S. A. Seven times as many fires per unit of population as they have in Europe gives us the prize for the greatest fire waste in the history of all nations. City-wide conflagrations, which are practically unknown abroad, may be called our specialty. Since 1900 we've had 100 of them on this continent, but the Germans miss a lot of excitement for they haven't had a single one in the last forty years.

In the cost of fire control we're hardly within speaking distance of other countries. To achieve a minimum of safety the American taxpayer digs out of his pockets three times as much as the European, and even then our forces, three times as large, perform six times the volume of service to protect an equal number of people. The figures for London and New York are illuminating: New York uses 7300 firemen while London needs 2100 (not counting the 100 extra fire brigades added this year in preparation for the incendiary bombs of the next war); New York's per capita loss, substantially reduced in the last five

years, is still double that of London's; New York can boast of more false alarms than London has actual fires. . . . Or take Liverpool, the same size as Boston: the English city has 290 firemen and 950 fires annually, and Boston has 1,678 men and 6,270 fires a year. Paris gets along with 8,200 fires a year, while Chicago has 25,000.

Fire is big business with us. We regularly spend a billion and a half a year on it—half a billion burned outright, and a billion on maintaining fire departments, insurance, and so on. We're pretty good at killing and injuring people too—we injure 18,000 a year, and since the World War we've killed off twice as many people as our country lost in the War.

What's behind these unflattering statistics? Are foreign fire departments superior to ours? In general, no. In morale and efficiency our men are top-notch fighters, who risk their lives daily with unexcelled courage to save us from the results of our own carelessness and—we must admit—stupidity. Their speed records are impressive: in the high value districts in New York City a company never

reaches the scene of action later than sixty to ninety seconds after the alarm is turned in. Methods of fire fighting, here as elsewhere, have improved 1000 per cent in the last twenty years. But while methods have improved, hazards have increased, and the race is neck and neck.

Two main causes are responsible for our poor showing. In the past, our mistake was that we didn't build to last, we built to burn. In other countries masonry and concrete construction instead of wood has been the rule, and tile and metal roofs took the place of our shingles. In America we are proud of our homes, of the fact that so many people own the houses they live in; but more persons lose their homes by fire here than in any other three nations in the world added together. We wanted to put our money on the front where it would show, into tile bathrooms and the latest gadgets for the kitchen, instead of into sound construction and fire-resistive materials. Even now we use cheap, combustible materials, and trust mainly to luck that the fire demon will pass us by. Yet twenty-eight people die from fire every day in this country, and of these the large majority die in their homes.

Within the last twenty years most large communities have adopted building codes which correct the worst construction faults in new buildings as they are erected. Fire-stopping between floors and walls and adequate insulation for wiring are standard re-

quirements of these codes. Largely eliminated in all new work are unprotected floor openings, vertical or horizontal vents, voids and concealed open spaces which favor the rapid spread of fire. But numerous old and unsafe buildings are still in existence, to account for the greater part of our losses. A fire which starts in them may spread to a new building next door, particularly if it has a shingle roof.

Although many communities have intelligent laws governing building operations, others are not yet sufficiently comprehensive, and probably a majority are ineffective due to the total lack of interest and co-operation on the part of the citizen. Inclined to romantic optimism as we are, we tend to close our eyes to unpleasant realities, and too often aim to avoid the law rather than to support it.

The most dangerous single factor of American construction practice—that conflagration breeder, the wooden roof shingle—is still with us in practically all parts of the country. A few cities have legislated against it (in particular all those which have suffered conflagrations and seen with their own eyes the damage it can do). Indianapolis took action when her people realized that roof fires were keeping the fire department so continually on the run in the residence districts as to cripple it materially in the defense of the mercantile and factory sections. Of 2,300 fire alarms in a five-month period in this city, 900 were caused by sparks falling on

wooden roofs. In one 24-hour period when the largest number of alarms were turned in, it happened that sixty-seven out of the sixty-eight calls answered were due to sparks on shingle roofs.

The city of Birmingham, Alabama, twice passed an ordinance requiring fire-resistive roofing. The first time it was repealed after the protest of the lumber companies; but when the city council subsequently found that 47 per cent of all alarms received were chargeable to sparks on wooden roofs, they repassed the ordinance, to reduce the number of roof fires to 17 per cent of the total thereafter. (The ordinance does not wipe out all shingle roofs overnight, but replaces old ones with new at a rate slow enough to obviate hardship on the owner.) Berkeley, California, passed a roofing ordinance after its fire in 1923 which left 4,000 people homeless. But this quickly became the target of the lumber interests, and was repealed almost before the ashes had blown away. Detroit, which counted an average of five roof fires every day in the year 1931, might be cited as allocating an undue portion of her municipal funds to the support of the wooden shingle industry.

Architects and builders have favored the wooden shingle for its esthetic value, but recent years have seen the development of incombustible roofing materials of slate, tile, asbestos, copper and combinations of metals, which are artistic as well as safe. The

treated wooden shingle, supposed to be non-inflammable, is not to be relied upon; the treatment doesn't last, and when it wears off few people remember to have it renewed. The wooden roof is often specified in the belief that it costs less, but this supposition fails to take into account the larger insurance premiums on both house and contents, paid year after year until the roof is changed. A good grade of incombustible roofing may now be had at no higher cost in nearly all localities.

In addition to quick-burning construction, we can thank a national character trait of ours for a large portion of our fire waste. Why Americans are the most careless people on earth, as statistics have shown, is a question for the psychologists. Partly to blame may be our fast tempo of living, plus over-insurance, for the owner insured for a large amount doesn't care greatly if fire losses occur. (What this owner should remember, however, is that company adjusters contest every point to cut down the sums they are asked to pay, and the case is very rare indeed when the loss is complete and the whole amount of the insurance paid.)

The Europeans have a potent deterrent to carelessness worth our attention, which springs from the principle of common law that a man is liable to his neighbor for injury resulting from his carelessness or neglect. In France, Germany, and other countries, the owner of the property where

fire occurs is assumed guilty of criminal negligence, and unless he can prove himself innocent in court he pays damages to the injured party and penalties to the city to cover the cost of extinguishing the fire. If there is a tenant the onus of proof rests first on him; the landlord is guilty if the fire is proved to originate from a structural defect which violates the building code, or from improper upkeep of the premises, and sometimes the responsibility may be shifted to the builder. The city inspector is culpable if he passes faulty construction.

A campaign to put over some type of negligence clause to establish legal responsibility is being conducted here by the National Fire Protection Association. They regard it as illogical to assume that every man who has a fire is necessarily an unfortunate to be pitied, when often he is an offender to be condemned. For the best achievements of fire-fighting science are nullified if every carefree match-tosser is encouraged to believe he has no responsibility toward common safety. Heretofore all methods of polite education directed toward eradicating negligent habits have done little to reduce the staggering total of our fire waste. Of far more educative value would be a few lawsuits brought against offenders for the recovery of damages, and the Fire Protection Association is encouraging those who suffer from others' carelessness to bring such suits. Payment to the city for the services of the fire department

and to neighbors for injury to their property may in the future come to be regarded as no more than just.

Careless habits are due in part to ignorance and mistaken conceptions about fires. In a fireproof building most people feel quite safe, not thinking that all the contents of such a building may burn up as in a furnace, leaving only the empty shell of the structure standing afterwards, as records have shown in countless cases. Often we look upon a "small" fire and a "large" fire as two different things, treating a small fire indifferently, when in fact every small fire is a potential conflagration if not quickly stopped.

New inventions and products have brought into existence entirely new hazards about which we learn slowly and often painfully. Gasoline, cleaning fluids and other flammable liquids, electrical appliances and picture film, volatile gases and chemicals, paints and spray processes and accumulations of fine dusts in the industrial occupations, are only a few of the new menaces to be guarded against. Air-conditioning systems bring a special fire-hazard problem, for the ducts and air-blowers may spread fire and hot gases with great rapidity throughout a building. Since we cannot avoid the use of heating and lighting appliances and highly flammable materials in the home and in industry, the answer to this problem lies in devising safer methods of handling them. Engineering experts have prepared stand-

ard precautionary measures toward this end; the application of them rests on the shoulders of the individual and the community.

Through improved construction, better housekeeping practices, and greater care in handling and storing hazardous materials, it is estimated that 80 per cent of our fires could be prevented. Properly enforced building codes and regular inspections to see that maintenance and repairs are kept up have proven their worth in the communities that have adopted them. The required installation of automatic sprinkling systems in basements of business buildings in congested areas have materially decreased serious downtown fires in the cities where they are in effect. Educational campaigns and fire prevention publicity to make the citizen fire-conscious are necessary measures.

The individual who wants to be helpful should support his fire department in its program of improvements. To reduce the fire-fighting force because there have been few large fires in a community is poor economy; it is *because* the force has been efficient that small fires have been stopped before they had a chance to grow large. As statistics have shown time and again, it is better to have a fixed annual cost than a small loss one year followed by a paralyzing disaster the next.

Some cities have been slow in replacing obsolete equipment with modern apparatus. Europe's lower losses

are due in part to the rapid modernization of equipment (with resulting economies in maintenance as well as improvement in service), with which she has met the changing conditions of modern city life. The firemen themselves are differently trained in Europe; throughout the principal countries all chief officers are graduate engineers—chemical, hydraulic, civil, electrical, and architectural engineers. In this country men in similar positions have lacked technical training or educational background; their job has been to pour water after the fire was started, but to take no part in prevention work.

The situation here is changing, however, and a strong campaign for increased education is going forward. Municipal authorities have recognized the need for further training of fire department personnel as a sequel to the new hazards, traffic problems, and complex demands of today. Both city and individual stand to gain in increased safety and decreased insurance premiums if the problem is given the attention and financial support it needs.

The fact that some communities have effected large savings in insurance premiums by improving their fire protection and reducing their losses, shows that others can do likewise if they wish.

For although the fires of history are history, the fires of the future are preventable.

—BORIS LAIMING

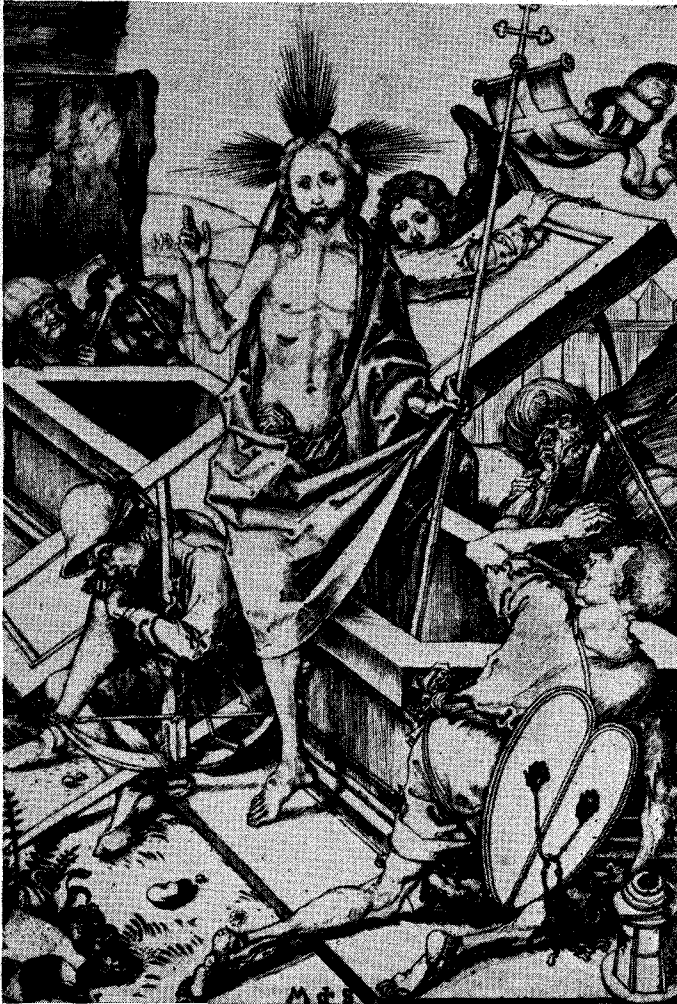
—MARJORIE KERN

AN EASTER PORTFOLIO

Six Versions of the Resurrection

by Old Masters

PRODIGALLY and without stint the old masters spent their talent "for the greater glory of God." And when it came to depicting the Resurrection they must have bent to the task with especial earnestness. For they found in this climactic phase of the Christ story a supreme test at once of spiritual interpretation and artistic execution. How they fared in six instances is seen on the following pages. First there is Schongauer—naïve and literal, trying to soar without wings. Then comes Michelangelo, relying upon his genius for expressing the human figure, marvelously eloquent without props or blueprint. Then Dürer, master of draughtsmanship, true to his theme and to himself. And then Campagnola and Breughel, the former striving for power but overreaching himself and the latter telling his incident-crowded story with professional sureness. Finally comes the colossus, the conception of Peter Paul Rubens—thunderous, vibrant with dramatic intensity, a sheer *tour de force* and a successful one.

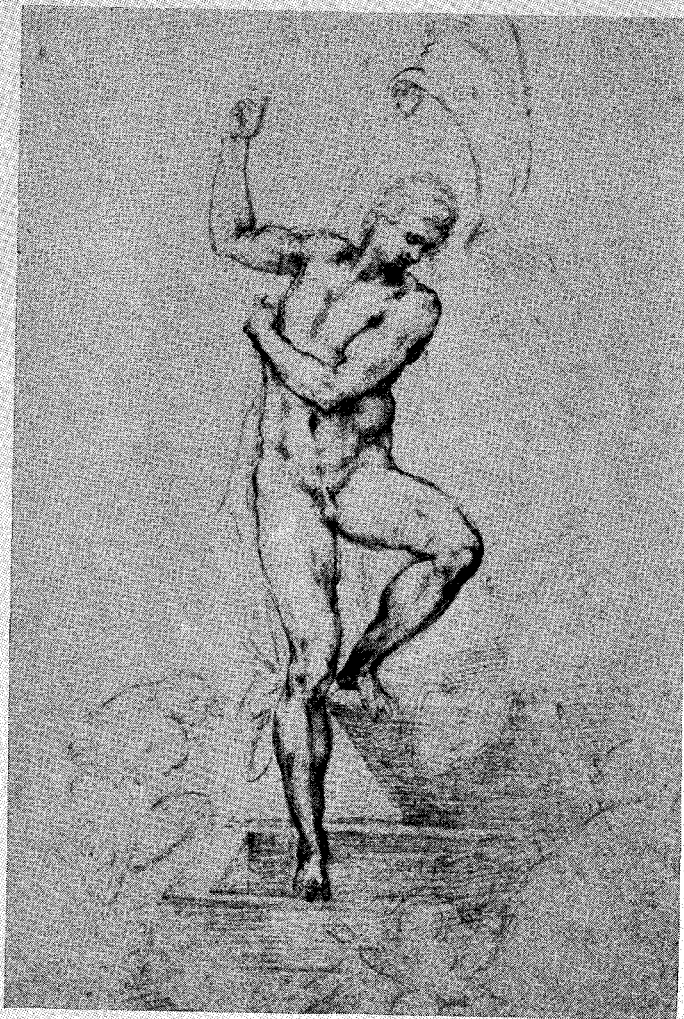


BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

MARTIN SCHONGAUER (1450-1491)

APRIL, 1939

47



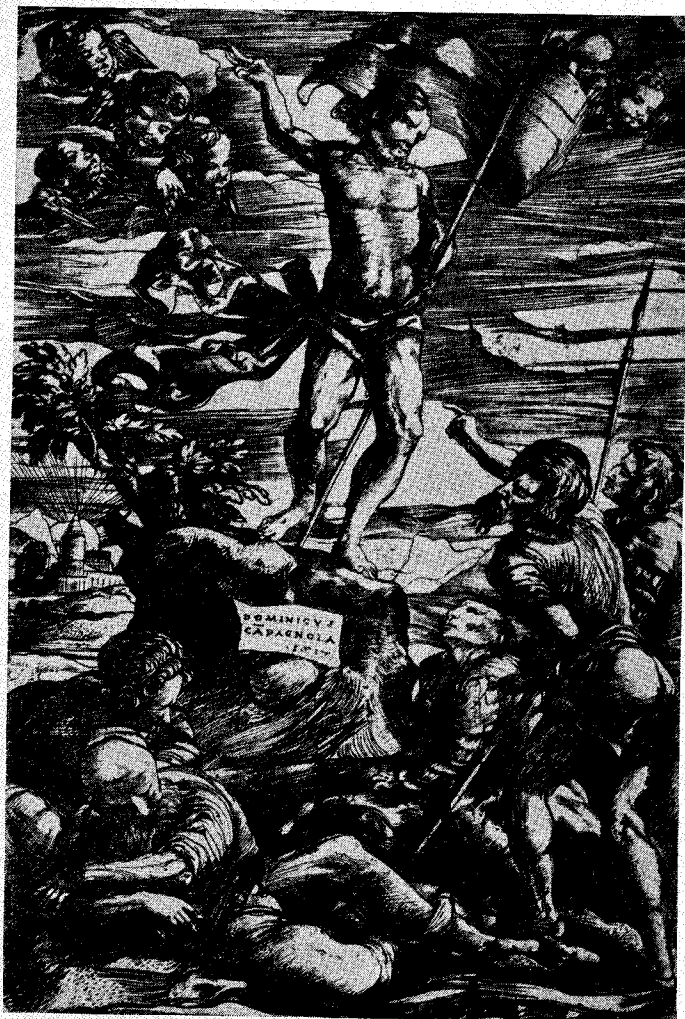
MICHELANGELO (1475-1564)

CORONET



ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528)

APRIL, 1939



DOMENICO CAMPAGNOLA (c.1490-c.1564)

CORONET

50



PIETER BREUGHEL (1525-1569)

APRIL, 1939



PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640)

CORONET

52

“FOR GAWD’S SAKE, DON’T!”

OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM
AN EXTREMELY VOCAL STAMP-WIDOW



DEAR Editor: There is a rumor circulating that you are contemplating the addition of a stamp department to your already well-filled magazine. *For Gawd’s sake, don’t!*

The bug of philately has bitten my husband and I don’t mean maybe. If I could get my hands on the nurse in the hospital who initiated him in his wonderful hobby, I’d scratch her bald. Here my hubby goes to the hospital with nothing more than a mere case of appendicitis and he comes home with a bad dose of philately.

The house is cluttered up with albums, catalogs, tongs, watermark detectors, perforation gauges and those pernicious sticky bits of paper that he calls hinges. My radiators are covered with the blotters that he uses after he has soaked some stamps off bits of envelopes.

He comes home from the office in all kinds of moods. When he has been thwarted at some stamp auction he is so downcast that he sulks all night. Other times he comes home with an expression that equals the one he wore on our wedding night. There is a spring in his step and a gleam in his

eye, and a leer of triumph on his face. As soon as supper is finished, out comes the bridge table and his latest acquisitions. Each stamp is picked up via a pair of gleaming tongs and meticulously examined for flaws. Then the fun really begins.

He’ll call me in to let me look at the dear things. I must then stand gazing at the little bits of paper with a rapt expression on my face and do my best to keep my boredom from showing. He rattles off some expressions concerning the condition of the stamp, *i. e.*, mint, *tête-bêche*, commemorative, canceled-to-order or some other foreign expression which I am supposed to comprehend.

But I know my role by now. Yes, indeed. I must nod my head, gently of course, let an approving smile cross my countenance, pat him gently on the shoulder and murmur, “Nice work, Joe—you sure put one over this time.” Then out comes his black ash tray and the benzine. The stamp is placed face downward in the tray full of benzine, with tongs of course, and scrutinized carefully for a watermark. I never did understand why this is done.

APRIL, 1939

Half the time there is no watermark and yet he seems just as pleased as he would were his initials to show up on the back of one of these honeys. I'll never forget the night he found a beautiful cross on the back of a stamp. He grabs for his catalog and finds out that the valuable issue was supposed to be "unwatermarked, perf. 12½ x 13" (whatever the hell that means). Over goes the bridge table, benzine, stamps, albums and all. Well, he swore.

He certainly isn't as honest as he used to be. But wily? You never saw a man who could think up ways and means to further his ends the way my little playmate does. He organized a neighborhood stamp club for all the little screwballs in the neighborhood. The little dears pay no dues and get free refreshments after each meeting. Once a week they tramp into the house, usually just after the cleaning woman has left, loaded down with albums, and the other paraphernalia. This is where the larceny begins. Each week one of them makes a little speech and then they start exchanging duplicates. After the gullible little brats have parted with their prize possessions in return for some prettily colored junk which Hubby buys for just such occasions, refreshments are served and the kids sent home.

Then out comes the bridge table again and Joe starts in again. He'll pick up each stamp, nod approvingly, check and recheck it, and start to gloat. And gloat? He sits there and gloats until he starts to drool. I don't

dare open my mouth. About midnight he starts to paste them in the album.

But you don't *paste* stamps in an album, oh no, you must use stamp hinges. He folds the hinges just right, moistens them just right, and puts them in the album, just right. This goes on for hours, during which I must sit near by, but not too close lest I blow one of his precious stamps off the table when I blow out my breath in exasperation. When he is finished, we tramp off to bed. His eyes are bloodshot and mine bleary and we are both so tired that we are asleep before we get to bed.

At present, my husband in name only, it seems, owns nine albums. These massive volumes cost about nine dollars each. They make an impressive looking aggregation and they ought to. You can get loony looking at them when you figure what you could do with that eighty-one dollars.

My friends have deserted me. They can't play bridge at our house because the bridge table is always occupied. They can't invite us to their houses because Joe is either too busy or too grouchy to play a "silly game of cards." They are tired of wearing a fixed smile during his private exhibitions and are too polite to be frank with him.

You can see my dilemma, Mr. Editor. Your magazine is my only source of refuge and relaxation, so, if you are really thinking of starting a stamp column or department, *for Gawd's sake, don't!* —RITA JACKSON

HOW GOOD IS YOUR TASTE?

Which Setting in Each Pair Is in Better Taste—and Why? Answers on Page 133

THE third Coronet Taste-Test herewith confronts you with a set of problems in interior decoration. On each of these pages is a pair of interior settings, arranged by Winold Reiss, designer, decorator and artist, and Albert Charles Schweizer, architect. Study these settings, determine which of each pair is in better taste, formulate logical reasons for reaching that conclusion—then compare your answers with the answers on page 133. The main moral here is that it is all-over harmony (or the lack of it) that makes (or breaks) a good interior setting. But if this sounds like a vague point, don't be discouraged. You will know more about it after you have taken this test.



A

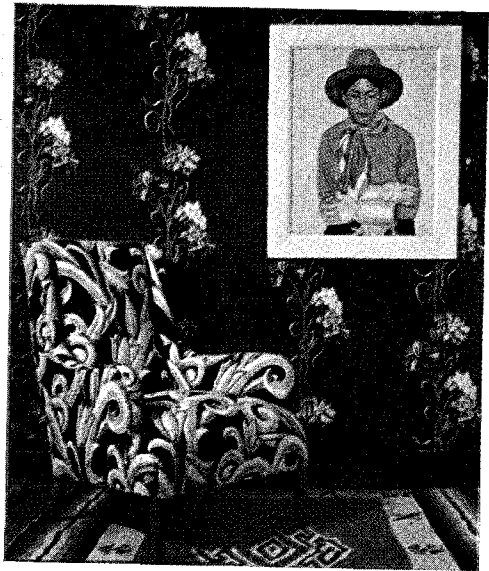


B

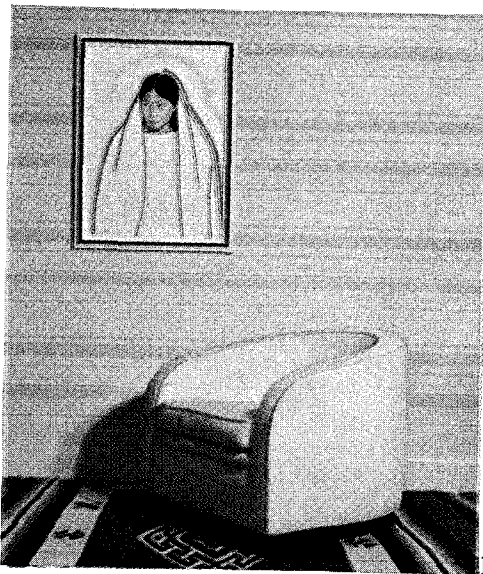
1. The cocktail table is the same. The pictures and chairs are different. Which makes a better grouping?

APRIL, 1939

55



A



B

2. Here are two settings with a different combination of wallpaper, chair and painting. Which combination do you consider to be in better taste? Why?

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT KEHL

CORONET

56

3. The fireplace is the same in both views but the furnishings vary considerably. Which ensemble impresses you as representing better taste? What are your reasons?



A



B

APRIL, 1939

57



A

4. Here are two modern paintings by Winold Reiss in a closely related style, but the two frames are widely dissimilar. Which painting, in your opinion, is framed correctly? What are your reasons?



B



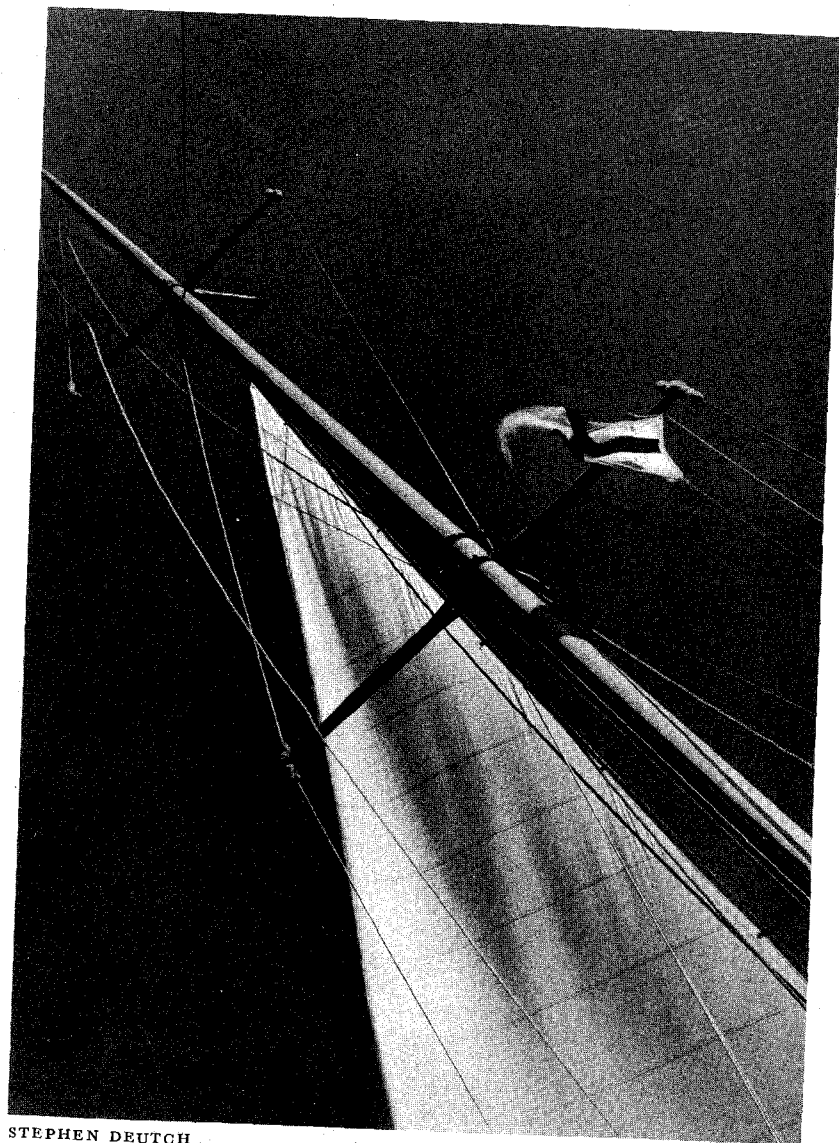
CESAR A. CAMARA

FROM CROWN

BENEDICTION

APRIL, 1939

59



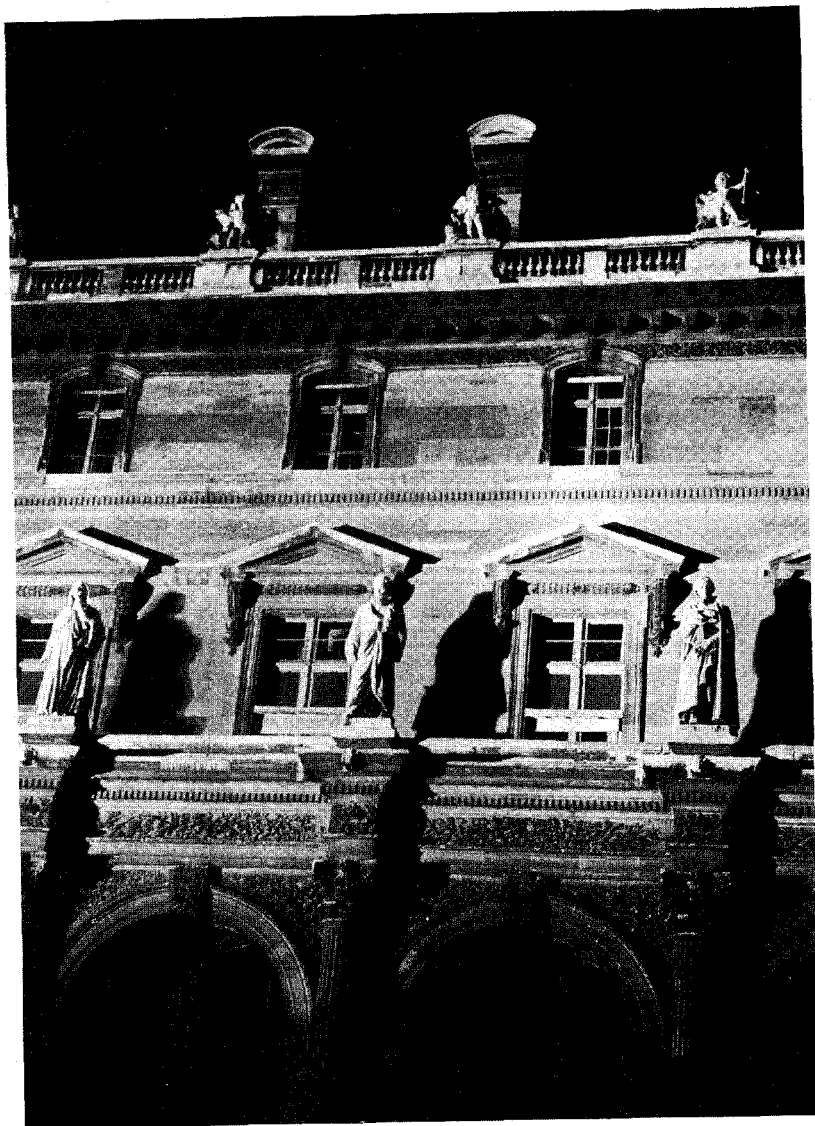
STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SEAGOING SPIRE

CORONET

60



BRASSAI

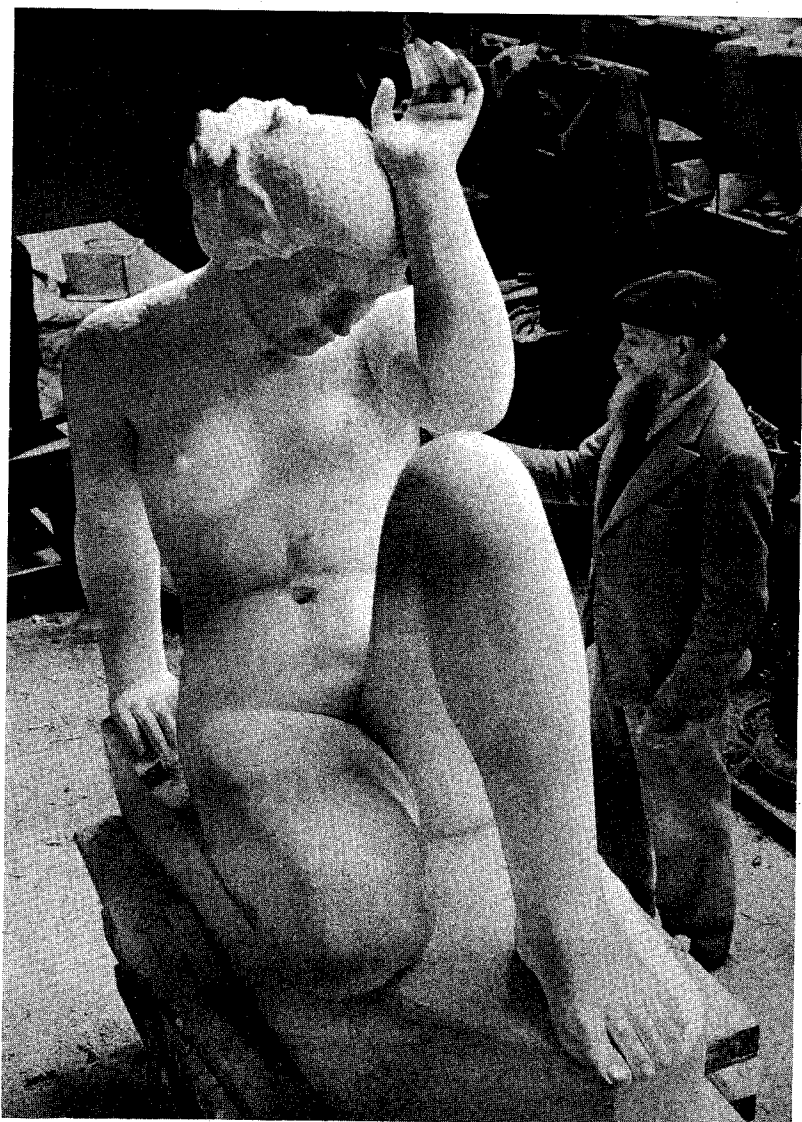
PARIS

GUARDIANS OF THE LOUVRE

APRIL, 1939

61

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BRASSAÏ

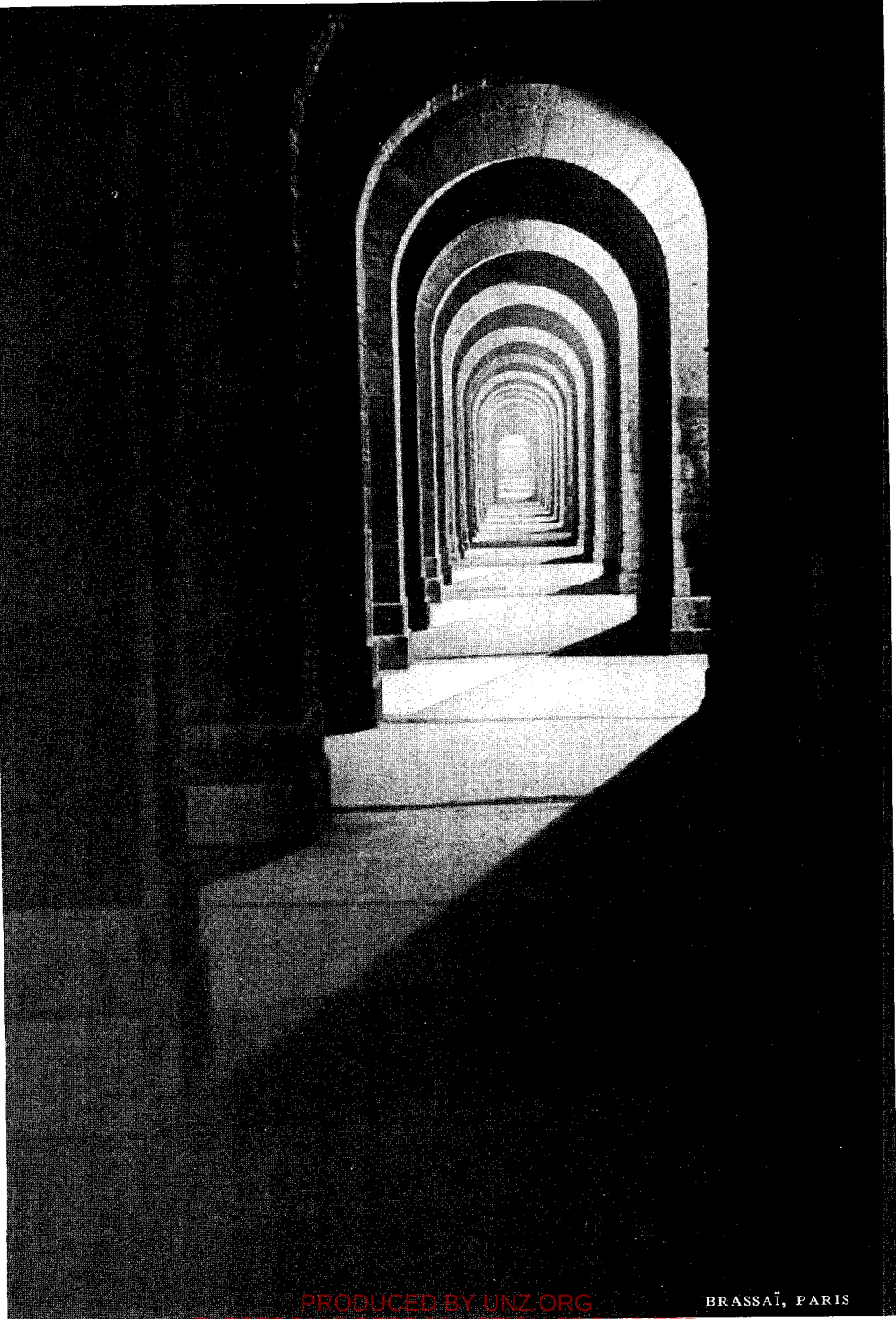
PARIS

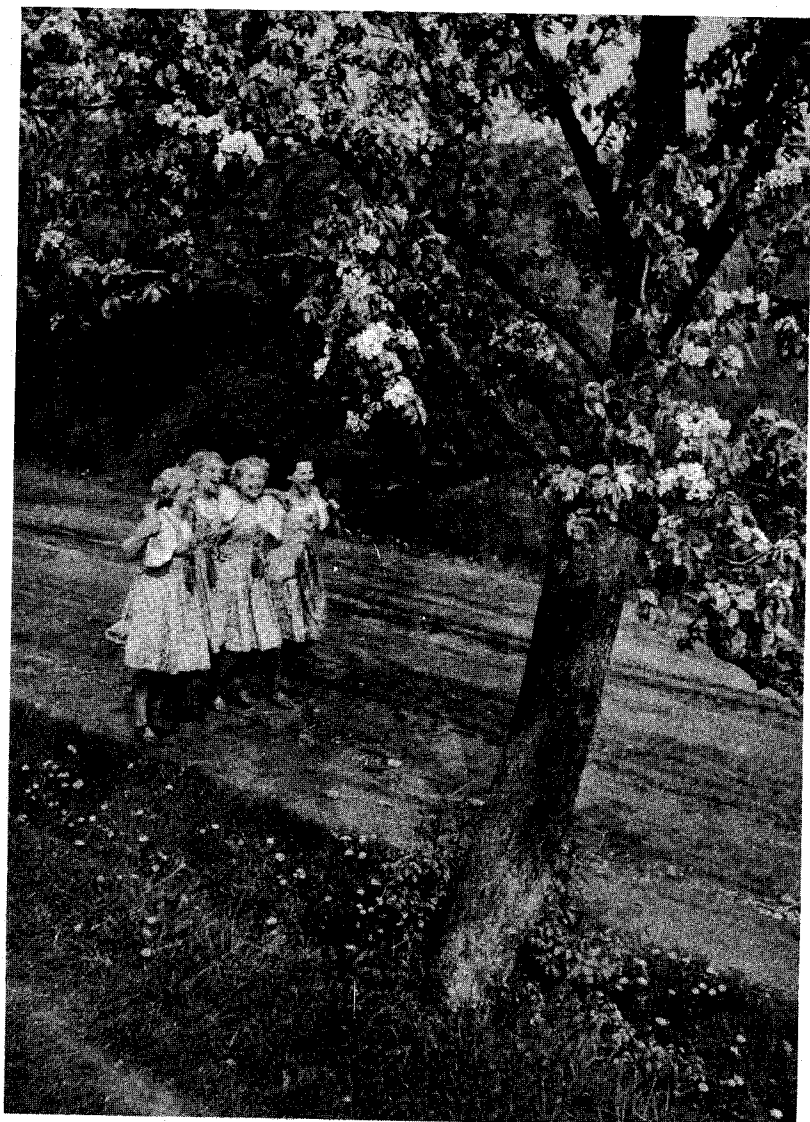
ARISTIDE MAILLOL

CORONET

62

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





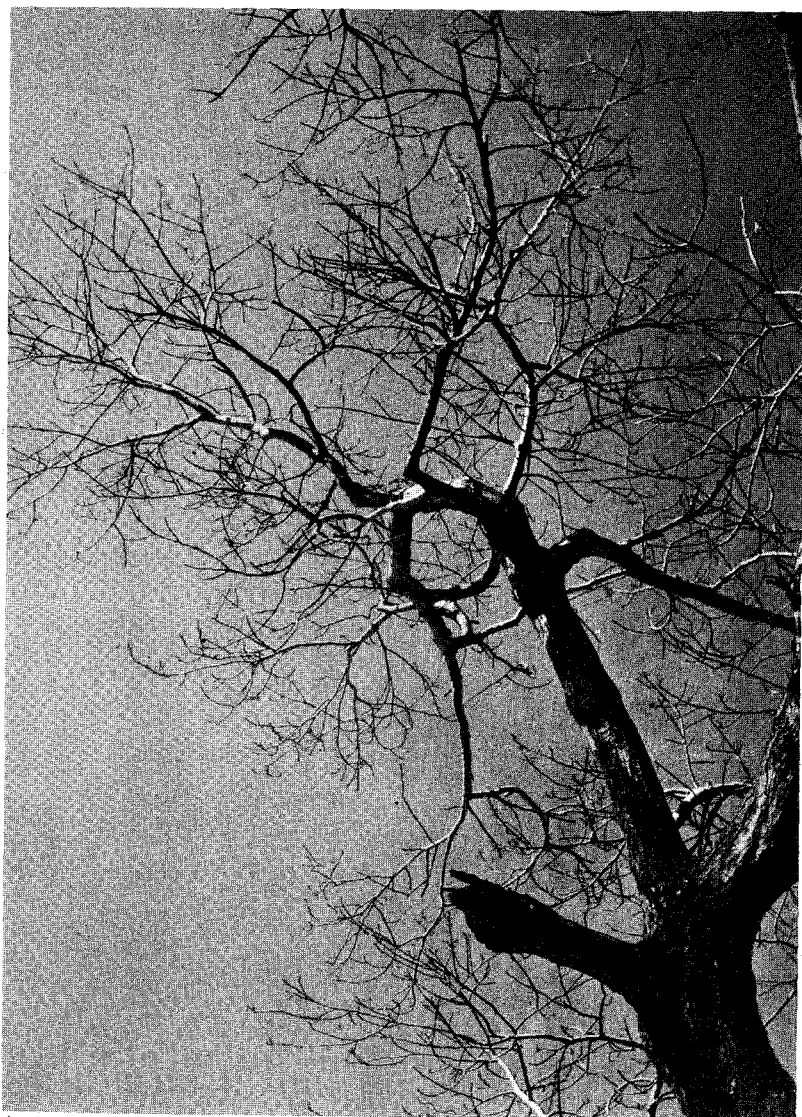
BARCHAN

FROM ECHO

BLOSSOM TIME

CORONET

64



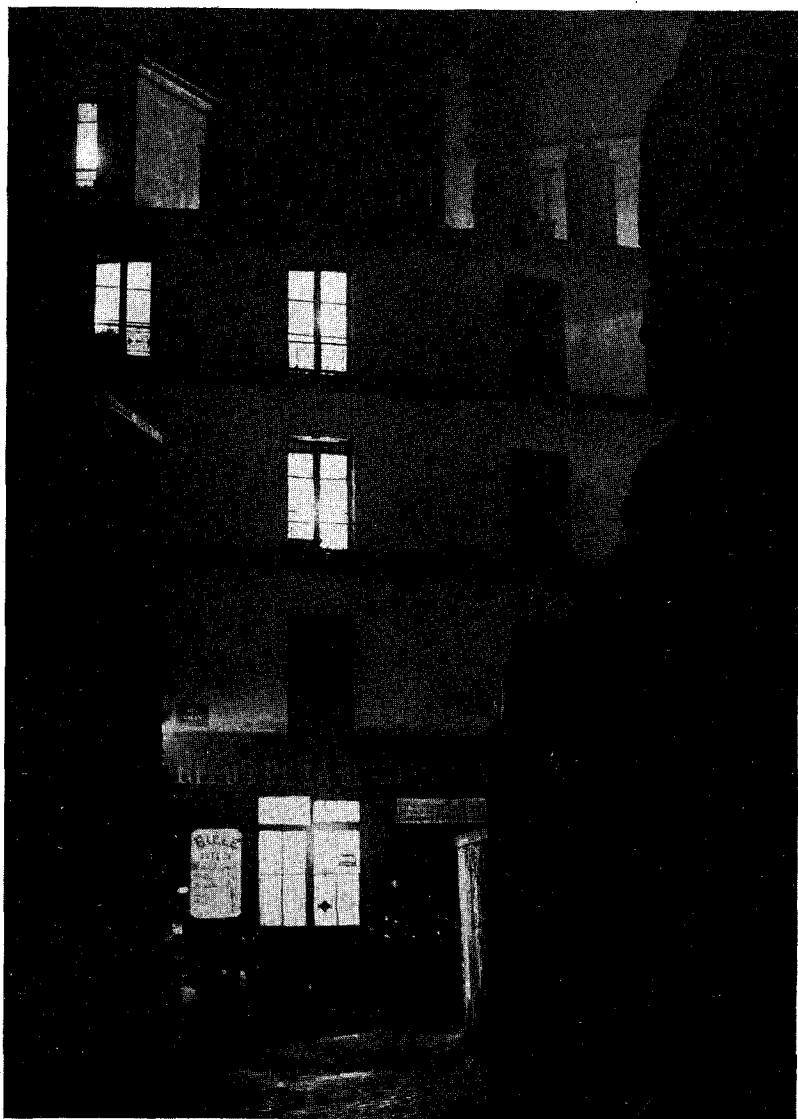
STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

DESHABILLE

APRIL, 1939

65



BRASSAI

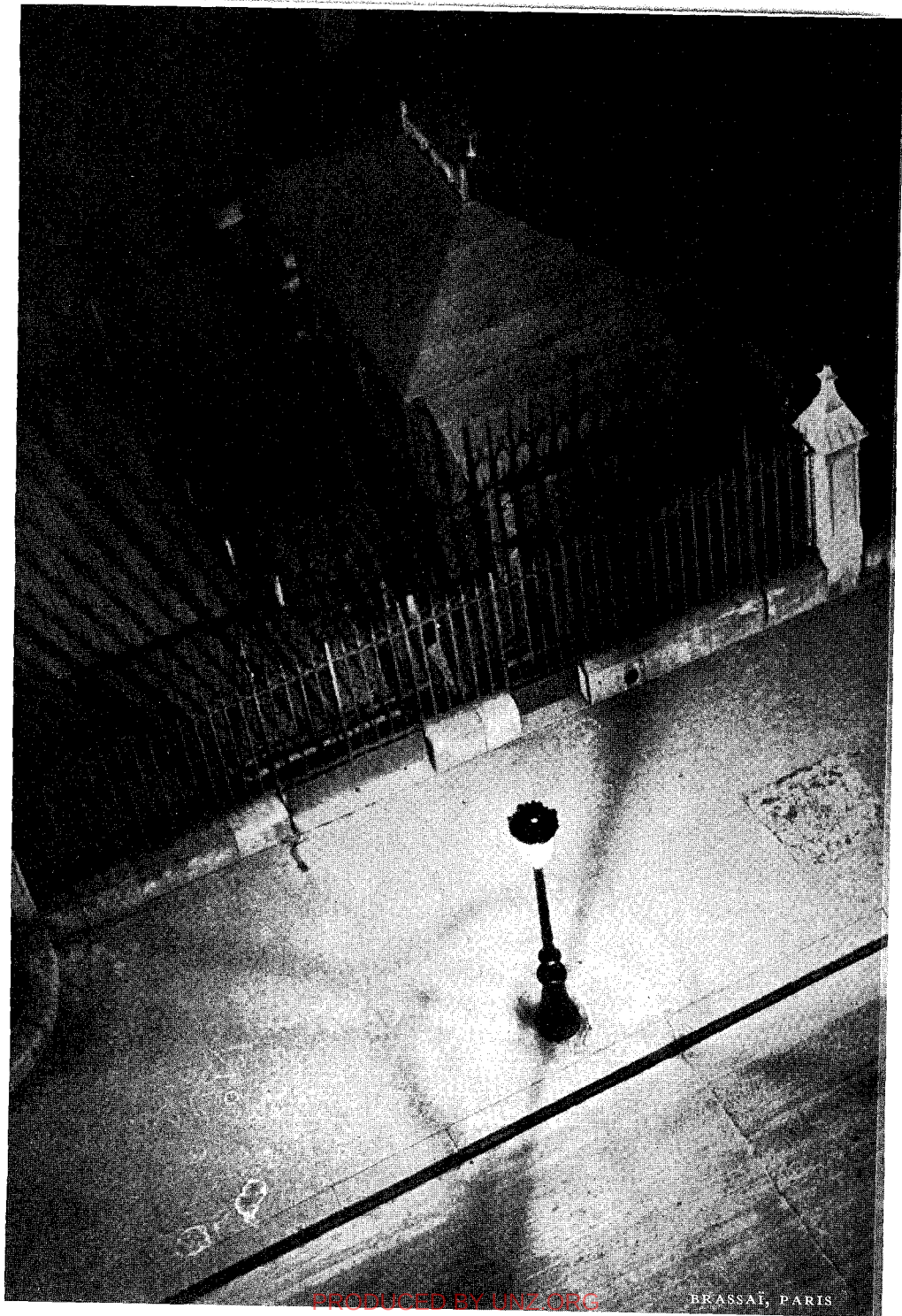
PARIS

MIDNIGHT OIL

CORONET

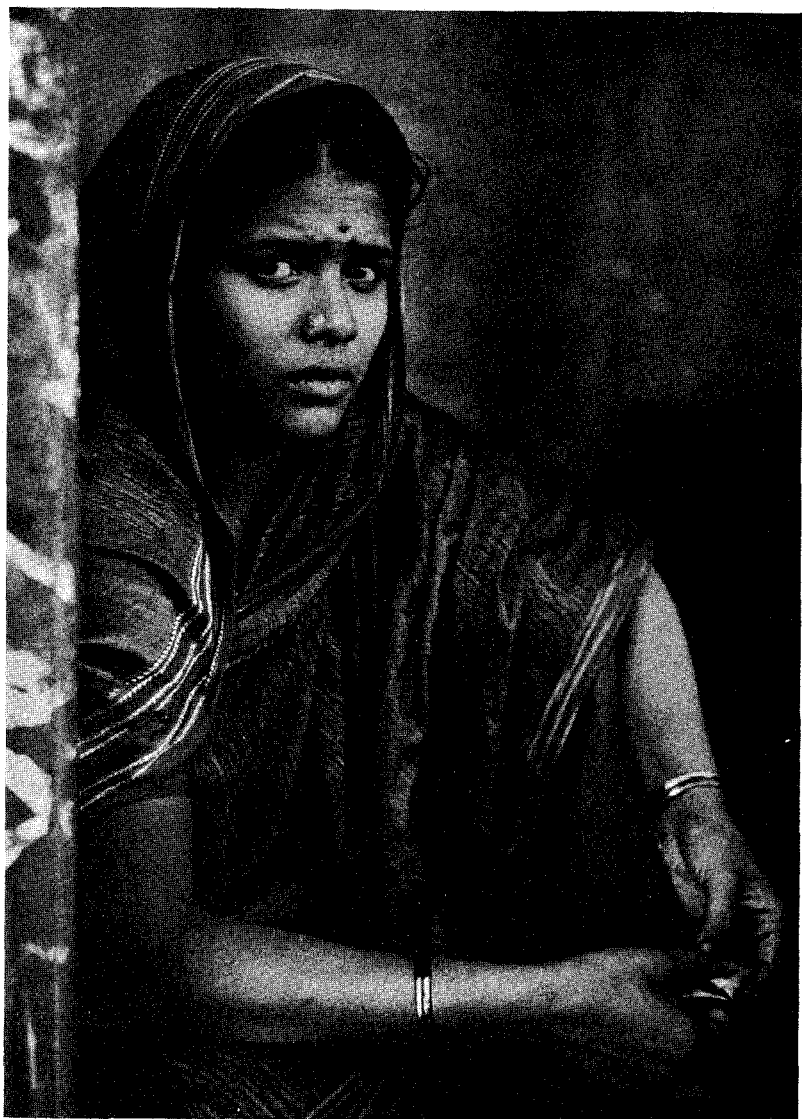
66

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY LNE ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRASSAT, PARIS



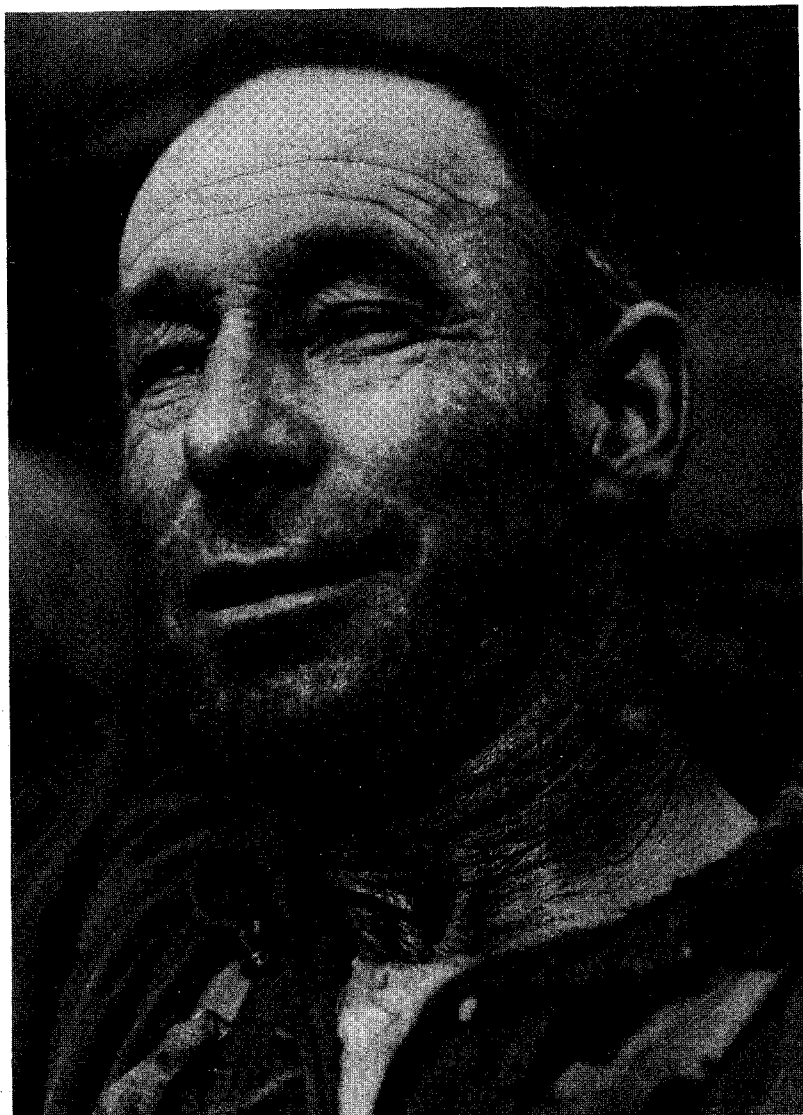
ERNST RATHENAU

NEW YORK

BELLE OF BOMBAY

CORONET

68



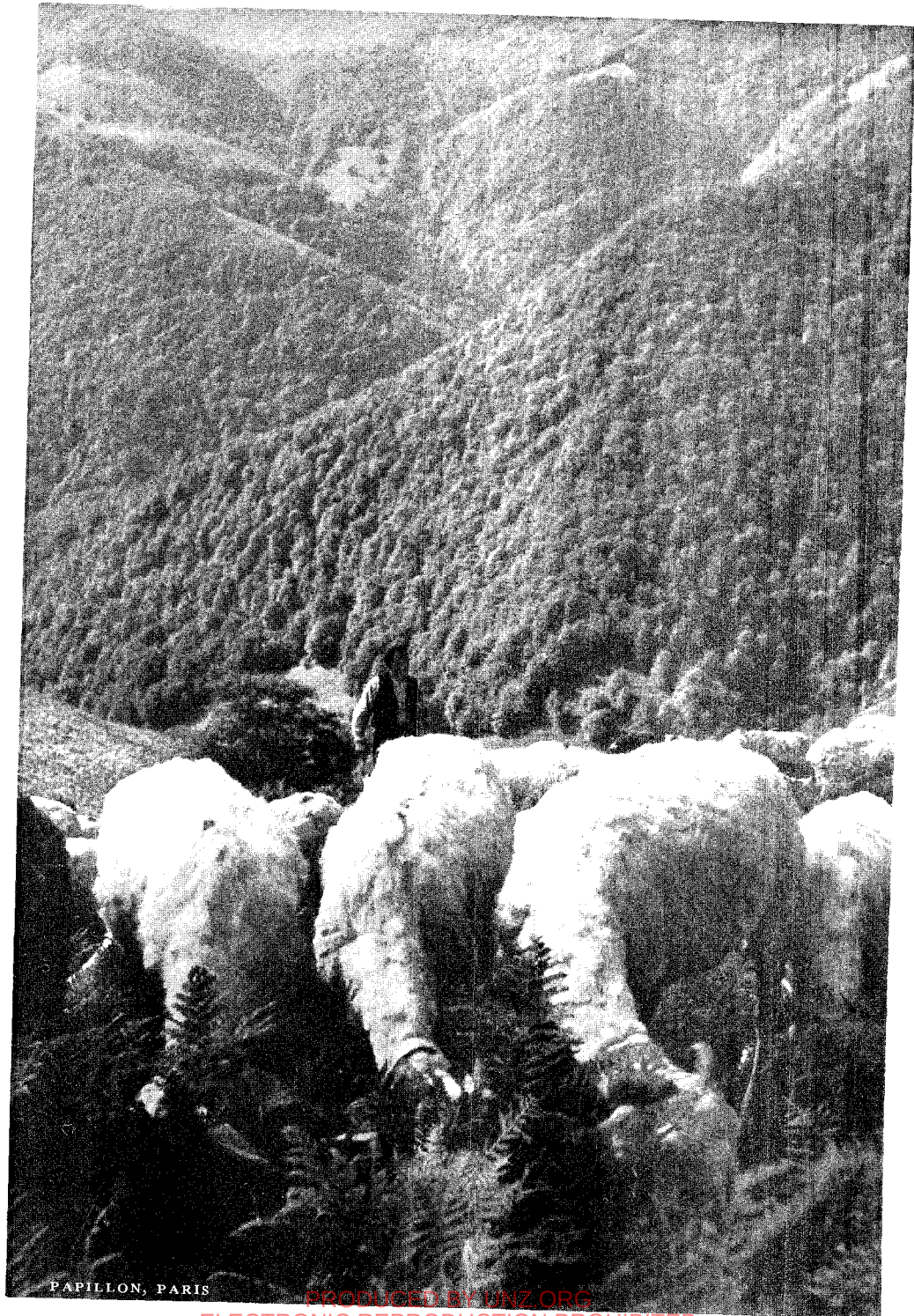
E. O. HOPPÉ

FROM LEIGH

AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD

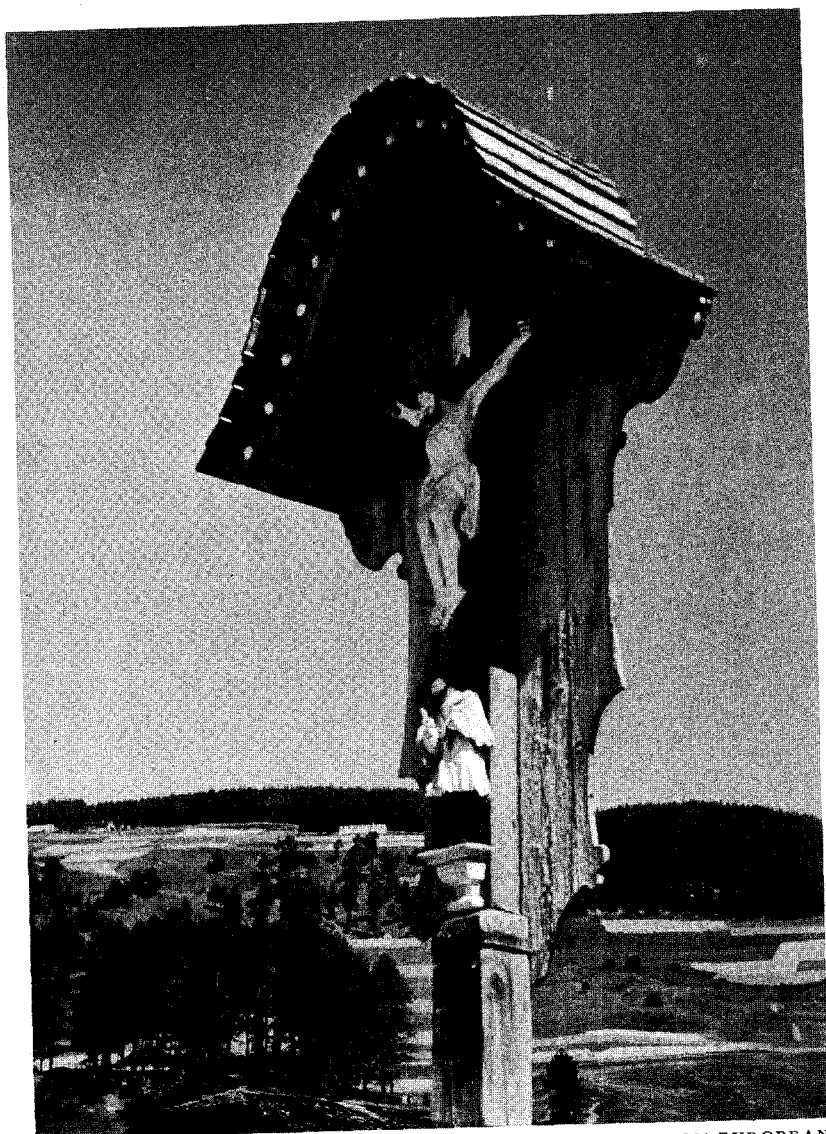
APRIL, 1939

69



PAPILLON, PARIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ERGÉ

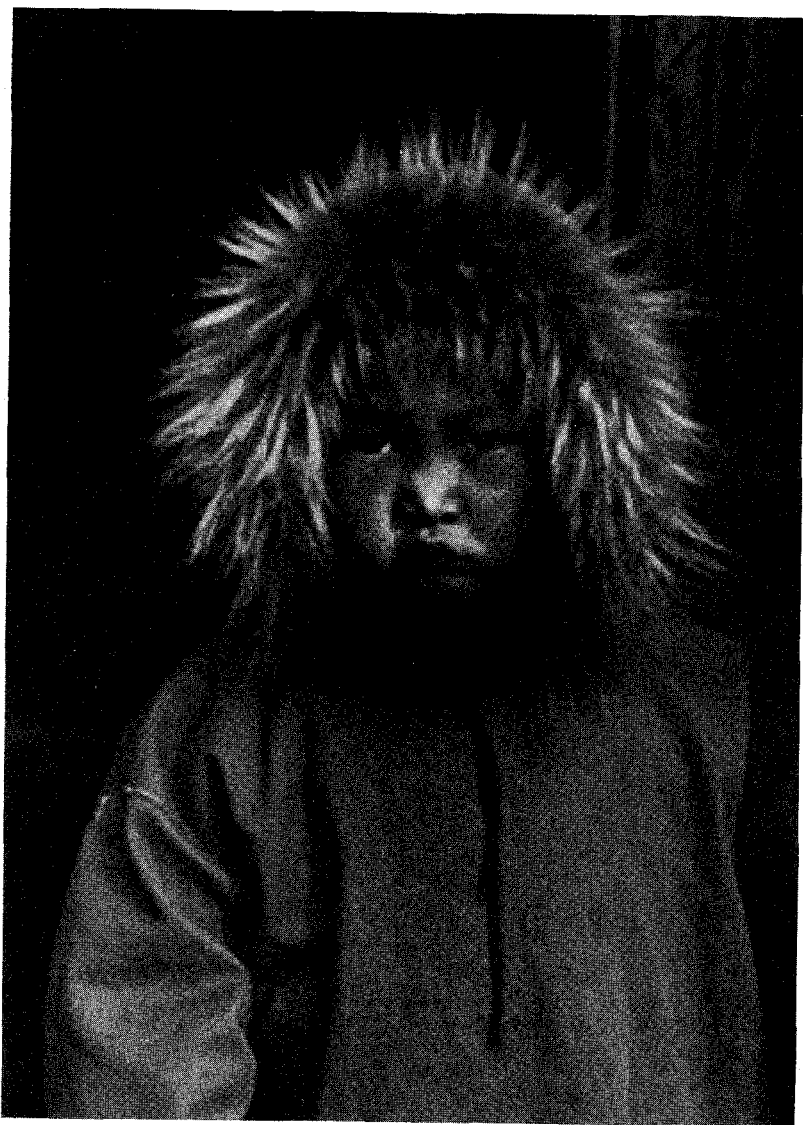
FROM EUROPEAN

TYROLEAN SHRINE

APRIL, 1939

71

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WILLIAM ALBEE

WARRENVILLE, ILL.

ESKIMO PIE

CORONET

72

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ANDRÉ DIÈNES

PARIS

TO MARKET

APRIL, 1939

73



FREDA M. JACOBI

NEW YORK

NOT THE COMPANY

CORONET

74



ELLY PRAGER-MANDOWSKY

LONDON

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

APRIL, 1939

75

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CY LA TOUR

MONTEBELLO, CALIF.

EASTER BUNNY

CORONET

76



ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

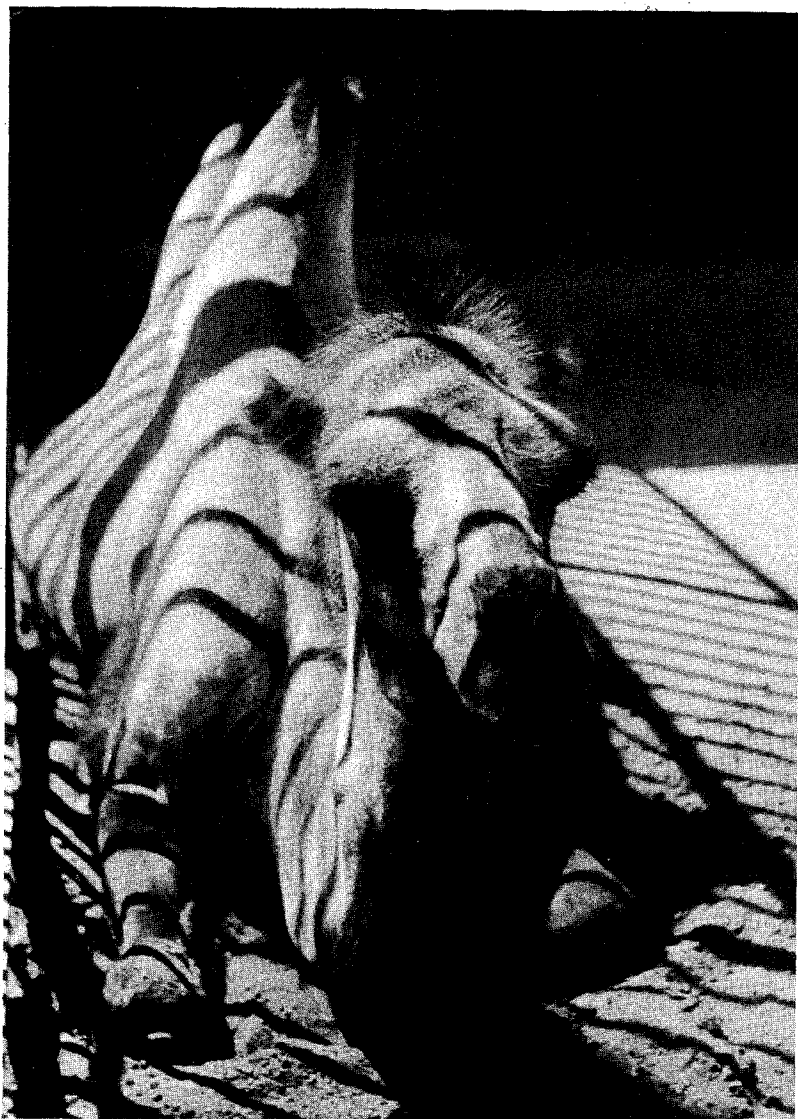
NEW YORK

PIGEONS ON THE GRAVEL

APRIL, 1939

77

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DR. MICHAEL WISHENGRAD

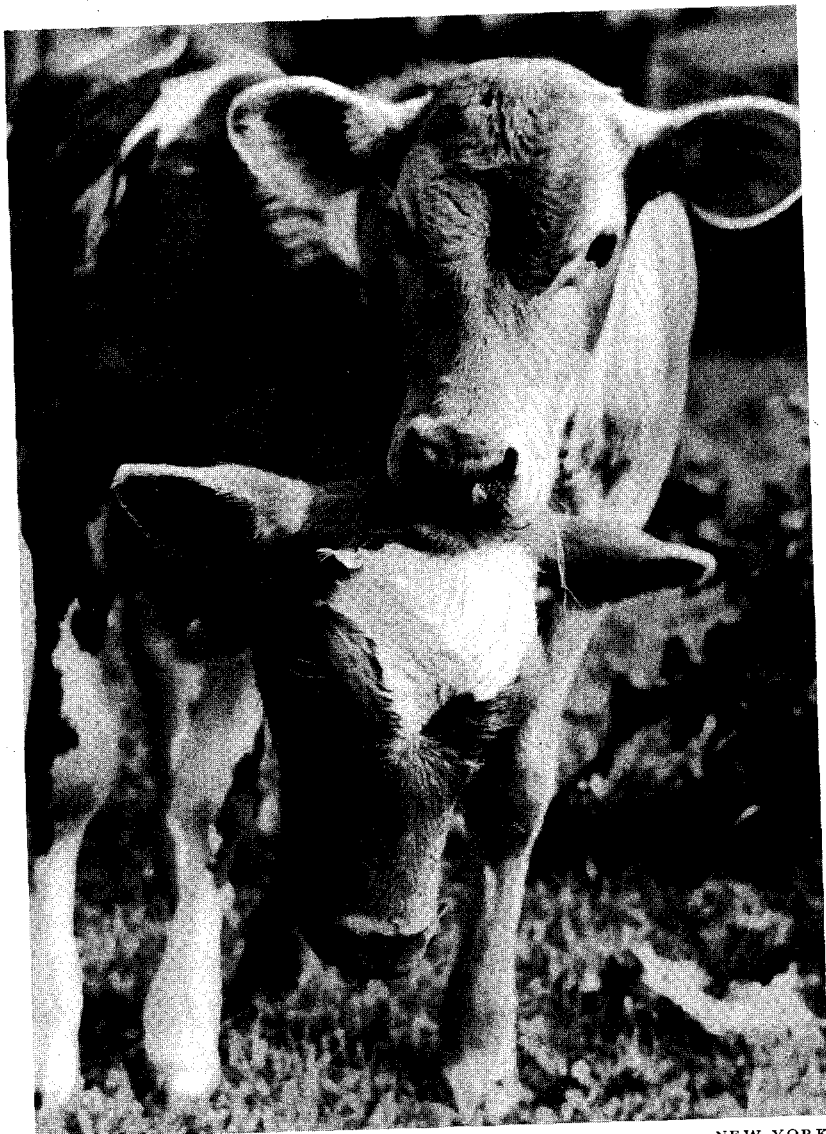
NEW YORK

CAMEL INTO ZEBRA

CORONET

78

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



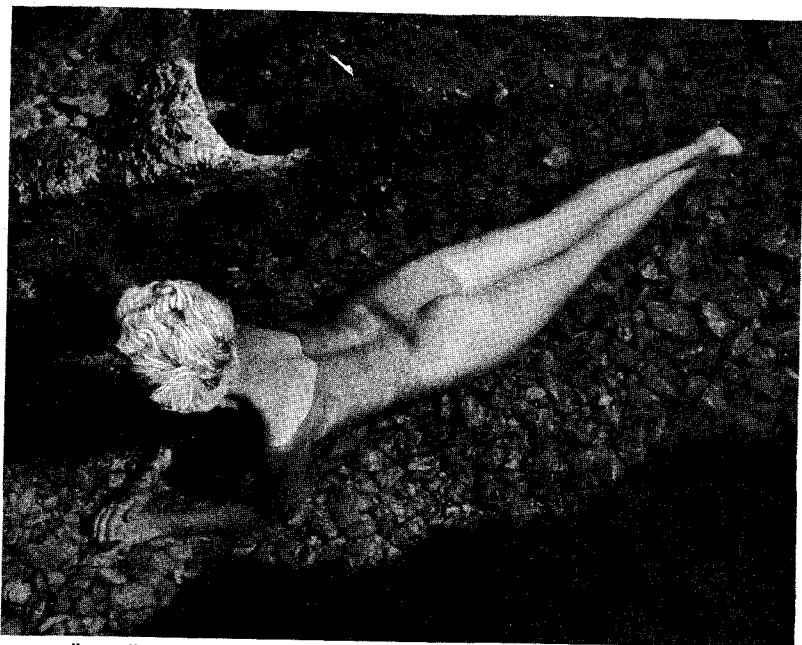
HERBERT KEHL

NEW YORK

APRONSTRINGS

APRIL, 1939

79



DR. CSÖRGEÖ

BUDAPEST

WATER GOWN

CORONET

80



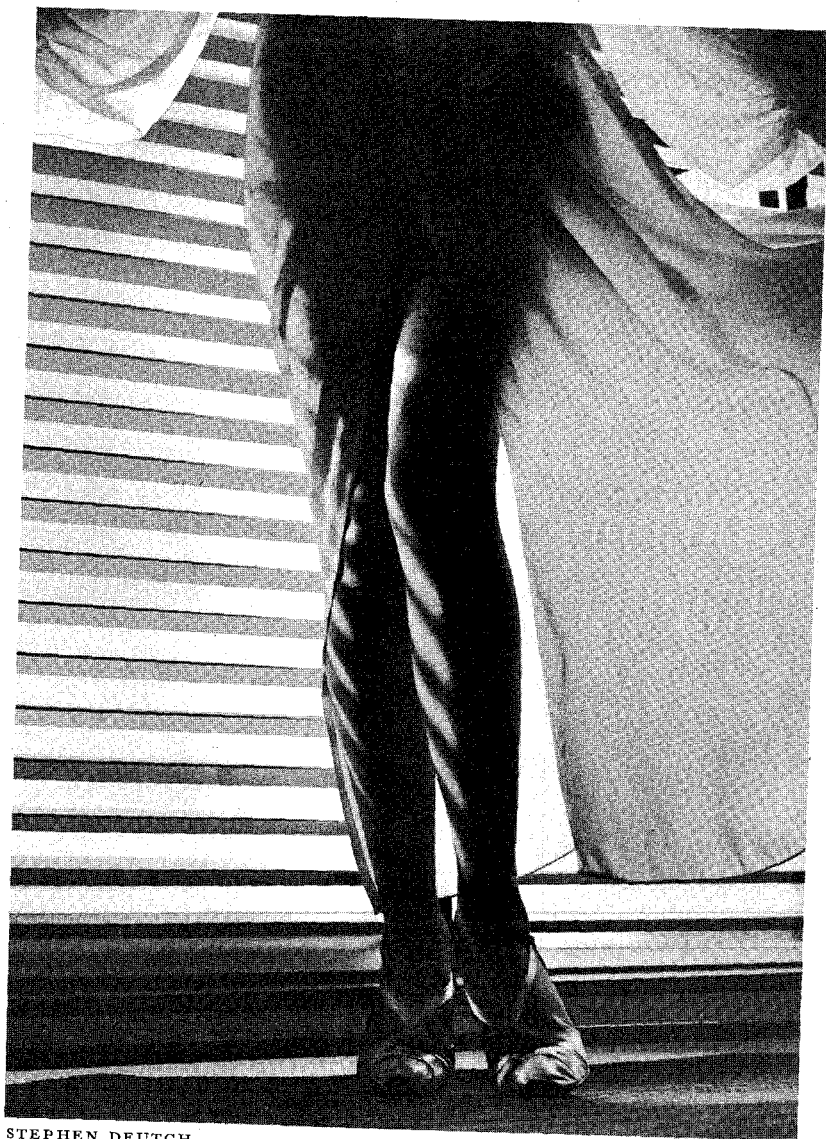
VICTOR HAVEMAN

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

CATNAP

APRIL, 1939

81



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

BALLETOMANE

CORONET

82



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEUTCH, CHICAGO



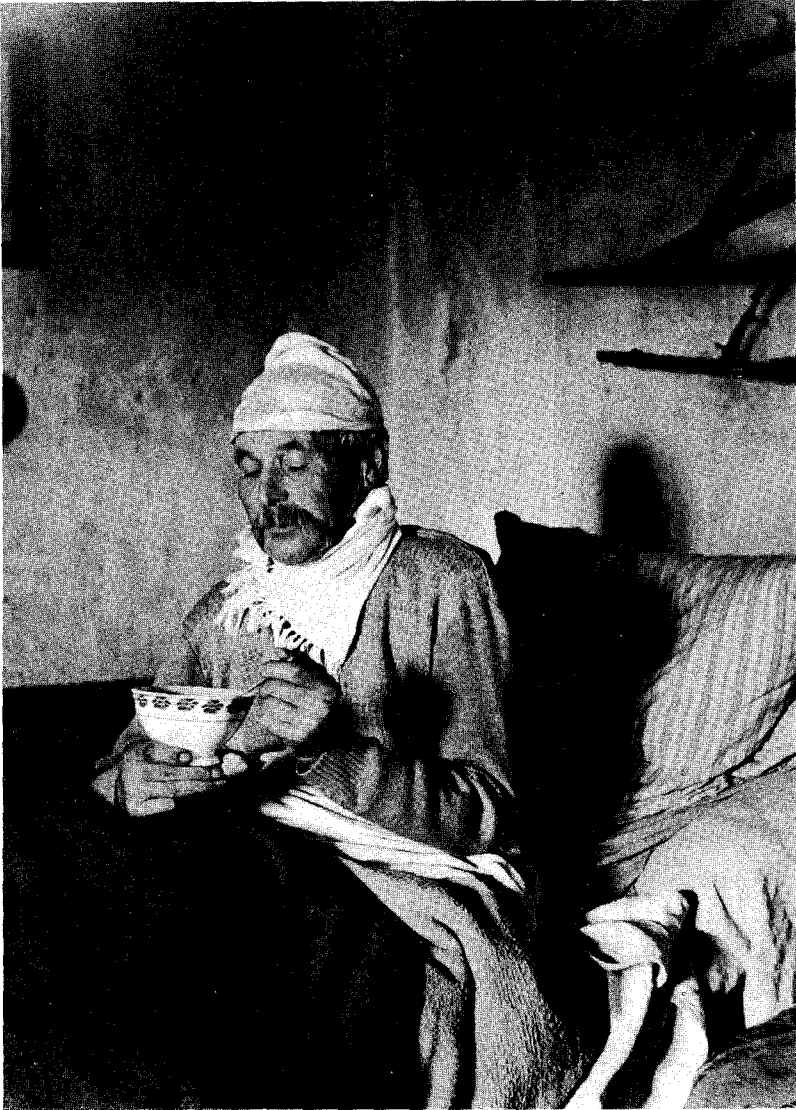
MELTON FERRIS

SAN JOSE, CALIF.

THE YOUNG IDEA

CORONET

84



NORA DUMAS

PARIS

NIGHTCAP

APRIL, 1939

85



GEORGE BINGHAM FOR

PRODUCED BY LIZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



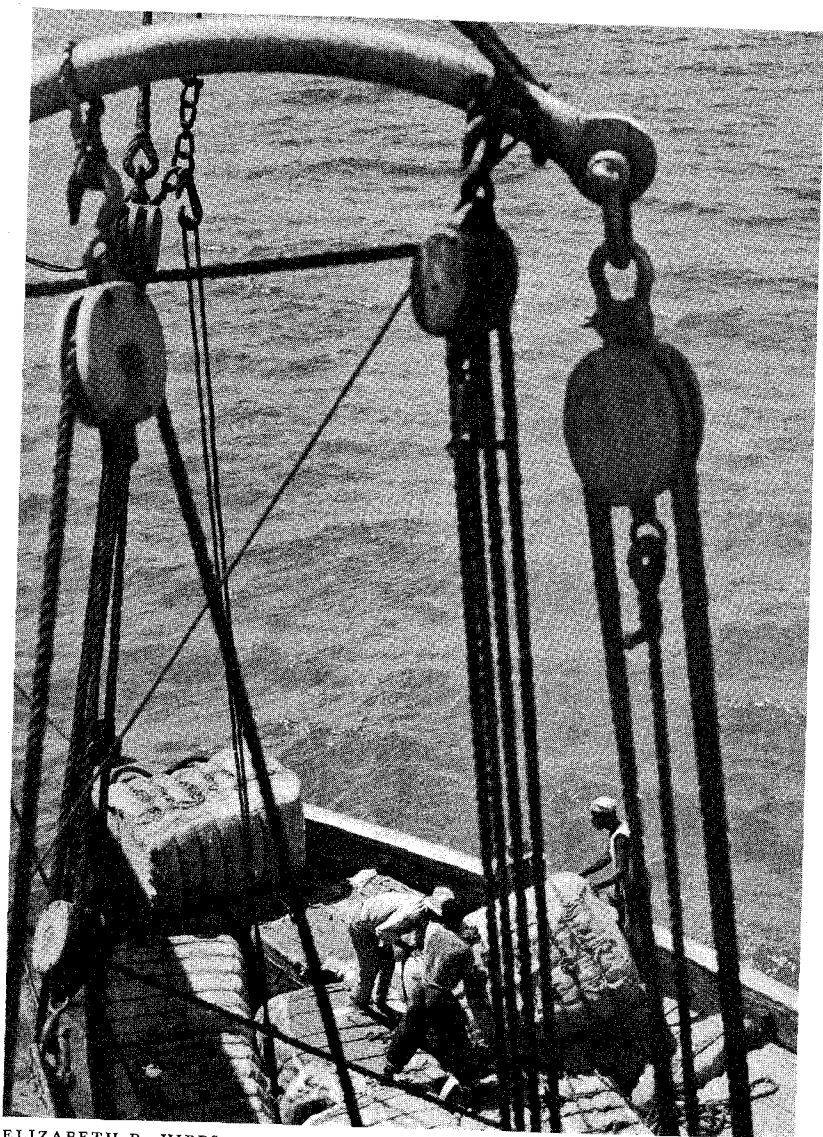
FRANK BAUER

FROM GRAPHIC

SMOOTHED OVER

APRIL, 1939

87



ELIZABETH R. HIBBS

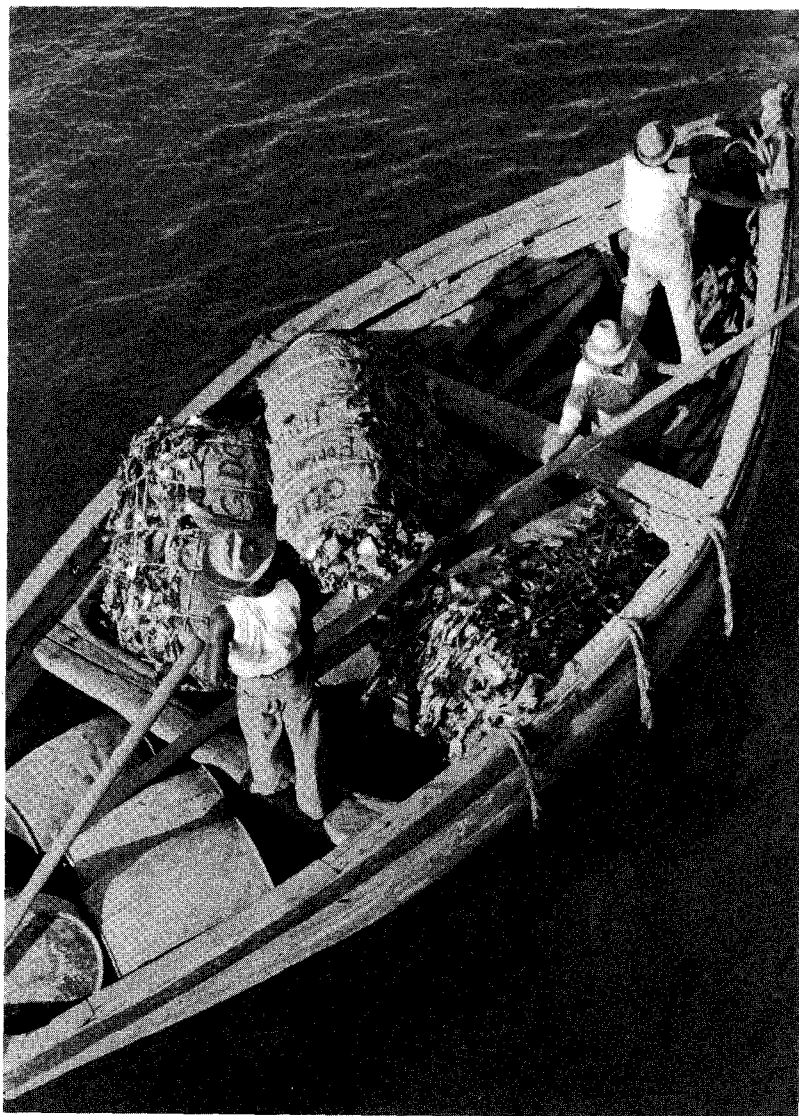
NEW YORK

COTTON CARGO

CORONET

88

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ELIZABETH R. HIBBS

NEW YORK

GOAT HIDES

APRIL, 1939

89

SOCK! BAM! POWIE!

AUDIENCE REACTION PROVES THAT A FLOP ON
THE SITZPLATZ IS WORTH A DOZEN BON MOTS



THE critics jumped on *Hellzapoppin* because it was “rowdy,” “slam-bang,” “devoid of subtlety,” and “offensively loud.” The public took it to its heart—presumably for the same reasons. The public is rediscovering the fact that nobody ever improved on the sock in the puss as a provoker of laughs.

Perhaps it is a natural reaction against sophistication. *Hellzapoppin* is anything but sophisticated and its jokes make no bones about sex. The participants in *Hellzapoppin* shower beans upon the audience, a woman washes her panties in one of the boxes, a masher—one of the show’s stooges—works on the ladies in the front rows between the acts. Olsen and Johnson, the stars of *Hellzapoppin*, slam and spit at each other, throw eggs.

Such methods have been restricted to the burlesque houses for quite a while. The Broadway trend has been toward ultra-smartness. But Olsen and Johnson have held aloft a flaming torch. They bring back first principles with a resounding bang and present a strong case for the prattfall versus pretty palaver as a comic technique.

Take Shakespeare. Shakespeare had a certain wit, but he could never roll ‘em in the aisles. So some rowdies took him in hand this season and turned his *Comedy of Errors* into a musical called *The Boys from Syracuse*. It is funny because Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart use the good old barrelhouse technique to tell this orchestrated tale of the two Dromios. Mr. Savo being shoved all over the stage tickles the funny-bone. It is, again, the triumph of whoopee over wit.

Take Cole Porter’s show, *Leave It to Me*. Here is smartness off Mr. Porter’s top layer. Its Victor Moore is a shy roly-poly with a Milquetoast manner for getting his laughs, and he gets lots of them. But the loudest howl of the show comes when Mr. Moore winds up one of his legs and kicks a gentleman who is supposed to be the Nazi minister square in the stomach. Up to that moment the audience has been laughing carefully, comfortably. When the kick comes, the audience roars.

A healthy hunk of sadism is still the best way to tear the house down.

—SIDNEY CARROLL



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT KEHL

HELLZAPOPPIN. These are Olsen and Johnson, up to their usual tricks. Here Mr. Olsen is a magician, Mr. Johnson his stooge. When the noise dies down Mr. Olsen will make Mr. Johnson disappear. Mr. Johnson will materialize again as you see him here, heralded by music and gunfire and attired in a set of burnt Turkish towels.

APRIL, 1939

91



Above: Olsen and Johnson again, this time with Miss Dorothy Thomas. They are indulging in a triple imitation: Mr. Johnson as Charlie McCarthy, Mr. Olsen as Edgar Bergen, Miss Thomas as Dorothy Sarong Lamour.

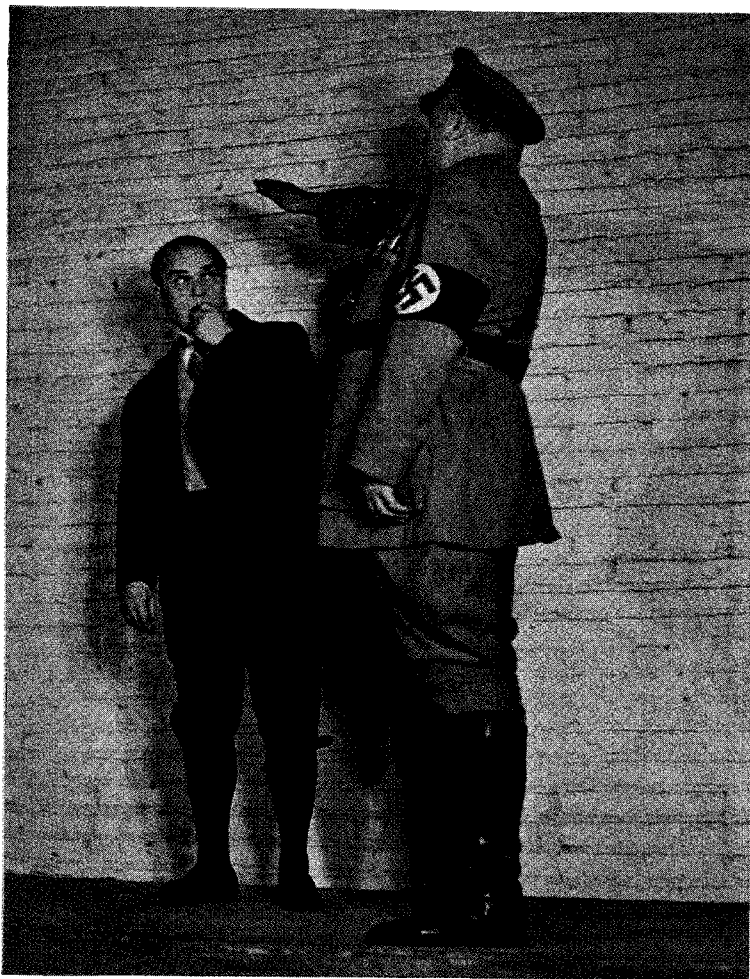
Right: Two views of *The Boys from Syracuse*. The lilliputian in the middle is Buddy Douglas, walled in by Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart. Below, Mr. Savo is playing the role of a snake. He is reacting to the strains poured into a clarinet by a charmer named Wynn Murray, who also sings as hot as anybody in town.



APRIL, 1939

93

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LEAVE IT TO ME. Victor Moore, with maximum coyness, is playing the United States ambassador to Russia. Greeting him here is Hans Hansen, who is playing the minister from Germany. Mr. Hansen has just paid his official salute by calling Mr. Moore a barbarian. Mr. Moore is about to respond by lifting that right leg high off the floor and then swinging it in an arc in such way as to make contact between the tip of his shoe and the most protuberant part of Mr. Hansen's stomach. This, surely, is the diplomacy of dreamers.

CORONET

94

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR AMAZING FIRST LADY

*FREELY MISUNDERSTOOD, MRS. ROOSEVELT KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S ABOUT EVEN IF HER CRITICS DON'T*



ELLEANOR ROOSEVELT will never be known in history merely as the wife of her husband—the common lot of most women married to distinguished men—for she has an outstanding individuality of her own, a sturdy self-reliance and an independence of thought which could never adapt itself to the role of echo. Impressive as the President's personality is, it does not engulf her. She has won a place for herself as an individual, not as an animated ditto mark. One thinks of Mrs. Roosevelt's speeches and articles as representing her own views, as in fact they do. And they have come to her through long years of experience in social service work and in practical politics.

Mrs. Roosevelt's advent into politics was brought about by her husband's affliction. Previous to that time she had never concerned herself about public life but was interested in welfare work, charity and kindred subjects. When Mr. Roosevelt was suddenly stricken by the terrible malady that confined him to his bed his physician decreed that a sympathetic link should be established between him

and the outside world if there was to be a cure, and she became that link. In order to do a successful job she necessarily had to explore the field of politics, for that was his world. There were political contacts to be kept up, thousands of letters to be answered and innumerable interviews with newspaper men.

So interesting was this new field of activity that when, because of her husband's recuperation she was no longer needed as a liaison officer, she began to take an active part in New York politics. By 1928 she was recognized as an able general in the cause and that year was given charge of the women's organization in Alfred E. Smith's campaign for the presidency. On the board of strategy at headquarters she was associated with such leaders as Governor Smith, Senator Wagner and other prominent Democrats, and sat in at the councils where the program of campaign was formulated. She also served her party as chairman and as treasurer of the Democratic State Central Committee, and led the women in their justified demand for a real voice in the organization.

Born to affluence, Mrs. Roosevelt had a passion for social justice and it sometimes manifested itself in conspicuous ways. Once she endorsed a strike of Fifth Avenue dressmakers; and once she marched in a demonstration of striking paper-box workers. As far back as 1930, Mrs. Roosevelt advocated a minimum wage, particularly for women, and has been outspoken in her criticism of discrimination against women workers in major industries.

With such a background and such a record of activity, it is not surprising that when Mrs. Roosevelt came to the White House she did not fit into the mold which tradition had fixed for the wife of any president. The first lady, tradition says, must be gracious in a self-effacing way. Her activities must be confined to charities, to garden parties and teas, and to entertaining for her husband. She must supplement his efforts but leave the initiating of governmental affairs entirely to him.

Mrs. Roosevelt tossed these rules into the discard almost immediately upon entering the White House. They irked her crusading soul. Her energies demanded a wider outlet than the conventional avenues accorded to her position. She wanted a larger field of usefulness, freedom to unstick the world and stick it together again if she so desired—as being a Roosevelt she was likely to do. So she stepped out from the restraints of established custom and asserted the same inde-

pendence of thought and action that had characterized her before she became first lady. For here she was to have greater responsibility.

Those who are “in the know” at the capital understand just how fully Mrs. Roosevelt is her husband’s partner in the job of being president, and when the saga of this administration is written it will record a story of remarkable teamwork. The unusual number of women appointed to high positions has been attributed to Mrs. Roosevelt’s influence. She modestly disclaims this. Nevertheless she has undoubtedly influenced the President by being herself a constant example of the fitness of women for responsibility.

Mrs. Roosevelt’s first innovation at the White House was the inauguration of a press conference with women where she discusses with them the problems of the day and tells them quite frankly what she hopes to achieve and what her purposes are, for frankness is one of her outstanding characteristics.

Looking about to see if anyone in the government service was being neglected, she observed that a number of women doing important work as scientists had been entirely overlooked. She promptly gave them recognition by inviting them to the White House to teas in relays. And once each year a garden party is given for the women executives in Congress and the various departments.

Mrs. Roosevelt has undoubtedly

covered as much territory as the most widely traveled official, and has brought to the president, as a result, valuable and accurate information on matters in various parts of the country. She has investigated conditions in factories. She has gone out on tenant farms, has visited sweat shops and studied labor conditions in the depths of coal mines. Coupled with these are other activities not strictly connected with official life but of a purposeful nature, such as laying the cornerstone of a school, addressing a meeting on some serious subject or talking over the radio.

If Mrs. Roosevelt's critics tell her that woman's place is the home, she will agree with them. But she will remind them that in these modern days the home is so affected by many outside influences—pure food laws, sanitary conditions in clothing shops, laws governing education, and the problem of juvenile delinquency—that it would be absurd to stop at the four walls of the house when dealing with questions touching the home. But because she takes an interest in matters outside does not mean she is not interested in matters within those four walls. She believes that girls should learn to cook and sew, to take care of small brothers and sisters in anticipation of the time when they may have to take care of their own small children; that the physical comforts should by no means be overlooked, as the more efficiently the material factors of life are handled, the more will the

spiritual peace and comfort of the home be enhanced.

It is a mistake to assume, as many people sincerely do, that Mrs. Roosevelt is motivated in her more spectacular activities by a desire for publicity, or that she is indifferent to criticism. Quite the contrary. For it must be remembered that as a child she was shy and retiring and furthermore was reared in the days when children were taught they should be seen, not heard. A rather lonely little girlhood was made still more bleak by the knowledge that she was unprepossessing in appearance and was never permitted to forget that fact by those who, responsible for her upbringing, desired her to avoid the pitfalls of vanity. The inferiority complex implanted by such a repressive training could be overcome only by a strong character. And the evolution of this shy, sensitive child into the zealous crusader of today is the story of a struggle for self-control, and of an unconquerable desire to follow the paths of service wherever they might lead. Life, in order to have meaning for Mrs. Roosevelt, must be translated into action. She must do things, not dream them.

So, having determined upon her course of action, it never occurs to her to desist because of criticism. If she wishes to invite the colored inmates of a girls' reform school to the White House, she does so. Let the élite be scandalized if it will. She feels that perhaps a glimpse of another side of

life given to the unfortunates may be an influence for good. And that is justification enough. Donning a miner's suit and sliding down into a coal mine may not be dignified for a president's wife, but it may be useful, and that is more important than dignity. Information may be obtained on working conditions of the miners which will be of use in formulating future legislation.

Although Mrs. Roosevelt determinedly pursues her way regardless of criticism, she is not unmindful of it. It may be a sort of spiritual hangover from the days of her sensitive youth that causes her to give thought to these criticisms. She assays them carefully to see if there is any truth in them and it has been said that she even has a "hair-shirt cabinet" of critics whom she consults occasionally to get their views; and if their suggestions are good, she uses them.

Eleanor Roosevelt has the curious faculty, possessed by few, of being impersonal about herself. She stands off and looks at Eleanor Roosevelt in a detached way and comes to the conclusion quite impartially as to whether there is any truth in the critic's objection. If she decides the attack is unfounded she takes the trouble to write to the critic and justify the act which aroused the criticism. Nor does Mrs. Roosevelt entertain any false ideas about the adulation that comes because of position. For instance, she is under no illusion as to the literary merit of her radio addresses. She ad-

mits candidly that they are not worth the enormous amount paid for them—that she gets it only because of being the wife of the President. But since it all goes to charity, it is after all paid in a good cause.

If the aggressive side of Mrs. Roosevelt's character is always stressed in public print, it is because it is so unusual in the wife of a president, not that she hasn't a softer side. Charm and graciousness she has in plenty, and a genuine hospitality that expresses itself in the frequent informal gathering of friends at the White House. Scrambled eggs and coffee, prepared and served by Mrs. Roosevelt herself—pleasant chatter—loafing in easy chairs—all of the intimate homey things that go to make up an evening among friends in any modest private home—these are the interludes of relaxation in a busy life concerned with serious things.

And while she may be militant in her zeal for reform and her sympathy for the underdog, no one ever accused her of a mean-spirited or ungenerous act. Her severest critics do not challenge her honesty of purpose even while they accuse her of hunting the headlines.

What will be her next innovation? Where will her restless energy take her now? No one knows, for she is unpredictable. But whatever the future has in store she will meet it with courage and independence. For Eleanor Roosevelt, manifestly, is captain of her soul. —ANNABEL LEE

MODERN MEDIEVAL

A NOTE ON THE ART OF MAREK SZWARC, WHO
HAS MADE HAMMERED COPPER HIS OWN MEDIUM



THERE is a modern artist who believes in God. Today, in the Paris of 1939, when almost all other artists are busy believing in expressionism, neo-classicism, surrealism, nationalism, or socialism, Marek Szwarc is like a fifteenth century sculptor of cathedrals, content with God.

Even to unbelievers, this is important. For in Marek Szwarc's faith is the source of the depth and beauty of his work. But this is no child-like, primitive faith. The artist's spirit-

ual understanding is buttressed by an intelligence at once subtle and powerful. His mind is modern. His spirit is pure medieval.

Szwarc is at the same time obscure, and a recognized master. Obscure, perhaps, because through the faddist twenties and the politicalized thirties he has taken no part in the successions of art-modes originating in Paris. And

a recognized master simply because, though he has never caught the fancy of a fad-mad art public, Marek Szwarc has consistently gained in the esteem of other artists. Artists are the ones who really know. And they know he is great.

He has attained that happiest of creative unities—sheer mastery over a material that is uniquely his own, and at the same time most perfectly suited to the subject-matter which he can best express. Szwarc works in hammered



Decorative Mask

copper, a somewhat unusual material.

Now there is always this danger for an artist who works in an unusual material: the novelty of his art draws attention away from the quality of his art. Other artists know well enough that Szwarc has produced distinguished painting and sculpture, in all the usual mediums. But as a sculptor in copper he is a virtuoso. He is alone.

There is no one in all the world like him. He can hammer stubborn sheet-copper into forms as fluid and as sensitive as the most delicately modeled clay. He can make this material lyric in delicate linear design, and he can make it thunder in powerful masses.

This virtuosity is reached when a



DECORATIVE FIGURE

man overcomes all the seeming limitations of his instrument. A master of the cello, for instance, is spoken of as being able to make that instrument do anything in music; and yet he is one who will never make the instrument perform music to which it is unsuited. This is true of every art-technique. And incidentally, there is something of cello music in the rich, mellow glow of the beaten copper plaque.

Marek Szwarc was a full-fledged painter and an exhibiting sculptor before he found his unique medium. For the bas-relief requires an understanding of design as in painting, of form as in sculpture.

The artist is a native of the Polish city of Lodz, center of the great textile industry so vividly portrayed in a best-seller of a few years ago: *The Brothers Ashkenazi*. As a boy, Marek Szwarc went to work in those same factories, as an apprentice designer of fabrics. While employed in this commercial art, he was practicing sculpture at home.

The factory held a hobby show. There, the boy's sculpture won a prize. It was enough to start him to Paris.

That was before the War. The Polish-Jewish lad, who wore outlandish clothes, and knew no French, registered at the conventional Ecole des Beaux Arts. Like so many of the pioneers of modernism, Marek Szwarc received a thorough academic training, and can produce school-exercises of frightening realism and lifelessness.

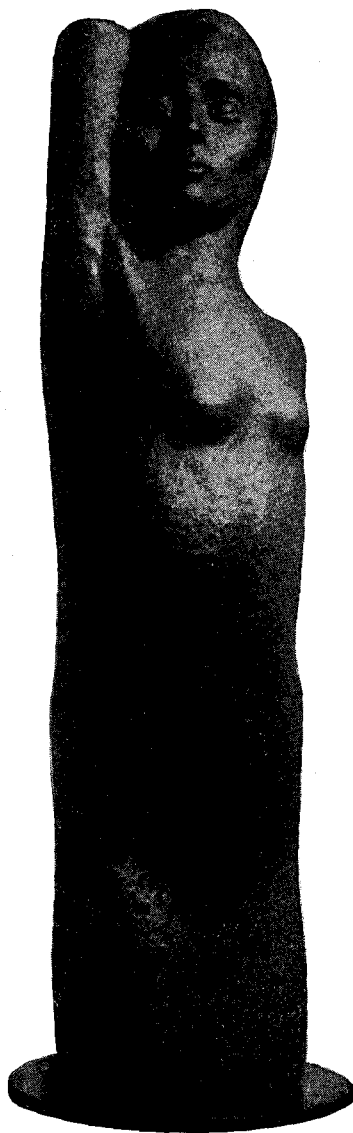
As soon as he completed the course,

he proceeded, in the modern tradition, to unlearn all he had learned. He had a brother who was an engineer; on a mission in Africa this engineer collected a number of native masks, which he shipped to Marek in Paris. Szwarc was the first to bring to the art colony of Paris the appreciation of primitive African sculpture which was to have so powerful an effect on sophisticated moderns.

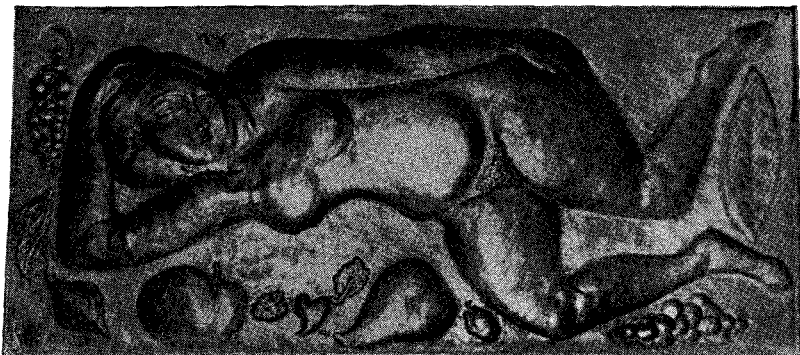
His first large work was a statue of Eve, hacked out of a great block of stone; it had powerful primitive simplicity of form. The display of this Eve won him some renown among the young men of the quarter who were going to do "different things." Among these young unknowns were Picasso, Modigliani, Utrillo.

At about this time, Catholicism was attracting many artists and writers of Paris. Marek Szwarc, who from the beginning had a tendency toward the religious, in art, became secretly converted. But his Catholicism, strangely enough, seemed to strengthen the Hebraic quality in his art; for several years he developed Old Testament subjects in a manner that caused him to become known as one of the very few distinctly Jewish artists. Even today, his feelings as a Jew are profound and pure, for he considers Christianity to be a culmination of Judaism.

It would be futile in attempting to describe Szwarc as an artist to ignore this aspect of his life, however delicate and personal the subject may seem. The art-lover takes no part in re-



ADOLESCENT FIGURE



RECUMBENT EVE

ligious controversy. It is only necessary to know that Marek Szwarc is profoundly sincere.

He experienced equal fervor in examining hand-hammered church adornments, on a tour through the villages of Spain, as he did in finding strange beginnings of Jewish ornamental art, in ancient little synagogues which he discovered on a tour of Polish villages. And in one of these old synagogues, Szwarc found plaques of hammered copper.

The warm, eternal glow of the metal forms gave him that instant thrill of affinity by which an artist recognizes his true medium. Marek Szwarc has said that in this metal he felt the most appropriate means for the expression of the qualities of his race; there was something at once stubborn and enduring about it, somber, and yet glowing.

His first attempt was again an Eve. A reclining nude (reproduced), with

limbs foreshortened in a primitive manner, it remains one of his richest designs. The figure is curiously surrounded with Biblical symbols of fruitfulness.

In the following years, Szwarc painfully mastered the metal, and the pain was real, for he had to labor the copper with only a few hammers and chisels; in those days he didn't even have a forge for softening the metal. His hands still show the scars of struggles with sharp-edged sheets of copper, that sprang under his fingers as he hammered. They are amazing hands. The long, bony wrists and fingers of the artist are knotted and muscled like the hands of a day-laborer.

For a decade, he did no painting or sculpture, but gave himself entirely to his unique art. Szwarc's early subjects are Biblical, carried out with literal faith and pure-hearted, singing love. All the cleverness of art-in-Paris is

gone; academic knowledge is unapparent; the artist's skilled, consummate sense of design is utilized without sophistication.

It was quite natural that he should embark, from this, on a series of freer compositions, designed around the life of his people. Scenes of birth, of festival followed, including his surging, swinging design of a couple dancing. The climax of this series was a panel showing the orthodox mourning custom, in death.

But through all these years, quite apart from his religious pieces and folk pieces, Szwarc produced a quantity of portraits, of nudes in which the glowing metal seems to have the very form and life of human flesh; and a series of masks ranging in manner from the styles suggested by the Negro primitives, to the patterned realism of today.

As his father was a distinguished Talmudist, and his family extremely pious, Marek Szwarc, to avoid giving them unnecessary hurt, kept his conversion secret, as long as he was able. During those years, he did a Descent from the Cross, and other New Testament subjects which he withheld from public display. A few years ago, however, his conversion was accidentally discovered when a fellow townsman, touring the churches of Paris, saw Marek Szwarc at his devotions. This was a great and tragic scandal in the Polish-Jewish world, and resulted in years of bitter attack upon the artist. He continued in his faith, and pro-

duced some noteworthy church art.

During those bitter years, the sculptor set himself to a task which had challenged him ever since his hammer first touched metal. He wanted to attempt the ultimate technical feat—to model a figure completely in the round, in sheet copper.

Obviously, so long as the design is in low relief, there is no great difficulty in the technique of copper-relief. But the deeper the relief, the more difficult the task. To create a completely detached figure has always seemed beyond the uses of the medium.

But Szwarc succeeded. The statue, of an adolescent girl, has about it no suggestion of technical struggle, or *tour de force*. It is a simple, serene, and completely sculpturesque garden figure.

In his forties, Marek Szwarc is producing his best work. Having satisfied himself that he could "do anything" with his chosen material, he has, during the last few years, relaxed his exclusive preoccupation with it. He has turned again to other media. Szwarc's little studio on the rue Aragon is cluttered with work in every conceivable material; a six-foot wood carving, a stone fountain-group, a bust in clay, an easel painting, crowd in around the little forge and the hammering block on which he works his sheet copper.

But though he refreshes his art in other forms, his major works will always be in the stubborn, enduring metal of which he alone is perhaps the complete master. —GEORGE W. REED

“NO WAY TO GET RICH”

THAT'S WHAT STEINBECK CALLED WRITING—BEFORE
HE LANDED WELL UP ON THE BEST-SELLER LIST



A moist veil of fog was settling down over the Gothic cottages of Pacific Grove. “Go and see him,” my friend had said. “He’s had four books published. He knows the ropes.” Turning up a narrow street, I found the house. It was so completely hidden by a mattress vine hedge that it didn’t seem to be there at all.

“Four books published!” I told myself. “Four!”

Groping my way past the mattress vine hedge, I knocked on the door. It was opened by a tall, good-looking girl in a black satin dress. I told her who I was and she invited me in.

“It was awfully nice of you to receive me on such short notice,” I said. “I tried to call, but the operator told me you didn’t have a phone.”

She smiled. Her brown, flecked eyes were warm and friendly. “Phones cost too much.” Sweeping a pile of magazines and books from a straight-backed chair she added, “Anyway, we’re usually at home in the evenings without very much to do, so we count on our friends and . . .”

The door opened and a young big-boned rumple-haired man came into

the room. He wore tennis shoes, corduroy trousers and a sweatshirt. He looked massive and unkempt. Then I noticed the finely trimmed mustache on his upper lip. It surprised me. He didn’t seem like the sort of man who’d go in for any kind of personal adornment. When he saw me his heavy brows contracted. His wife introduced us and explained why I’d come. He murmured a toneless “oh” and went on across the room to a wicker armchair. It creaked as he lowered his bulk into it.

He didn’t say anything. His wife didn’t say anything. They sat looking at me.

The only light in the room shot out from a bridge lamp. It picked up highlights in a row of liqueur bottles that stood on a plate-rail around the wall. It cast a whitish sheen on the arm of an old walnut and leather sofa, and reflected brightly in the picture of a naked woman swinging from the clapper of a huge bell.

The silence became oppressive.

“I . . . I’ve been having trouble with a novel,” I began haltingly. My tongue got tangled and I stopped.

"That happens to everyone who writes," he replied wearily. "But are you sure that writing is your life's job?"

"Yes. Yes, of course," I replied defensively.

"Then you mustn't let it get you down," his wife said. Bending before a corner fireplace she spooned in a sooty iron kettle that hung over a bed of live coals.

"It's our dinner for tomorrow," she explained. "Mulligan stew." As she moved, the light played in liquid shadows over her black satin dress.

Steinbeck frowned inquisitorially.

"Would you be willing to go on writing for ten years longer," he asked, "even if you didn't get anything published?"

A mental bombardment of the pink and white rejection slips I'd already received left me with a nervous apprehension that revolved hollowly in my stomach.

"Yes, I think so," I answered feebly, rather like a child being catechized by a severe parent.

He said, "I hope you aren't foolish enough to try to follow any school of writing."

Behind him a quantity of books—philosophies, novels, biographies—lay spilled out of shelves, disclosing a beaverboard wall warped from rain and laced over with cobwebs. One of his big hands picked up a volume. It was Dostoevski's *Crime And Punishment*.

"John's been having a difficult

time himself lately," his wife said.

I thought of the one novel of Steinbeck's I'd read. It was a bloodthirsty tale of Morgan, the pirate. Its prose had seemed unusually sensitive and graceful considering the subject matter. And now as I looked at him I was confused by the manifest contradiction of the finely trimmed mustache and the carefree ruggedness of his large body.

Leaning out of the glare from the bridge lamp, I remarked, "I suppose I'll have to take my agent's advice and whitewash my hero."

"To please the publishers?" Steinbeck's mouth tightened. "Don't you realize you'd be selling yourself out . . . that what anyone else says or thinks doesn't matter?"

"Yes," I conceded, "but if you don't please the publishers how else can you get a start? After all, they're as anxious to make money as a butcher."

"A writer's job is to forget about publishers and to work until he reaches full maturity as a creative artist." Steinbeck measured out the words solemnly.

"John's never satisfied until he has exactly the right word." Carol Steinbeck got up from her chair, lit a candle that was stuck in one of the liqueur bottles, murmured, "That's better," and switched off the bridge lamp. Then, "John has perfect quiet for his work here. And at night when I come home from my job at the Chamber of Commerce I do his typing."

An extraordinarily tender expression came into his eyes as he looked at her.

"Carol and I were thinking of going to Mexico . . . but of course we haven't the money."

"Oh no! We're much too poor!" his wife put in lightly.

He looked down at the copy of *Crime And Punishment*, and his hands moved over it almost tenderly.

"I suppose so many of Dostoevski's characters seem abnormal," I ventured, "because he was haunted by the seeming inevitability of evil."

Steinbeck pulled himself up in the wicker chair. "That's not true!" he exclaimed. "There's more truth in one line of Dostoevski than in most whole books. And a writer who doesn't study him will never be able to write anything. Why, Dostoevski was the first novelist since Stendhal with enough genius to recognize mankind as the battlefield for both good and evil, and to see that this perpetual conflict is a determining factor in everyone's life. To me Raskolnikov is all men!"

In anger Steinbeck looked powerful and rugged, like a statue by Rodin. And his eyes were fixed on me as he said, "A man paints or composes or writes to explain that conflict to himself."

His wife got up from her chair. Bending, she stirred the Mulligan stew.

"It's to have thick gravy," she murmured. "We'll drink coffee with it."

She went into the kitchen and

turned on a light. The naked globe darted shadows up and down the wall. Through the door I saw a drainboard littered with dishes. She picked out three brown pottery cups and rinsed them under the tap. Coming back into the room she said, "After a while we'll have some chocolate. John likes chocolate."

Steinbeck's muscular hands closed over the volume of *Crime And Punishment*.

"As I see it, the most important thing for a writer to do is to find out if he has anything to say, and then to work until he acquires the technique to say it."

His brows were thunderous.

"My wife and I have nothing. We can't entertain, or go to the theatre, or to dances. We live in this house on \$30 a month. But that isn't important. I know I'm writing as I should write. And nothing will ever stop me!"

A disciplined force of will, a tremendous self-confidence glinted in his eyes. The dim room seemed too small to hold the power pent up within him.

"John's doing a story of Monterey this time." His wife smiled at him. The soft light splashed over her brown hair. "It's to be called *Tortilla Flat*."

"That's an interesting title," I said.

Steinbeck's arms came up in a gesture of contempt.

"But of course," he said, "writing doesn't pay. It's no way to get rich."

—MARTIN BIDWELL

THAT FOREIGN FLAVOR

A POTPOURRI OF FOREIGN PHRASES
THAT ARE À LA MODE IN ENGLISH



HERE is a list of fifty well-known foreign terms and expressions, each of which enjoys common usage in English. You have met them all in conversation or in literature. Can you

translate them? Each correct answer counts 2 points. A score of 60 is fair, 74 is good, and 90 or over is exceptional. Answers will be found on page 122.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. TABLE D'HÔTE | 21. HOI POLLOI |
| 2. EX LIBRIS | 22. CHILI CON CARNE |
| 3. EUREKA | 23. NOBLESSE OBLIGE |
| 4. CUM LAUDE | 24. GESUNDHEIT |
| 5. MAL DE MER | 25. CAUSE CÉLÈBRE |
| 6. PERSONA NON GRATA | 26. INTERMEZZO |
| 7. WELTSCHMERZ | 27. CHERCHEZ LA FEMME |
| 8. CAVEAT EMPTOR | 28. BANZAI |
| 9. AMOUR PROPRE | 29. TOVARISCH |
| 10. COUP DE GRÂCE | 30. REQUIESCAT IN PACE |
| 11. SKOAL | 31. ENFANT TERRIBLE |
| 12. ANDANTE | 32. PIANISSIMO |
| 13. MIRABILE DICTU | 33. SCHLIEFIEHL |
| 14. DEMITASSE | 34. MUTATIS MUTANDIS |
| 15. DEMIMONDE | 35. HORS DE COMBAT |
| 16. IPSO FACTO | 36. WANDERLUST |
| 17. LÈSE-MAJESTÉ | 37. EX POST FACTO |
| 18. KIBITZER | 38. MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL |
| 19. TÊTE-À-TÊTE | 39. O TEMPORA! O MORES! |
| 20. NON COMPOS MENTIS | 40. LAISSEZ-FAIRE |

41. SAVOIR-FAIRE
42. E PLURIBUS UNUM
43. HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
44. DEUS EX MACHINA
45. CRÈME DE LA CRÈME

46. WELTANSCHAUUNG
47. ALTER EGO
48. PROSIT
49. ULTRA VIRE
50. SANGFROID

—HAROLD HART

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

RECENT trends in advertising give me an idea that ought to be worth something. I propose advertising on children. I don't mean tattooing or sandwich boards, but why, I want to know, wouldn't an up-and-coming concern be willing to pay me good money to have me name my child after his product? My youngster, although we call him John, hasn't been christened yet, and it wouldn't be too late to have him go through the rest of his life as Shredded Wheat or Wrigley's Doublemint or Philco Radio Cummings.

I think he'd attract attention right from the start or at least as soon as he's old enough to play with other children who would of course report his cognomen to their amazed parents. By the time he was nine or ten he ought to be good for signed interviews on his attitude toward girls, baseball and ice cream. By the time he reached high school he would be accepted as the walking symbol of the product whose name he bears.

If a sponsored child actually accomplished something in his own right, so much the better. Let us say

a Liggett and Myers *protégé* named Chesterfield Gleason goes to Princeton and is skyrocketed into fame and onto the sports pages of the nation's newspapers as the star halfback of the decade.

Every Sunday, readers all over the country would be learning how Chesterfield went around end for twenty yards, or completed a pass over the enemy's goal line. Having an ace like that, Chesterfield wouldn't have to pay for broadcasting rights. A non-commercial announcer would be strictly ethical in shouting: "It's Chesterfield, and he's loose!" Of course it wouldn't be so good if he were outplayed by a Yale man named Lucky Strike Kelley, but in the long run, I am confident, Chesterfield would be a goldmine.

At any rate I am open to offers although let it be stated that my son cannot be named for a perfume, a brassiere nor a liquor, although I might consider wines or beer. Pommery Sec, '39 Cummings. That wouldn't be so bad. Sponsors will kindly submit sealed bids.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

PATENT PENDING FOR 68c

*PATENTS ARE COSTLY BUT THERE'S AN INGENUOUS
WAY TO PROTECT AN INVENTION FOR PIN MONEY*



A YEAR ago I made my first contribution to America's fifth leading industry—the patenting of unsalable gadgets. My pet little patent looked good to me, sounded better to my friends, was marketed by a manufacturer who was equally misguided. Considerable money was spent on advertising. But the public wouldn't buy. My brilliant idea lay on store counters till it tarnished of neglect.

I still think it is good. So does the manufacturer. But all we have to show for our time, trouble and optimism is a red-ink entry on the ledger.

Yesterday my secretary said, "There's a Mr. Jones outside wants to see you about your patent."

My heart gave a flutter. After all my disappointment, an inquiry! My gadget had been written up in the trade papers. At last, a man with sufficient acumen to sense merit in my neglected brain child!

"Show him in."

First impression wasn't favorable. Middle-aged and shopworn, his overcoat boasted the shine his shoes lacked. Still, I reflected, you never can tell. Remember Hetty Green.

Must be many wealthy people who pay little attention to dress. Perhaps that's why they have money.

Meanwhile Mr. Jones had flashed a most engaging smile, seated himself and said, "How is your patent going, Mr. Greene?"

"As a matter of fact, it hasn't. It needs promotion."

He nodded sympathetically. "I am interested, Mr. Greene, because I too am an inventor." He drew a patent paper from his pocket. "This little article brings me in a couple of thousand every year."

"You are fortunate," I smiled.

"What would you say," he smiled back, "if I showed you how to take out a patent for sixty-eight cents?"

Remembering my depleted check book, I looked cynical.

"I would call it the neatest trick of the week."

"All you require is protection for your idea. A patent can give you no more. But why spend hundreds of dollars applying for one that may not sell?"

"Didn't have any idea there was any other way," I countered, feebly.

From his overcoat pocket, Jones drew a piece of paper the size of a small envelope and laid it on my desk, completely covering it with his hands.

"Mr. Greene, I have here a piece of paper I want you to read. It explains itself. It is very simple. If, after looking it over, you think it is worth money, pay me one dollar. If not, it has cost you nothing."

His manner was mild and convincing. His offer was fair. I looked. I saw a plain piece of typewriter paper marked with red and blue pencil and printed with green ink. Each step in the "patent" process was numbered consecutively, as follows:

1. On left-hand half of sheet make a drawing or sketch of your idea.

2. On opposite half write or type a description. Date it.

3. Fold face-to-face and paste the edges together. Now both sketch and description are known to you alone.

4. Have a notary attest that on this date you signed this paper, contents unknown. Sign on outside of the folded sheet, his seal naturally going through both thicknesses.

This costs twenty-five cents. Now comes your "evidence of conception."

5. Go to the County Clerk's office. Ask for a certificate of notary.

Here I looked up. "What is a certificate of notary?"

"The County Clerk's guarantee that the notary who witnessed your signature is an authorized notary in good standing," Jones explained.

"This costs you another twenty-five cents. Paste this on top of the sheet containing your signature. By the way, if you have any doubt, just phone the County Clerk's office. His endorsement is known as a prothonotary certificate."

I assured Jones I had no doubt. I was willing to pay him the dollar now.

"No," he shook his head, "finish reading."

6. Fold your sheet and place it in an envelope. Seal the envelope and

7. Put your signature, in ink, across the flap. Then paste a one-cent stamp over the middle of your signature.

8. Send registered to yourself.

9. Have stamp on back canceled.

"You see," Jones added, "the law requires the postoffice to cancel every stamp on an envelope. The cancellation of that stamp over your signature shows you have not opened the envelope at a later date. Postage outlay, eighteen cents, total cost sixty-eight cents, for complete protection. When and if you interest a manufacturer, apply for a patent in the regular way, but with his money. Meanwhile, you can show your idea with perfect safety. Should anyone attempt to steal it, bring your evidence into court. Have it opened there and prove your prior ownership. Uncle Sam has sealed and dated your evidence.

"But don't go to sleep on it. The law provides that if an inventor's idea becomes public and is used or sold for more than two years prior to the ap-

plication for a patent, the inventor's right to a patent is gone."

"I'll watch my step, Mr. Jones," I said. "But aside from that it sounds practically perfect."

"It is," he smiled blandly as he gracefully took my dollar. "The other day a corporation attorney gave me ten dollars for the idea."

"Then it pays pretty well?" I inquired.

From the same overcoat pocket he produced a bundle of sheets in red and blue pencil. "I make these Sundays and holidays. Other times I'm out selling. I collect ten to twenty dollars a day. Yes, thank you, I'm doing pretty well. Wouldn't think so from my clothes. I dress this way purposely. If I looked prosperous, people would be suspicious. Think I was a bunco man. Thanks very much, Mr. Greene. My name and address are on the paper. Want more information any time, call me up."

"Just a minute," I stopped him.

"How do you know the best prospects to call on?"

"That's easy. Dozens of trade papers publish lists of patentees. I've eight prospects in this building. Ten across the street. I seldom miss. Every inventor is open to talk about his patent. Trouble is, there are so many I haven't time to see them all."

"Then you're not afraid of someone cutting in on your business?"

He laughed. "I only work Greater New York and I'm months behind. There are thousands waiting out of town. Maybe some day I'll take a trip and see the country. Thank you, Mr. Greene."

Whenever one of my acquaintances says, "I've a swell idea for a patent," I suggest that for one dollar he can learn how to protect his inspiration, with an outlay of only sixty-eight cents.

I collect five or six dollars a month. It's a nice business.

—HAMILTON GREENE

PHENOMENON

I WISH someone would explain to me why rain always comes down straight after my husband has gone to bed. In the daytime I see it frequently coming down on a slant—necessitating the closing of all windows. He also sees that in the daytime. But at night, when a storm comes up, and I wake up my better half and tell him that the dining-

room windows are open, he just cocks his ears, listens, and assures me that the rain is coming down perfectly straight, and there is nothing to worry about. It seems to be an uncanny sixth sense that men develop after midnight. Poor me, I can't tell the difference—not until I see the curtains and the rug next morning.

—MARTHA SAUNDERS

WE REDUCED ON CHOP SUEY

HOW TWO PEOPLE TOOK A VENTURE IN DIET
—AND LOST A TOTAL OF SIXTY-TWO POUNDS



CHOP SUEY is the best reducing medium we know; but we went through a lot of painful dieting in Shanghai before we found that out. The trouble with us was that we liked everything fattening, such as galantines of game, shrimp in a Golden Pond, and duck, boned, stuffed, smoked and in Pekin pancake style.

We were comfortably quartered in a little family hotel called Sinza Lodge, located near Bubbling Well Road, and the Number One Boy who looked after everything and had made table pets of us, was trying to stuff us as fat as himself. He hovered over us with platters, pressing us to try another green goose paté, just one more bear cutlet, a flock of snipe or quail, some venison, pheasant or duck—always duck.

After two months of dining and wining at stratospheric heights we chanced to step on the scales one day and to our chagrin we registered—180 pounds for the goose, and 230 for the gander.

So we beat it to the only American doctor in town, who gave us the once-over and rolled an ominous eye:

“You’re both dangerously overweight. No life insurance company would accept you as a risk. It’s up to you—diet or die!”

We said if it was just the same to him we’d diet, but would he please tell us how.

“Calorize. Get one of those charts that tells how much heat-making value there is in everything you eat, and don’t drink anything. Go on a strict diet of twelve hundred calories a day and take a ten-mile walk, rain or shine—preferably on an empty stomach.”

So we set our goal at skimming off five pounds a week for a starter. And just to prove we had will power, or were really afraid of popping off, we began our Shanghai slimming with a forty-hour fast—instead of the Biblical forty days. But our Number One Boy wouldn’t even agree to that. He called it suicide and when we failed to show up in the dining room the second night he slipped up to our little sitting room with a whole suckling pig.

It took character to turn that down. Nobody made it easy for us, but somehow we managed to get through with

those first forty hours—the hardest. And every morning we set out to walk on an empty stomach—no need asking “who’s empty stomach?” for it was all too painfully ours.

With the water-wagon firmly hitched to our diet star, we cut out even rice wine and beer, and shunned the clubs, together with invitations to those thirty-eight-course banquets thrown by Chinese friends in counter clockwise fashion, from nuts to soup.

It wasn’t long before we adopted the ambitious walking plan Samuel Butler described in his *Way of All Flesh*. In our attempt to do away with some flesh ourselves, we got a city map and started out to amble through every street and alleyway in that mystic maze of Shanghai. At night we’d run a line of red ink along the route we’d taken, in both native and international quarters, and that’s as close to “red ink” as we got.

When we couldn’t walk another step without nourishment we’d stop to sample strange dishes. As our fat melted away we formed the habit of taking our snacks where we found them—mostly in open cookshops along the sidewalks, or where the sidewalks ought to be. Everything was open and aboveboard there, cooking went on in plain sight, with bright chop suey pans steaming over charcoal and savory meats sizzling merrily. Watching every stage of preparation, from market basket to table, was not only mouth-watering, but enlightening.

With our own eyes we saw that, in

spite of gossip to the contrary, Chinese cooks are the cleanest on earth, and their plain food concoctions light and luscious, with very little fat or oil used in the everyday dishes—even soups and sauces were skimmed of any grease, because of economy, to be used in cooking something else.

The vegetables, green and fresh, were cooked without water, so they retained all the vitamins and salts we are prone to throw away, and they were more easily digested because nobody overcooked them. The one-bite portions of lean meat that went into almost every bowl were made extra tasty with snappy soy sauce, which is the base of Worcestershire and many of our bottled table sauces. So, with gaily decorated porcelain bowls borrowed from one cooking stall, we’d wander on to the next and pick our meals *à la pushcart*, choosing from pans, braziers and pots until we had a well-balanced bowl exactly to our taste and needs—without bread, rice, potatoes, butter or sweets.

And later the scales proved that such chop sueying made a perfect reducing diet, filling but not fattening, and never monotonous. Far better than the system a friend recommended—going to jail for six months and existing on prison fare. Having lost more than ten pounds apiece we indulged our passion for duck again, but limited it to a few bites per meal, and it tasted all the better for that.

As we went more and more native we made up our own chop suey

calorie chart, which we've since passed on to many friends panting from overweight. The only things we black-listed were starchy noodles, both chow mein and yat kow mein, rice, ancient eggs, omelets stuffed with tofu (bean cheese), and ham and duck egg custards.

Even with these fattening foods counted out, we found there was still nine-tenths of the oriental kitchen left to explore for reducing dishes, and most of these turned out to be chop suey in one form or another, although there's an idle myth afoot that chop suey is an American dish invented in Frisco's Chinatown. But that's the bunk.

As our weight went down and down, all five of our senses perked up and up; colors became more vivid, we felt better, our hearing got so sharp we could pick out the ginseng seller's screech from a medley of weird street cries, and our nostrils and palates tingled with spicy whiffs of sensens and tantalizing zephyrs from cook shops redolent of sesame, ginger, soy and lotus.

Then we got the big idea of buying a nifty steel chop suey pan of our own, with a small round bottom and wide flaring rim, and its accompanying stirring spatula called "a cooking shovel" in good Pidgin English. The sloping sides of that pan made it a cinch to baste with broth or diluted soy sauce, from the bottom up, right while our stuff was cooking, and it proved to be the handiest kind of a chafing dish when we made it at

home on our bridge table, over a heating coil.

After that we made our own chop suey, mostly from one basic recipe—that for plain pork chop suey. Here is the recipe, if you need it: brown thin pieces of lean pork very lightly in a tablespoon of smoking peanut oil—butter or olive oil will do, but your dish will then lack much of its oriental mystery. Dash in a tablespoon of tarragon vinegar and a teaspoon of sugar to give that "sweet and pungent" motif, cover your pan closely while cooking (and by the way, you can get a proper suey pan and "shovel" in any Chinatown), and remember to uncover and stir things once in a while.

Next slice a big Bermuda onion thin and ring-toss it in when the pork begins to get golden, cover again and let simmer four minutes before pouring in a can of chicken soup (without the rice) carefully around the rim of your pan, making sure none of it splatters on top of the pork and onions. Put in about half a cup of thinly sliced cooked mushrooms, a whole cupful of celery, sliced thin, and another of canned bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, bean sprouts, or all three. Then a tablespoon or two of that indispensable soy sauce. Stir everything together, slap the cover down and let her sizzle away for a quarter-hour, never forget to stir when you think it might be catching on. If it gets too dry drip some more chicken broth or plain water care-

fully around the whole rim. And don't overcook the vegetables. A few minutes before you take your pan off the flame mix in a heaping teaspoon of rice flour or corn starch with some more soy and stir while the gravy thickens slowly. At this juncture a few drops of sesame oil will perform miracles.

That's all there is to it, and the most characteristic ingredients, bean sprouts, water chestnuts and bamboo shoots, come already mixed in cans, under the name "subgum." With this and equal parts of pork and sliced round steak, some fresh celery, onions, pimientos and snips of Chinese cabbage you have the classic "Subgum Chop Suey." And if you use half pork and half chicken with the same or similar vegetables you get Sum Soo. By using two parts of chicken breast to one part pork and as much or little canned pineapple as you like you have Sum Thing Swell—which isn't its Chinese name, but describes it perfectly.

Given peanut oil, soy and subgum, you can't go wrong; just ring as many meat and vegetable changes as you feel like—and we feel like 'em all. If you think dieting on pork won't do as well for you as it did for us, try some breezy combination of seafoods: shrimp, lobster, crab, scallops, clams, oysters, mussels, abalone, even snails and octopus if you must. And fish chop suey is something to write home airmail about. Also, a half-cup of canned Hong Kong star melons,

available in any Chinatown, to add zip.

For your own private brand you might want to introduce ham, lamb, smoked turkey or beef tenderloin in place of pork. We've no objection to that. Or to adding a cup of green peas, asparagus tips, chopped Swiss chard, and a sprinkling of pinenuts or almonds over the top to make it extra crunchy. But if you do use duck, turkey, chicken or veal, please remember that a little pork mixed in, say half and half, brings out the full flavor of any meat chop suey. The mixture we thought did us most good was half pork and half duck, with a touch of fresh ginger root.

For dessert we nibbled preserved ginger or an almond cake and sometimes had tiny saucers of sweet knickknacks handy for our "nimble sticks"—jellied kumquats, litchis, golden limes or sweet star-apple pickles. But the surest way to cheat on sweets is to make an airy sandwich by spreading a rice cake with a spoonful of some exotic marmalade and slapping another cake on top, pressing them together to make the fruit paste hold.

This pleasantest of diets, plus plenty of walking, turned the trick for us, and in final proof, here's the lowdown from Rose's diary:

After four months of delightful Shanghai slimming, chiefly on chop suey, we weighed in at:

Goose: 156 lbs.

Gander: 192 lbs.

—ROSE AND BOB BROWN



DELIVERANCE

He left the sea too soon—at forty years
A sailing skipper's scarcely reached his prime—
But having horror of a woman's tears,
He bought a bay-side farm—so he might climb,
When cows were milked and chores were done each day,
Up to the cupola, and with his glass
Spy out the ships that neared or dropped away
Below the lighthouse tower's whitewashed mass.
And he was strong, and manfully he strove
To lose himself in combat with the soil.
But ever as he glimpsed a foam-wreathed bow,
His gnarled hands blenched, so hard he gripped his plough . . .

Within his woodshed door he rigged a wheel
(The subject at the store of sundry jokes)
So cleverly contrived that he might feel
The old familiar play of straining spokes;
And when wet weather kept him pent within,
He'd lock all doors—one window dashed chill rain
Into his face—and as he made it spin,
Relived his storm-swept steering tricks again.
Then when it cleared and he once more resumed
His round of struggle with the grudging farm,
He bore the look of one who had been doomed—
Head bowed, broad shoulders sagging . . . With alarm
Such times she watched—but never could surprise
The purpose hidden in his haggard eyes . . .

So ten years passed . . . His house was snug and trim;
His labors had amassed a tidy sum,
All banked—for frugal folk like her and him
Enough to live in peace for years to come.
No more she feared his fits of silent pain:
As all had passed, each new attack would fade
To leave him, like a cornfield after rain,
More vigorously active—so she said.
One night he vanished . . . Hurrying to the pier,
She learned, relieved, no sailing ships were in
To lure him with the grace of tapered sheer,
Tall masts, white spread of canvas, sailors' din . . .

—But by the lighthouse point a battered tanker,
Red rust from stern to bow, was weighing anchor . . .

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

APRIL, 1939

117

HOW TO TALK POETRY

*HYACINTHS AND BISCUITS: IF YOU LIKE BOTH
YOU WON'T SEEM A SIMPERER OR A PHILISTINE*



GRANTED, of course, that it's a subject any normal person would care to be overheard talking about. For some time now, in a world profusely illustrated with billboards and bound with asphalt paving, poetry has seemed to be less useful than roller-skates or coal-scuttles, less important than newspapers and neon signs. The average sensual man prefers to butter his biscuits and leave the hyacinths to the polite consideration of his wife's culture club. And they, sagacious women, considering those delicate lilies how they grow, have usually been more impressed by the seasonal glory of the latest best-selling Solomon.

One difficulty with poetry is that nearly everyone knows, and no one can really tell us, what it is. Poets, critics and metaphysicians have wasted, in the effort to define it, paper and ink enough to reprint completely Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of interior decorations, and few of us are any the wiser.

No need to recall those indefinitions—every schoolboy has squirmed, the poetic instinct in him smothered young under their feathered vastness and

vagueness. It's like trying to define a bouillabaisse or the special flavor of avocados or mangoes: it can't be done. If explanations are demanded you can enumerate the dish's ingredients and specify how they are to be combined, or say that mangoes "taste like peaches, bananas and lemons at the same time." The conversation will be that much advanced—but you will only have described a procedure or expressed a comparison.

And that is about the best you can do for poetry. The most satisfactory definitions have not been those that attempted to define it, but those that described and sometimes approximated its effects.

Emily Dickinson, who was actually (not sentimentally) poetic, came as close as anyone to doing this when she wrote: "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know it is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know this is poetry. These are the only ways I know it." Exaggeration? Of course—the same kind of heightened intensity we encounter on another level and in

reverse in such expressions as: "The wise-guys in that hot-stove league burn me up." It is certain that Joyce Kilmer's *Trees* or Kipling's *If* never made anyone feel as if the top of his head were taken off. You get that reaction when Ariel sings, "*Full fathom five thy father lies,*" or some nameless Scots bard cries, "*Fire and sleet and candlelight, and Christ receive thy soul!*"

Carl Sandburg came almost as close as Emily Dickinson in a group of statements that illustrate the nature of poetry while seeking to define it: "Poetry is a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanations"; or: "Poetry is the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits." This last definition, which puts the matter so unexpectedly as to startle even an inattentive person into awareness, gives us not an opposition, but a meeting or (if you must have the loftier word) a communion. You may alter the terms of the comparison almost at will, so long as you preserve the essential relationship between them:

"Poetry is a marriage of the remote and the usual, a joining of the exquisite and the common, a synthesis of moonlight and ditchwater."

These terms have not the appropriateness of "hyacinths and biscuits." But if you should decide that "moonlight and ditchwater" is an unpoetic because a vulgar dualism you would betray yourself as a person with a sentimental conception of poetry: a Simperer—and your dinner-table or

cocktail-lounge *vis-a-vis* would be privileged to remind you that in Mr. Sandburg's popular *Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard* (another "unpoetic" dualism) moonlight "*makes a wide dreaming pansy of an old pond in the night.*" If a sizable puddle of rainwater in an empty brickyard isn't the next thing to ditchwater, I never dug ditches or worked in a brickyard.

There are two prevalent and mistaken notions about what poetry is or should be—conceptions with which you are bound to be confronted whenever the derelict subject raises its head above the surface of an evening's talk. And which, if you share one or (improbably) both of them, you must first ruthlessly suppress from your own estimate of "noble numbers." These are the pseudo-feminine and the pseudo-masculine attitudes, neither of them confined to either sex—the one all raptures and languors and exquisite, delicate perceptions; its opposite all a bluff male heartiness and wholesome contempt for effeminacy; and each as barren and unprofitable as the other.

Avoid both as you would avoid Eau de Cologne and shoe-leather for breakfast.

For if Mrs. Worldly Wisewoman's usually competent mind tends to dissipate itself in ghostly trances at thought of the Divine Afflatus quaffing eternal waters from the Pierian Spring, her husband's good workaday intelligence is likely to blunder quite as ineptly among the dumpheaps

where yesterday's and today's poetic surpluses are deposited. If the pseudo-feminine is often a Simperer, the pseudo-masculine is as often a Philistine.

Yet the man in the street and the prominent speaker at the luncheon club meeting or the annual banquet of the chamber of commerce are not as scornful of poetry as they pretend to be.

They may not suspect it, but their avowed passion for poppies growing row on row in Flanders fields sweet Adeline the old grey mare she ain't what she used to be, rude and unsubtle though it is, comes from the same source and appeases much the same hunger as the melancholia which lonely young men in garrets and girls in comfortable homes experience for "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago" or the nostalgia with which old men in public libraries and old ladies in drawing-rooms still "summon up remembrance of things past."

Practical men take their poetry, however, on the same serious but superficial level on which they usually take their politics, their religion and their social or commercial philosophies. They like to butter their daily bread with the easy sentiments and the oily moralizings of Walt Mason and Edgar Guest; and you must be prepared to discuss poetry in their presence (when you do) on that level—or turn on the radio to the Welcome Valley hour.

You will have one "out," though. In discussing their poetic appetites,

you can make something of the difference between bread mixed from devitalized flour, which produces a chalky and tasteless substance, and the "nourishing goodness" (to quote the ad man) of the home loaves baked by that poet at the kitchen stove, a man's mother. The distinction will be clear to them.

It is also the odd ambition of certain robust sentimentalists who have accomplished much skulduggery from sundry public-utility and investment-trust offices, to "live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man." If you enjoy excitement, you could do worse than discuss this quaint conceit with them in relation to the theory that poetry is an obvious form of wish-fulfillment.

Your talk about poetry will be removed from the commonplace if you point out that while its "hyacinth" element is widely appreciated, its "biscuit" element is not—and add that the synthesis of the two is not readily identified or accepted. People have been taught to admire the obviously pleasant and "charming": noble sentiments, the beauties of nature, the pangs of misprized love. They have not until recently, since pre-Raphaelite and Victorian hands closed the shutters of stuffy parlors against the rude hurly-burly of the world outside, been made acquainted with the necessary artistic role of things considered dull or ugly. These had been rejected as "vulgar" by pundits who could not realize that such rejections distinguish

a period deficient in creative vitality.

It is an old-fashioned attitude, but it still persists; and if you persist in discussing poetry you will have to deal with it. Early and lingering refusals to accept *The Waste Land* came as much from Eliot's mingling of the "beautiful" and the "grotesque" in it as from the poem's undoubted difficulty. Limited lovers of the beautiful complained that lines like: "*One of the low on whom assurance sits As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire,*" or: "*Out of the window perilously spread Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,*" had no place in a serious poem. Yet they were exactly appropriate to scene and mood, besides being swell lines in themselves.

The attitude that poetry should be a pretty simper you can attempt to dispose of by pointing out that poetry recognized and used significant ugliness before Queen Victoria ever designed her voluminous mode of reservations and restrictions for the Anglo-Saxon mind (including the Bostonian). Chaucer and the Elizabethans and Donne were lusty and pungent enough, and often savage, especially Shakespeare and Marlowe and Donne. Herrick and Waller and the Cavaliers were pretty, but pointed as well as wanton; Dryden and Pope laid about them on all sides with poetic knives and scalpels; and even ethereal Shelley and luscious Keats packed dung and graveyard mould into their work when those items belonged there.

It is expected, of course, that you will be aware enough of other elemen-

tary distinctions not to make atrocious *gaffes*. You will not speak of "free verse," for instance, when you mean the blank verse lines of iambic pentameter in which Shakespeare wrote his plays and Milton his epics, nor otherwise confuse the traditional metres of English verse with the irregular rhythms it has developed since Whitman's time. You will not condemn free verse itself out of hand, despite the appalling amount of bad poetry that has been written in it, because you will recall the successful work in that medium by poets from William Ernest Henley to Marianne Moore.

You will admit, too, that rhyme is not a necessary poetic device, and that it became prevalent in English only after Chaucer's dominant example under Norman influence turned poets away from the balanced alliterations of Langland's *Vision of Piers the Plowman* (a fourteenth century social tract in verse, as Charles Erskine Scott Wood's *The Poet in the Desert* is a twentieth century one).

An infallible means of making yourself the complete bore is to go in for impromptu recitations: the uninvited and unanticipated outpouring of rhythm and rhyme in company is about as enlivening as if your hostess were to entertain her guests by quoting verbatim the complete list of her recipes for the dishes served. Don't strive to shine—it would be original to have the dinnerware washed in the drawing-room, but the operation would crowd out other activities. If

you feel that you must illustrate a point with poetry, quote only the appropriate line or two you need, and then not too often.

And if you must talk about Shakespeare, be sure of your ground. You can get several passages of interesting conversation out of him without main-

taining that he wasn't a poet or that, if he was, he must have been a couple of other fellows. Simply remark that Shakespeare was neither Bacon nor Bernard Shaw, but the collaborator who composed most of Mr. Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*—and let it go at that.

—WILLIAM STEPHENS

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 107-108

1. Complete meal served at a fixed price. Literally, *host's table*; 2. From the books (or library) of; 3. I have found it; 4. With praise; 5. Seasickness; 6. A person not acceptable; 7. Sorrow over the woes of the world. Lit., *world pain*; 8. Let the buyer beware; 9. Self-love; self-esteem; 10. Finishing stroke. Lit., *stroke of mercy*.
11. Hail! or health!; 12. Moving moderately and easily (music); 13. wonderful to relate; 14. Small cup in which black coffee is served. Lit., *a half cup*; 15. Class of society of equivocal reputation. Lit., *half-world*; 16. By the fact or act, itself; 17. Offense violating the dignity of a sovereign;
18. An advice-dispensing bystander; 19. Private conversation. Lit., *head to head*; 20. Not of sound mind.
21. The masses. Lit., *the many*; 22. Mexican dish of beans, chili powder, and meat; 23. Nobility obligates;
24. (To your) health; 25. Celebrated legal case; 26. Short, light, musical or dramatic piece played between acts of a drama or opera; 27. Look for the woman; 28. Hooray! Lit., *10,000 years*;
29. Comrade; 30. Rest in peace.
31. Precocious and shocking person. Lit., *terrible child*; 32. Very softly; 33. Foolish and unlucky person; 34. Necessary changes being made; 35. Out of the struggle; disabled; 36. Strong longing for travel; 37. Retroactive. Lit., *from what is done afterward*; 38. House-steward; major-domo. Lit., *master of the house*; 39. O the times! O the manners!; 40. An economy based on governmental non-interference. Lit., *let do*.
41. Knowing how to act with propriety. Lit., *to know how to do*; 42. One out of many; 43. Shamed be he who thinks evil of it; 44. Person or thing artificially introduced into a story or play to solve a difficulty. Lit., *a god from a machine*; 45. The best. Lit., *cream of the cream*; 46. Conception of the course of events in and of the purpose of the world as a whole. Lit., *world-view*; 47. Second self; Bosom friend. Lit., *another I*; 48. A salutation, as in drinking healths. Lit., *may it do you good*; 49. Exceeding legal power or authority. Lit., *beyond strength*; 50. Coolness in difficulty; composure. Lit., *cold blood*.

—HAROLD HART

GODDESS IN CAPTIVITY

IT WAS PARTLY ADVENTURE, BUT MOSTLY DUTY
TO POSTERITY THAT IMPELLED THE FRENCHMAN



THE Greek said: "Ah, she is beautiful!"

He was a tall man with black mustachios and a bald head. A newly healed scar curved like a scimitar behind his right ear.

The old man in the Pera bazaar stroked his beard and blew cigarette smoke through his long thin slits of nostrils.

"She is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," said the Greek. He put the yellow-stained tip of a long forefinger to his thumb, kissed them ecstatically and regretfully, then opened them as if to release a smoke ring, iridescent and dreamlike, that floated off into the dim, musk-smelling caverns behind the hanging rugs.

It was then that the Comte de Marcellus entered the shop. He was a tall, ruddy-complexioned young man fresh to the diplomatic service. His chin was beardless, but carefully-trimmed side whiskers adorned his cheeks. He wore a black silk stock round his neck and on his finger a Greek cameo. He was in the best Byronic manner.

The old man clapped his hands,

and coffee and small, thin Macedonian cigarettes were brought.

"Your Excellency is leaving the Embassy tomorrow?"

The Frenchman sipped his coffee and smiled at the old man over the lifted cup.

"Tomorrow!"

The Greek had risen, and stood stroking one of his handsome black mustachios.

The Frenchman, without moving, looked up at him and said:

"I sail tomorrow. What is it worth to you to show me the place?"

The Greek reflected. Finally he murmured, looking over the Frenchman's head at the old man:

"She is unique in the world. A pearl without price. But my brother, who found her, is afraid."

The old man said, stroking his long beard:

"The island is Turkish. She belongs to the Sultan."

The Frenchman lit another cigarette.

"I will buy her, if the price is not too high."

The Greek unbuttoned his short

tunic and took a dagger from a sheath belted to his waist. He passed the edge of his thumb over the blade, looked at the steel curiously under the light, then replaced it and buttoned up his tunic.

"Five thousand piastres for my brother. Five thousand for me, Bottonia."

"It is a big price, Monsieur Bottonia."

The Greek smiled sardonically. "I am a poor man and must live." Then he leaned over the low tables and pointed to the scar on his head.

"Also, the price has risen since I got that."

"It is still too high."

"The dragoman Mouroussi will pay more."

"Then let him have her."

The Greek smiled.

"I have my own accounts to settle with Mouroussi," he said.

The old man looked up and said dreamily:

"There is danger in it, Excellency."

De Marcellus suddenly got up from the table.

"If I pay you the five thousand piastres," he said to the Greek, "how do I know that the owner will sell her for the sum agreed upon?"

The Greek put both hands upon his heart.

"Your Excellency can be sure of that. He is my brother."

"But if Mouroussi has already seen her?"

"He has seen her and coveted her.

But she is not for him. She is hidden in a safe place."

The Frenchman put on his hat. "The schooner *Estafette* sails from Galata harbor at eight in the morning," he said. "I will tell the commander to expect you on board."

The old man, salaaming, accompanied him to the door.

From the deck of the schooner the minarets of Constantinople were alone visible above the golden haze. The outlines of the shore were blurred. Stamboul lay behind them, and the islands of Prinkipe. Before them the Sea of Marmora spread like a sea of jade.

As De Marcellus leaned over the rail he could feel the dagger against his ribs. He took it out of his pocket and looked at it. There was a stain of fresh blood on the point. On the paper in which it was wrapped an illiterate hand had scrawled, probably with the point of the dagger, a sardonic greeting in clumsy French: the compliments of Mouroussi.

The sailors had waited at the marble stairs at the end of the wharf until the rattle of the schooner's anchor had been followed by a shrill whistle from the deck. Then, as they dipped their oars, a missile had described a white arc through the sunlight and landed with a tinkling sound on the thwarts. They had not seen the hand which threw it from behind the picturesque group of idlers on the quays. But the dagger was that which De Marcellus had watched the Greek



finger under the hanging lamp of the bazaar.

The master of the schooner joined him as he leaned over the rail.

"Excellency," said the master, "you will pardon me if I say that you are taking a dangerous risk."

"It is worth it."

"To you possibly, but scarcely to me."

"To France!"

"To me, Excellency, it looks uncommonly like piracy."

De Marcellus laughed. "Call it abduction, if you like."

The wind held, and as the sun sank over the coasts of Greece they made out the outline of a small island. The red cliffs looked purple in the fading

light. The level beams of the sun picked out a few scattered houses with low roofs, their white walls rose-red against a dark green background of olives and cypresses. As the ship came to anchor the wind dropped and the sails flapped against the masts.

A sailor pushed the boat away from the hull of the *Estafette*, and white fire flowed from the blades of the oars. The men rowed silently. De Marcellus sat in the stern sheets, with a cloak over his shoulders to keep out the cold. In spite of its protection, he shivered. An unknown danger threatened him. He felt for the brace of pistols strapped under his cloak, but his hand encountered instead the

point of the dagger of the Greek.

The boat grounded on the beach. A sailor jumped out and helped De Marcellus to land. He told two of the men to follow him with the lantern, and the others to wait by the boat and to be prepared to push off in a hurry. As he stood by the water's edge, straining his eyes towards the cluster of low houses that fringed the bay, a man came out of the shadows and peered at him uncertainly. De Marcellus swung the lantern until it shone full in the man's face. He was a Greek and wore the rough dress of a peasant.

"I am Bottonia," he said. "Where is my brother? He is not with you?"

The Frenchman shook his head. Then putting a hand clumsily under his cloak, he gave the man his brother's dagger. The man stooped over the weapon, which gleamed in the rays of the lantern. Then he crossed himself and stepped unsteadily out of the circle of light.

When he returned his eyes were bright and the dagger was stuck in his belt. "You have brought the money?" he asked.

"Five thousand piastres for you, five thousand for your brother."

"It is good," said the man. "Follow me."

He led them to a café under the trees where peasants and fishermen sat drinking a dark red wine from small round bowls of glazed earthenware. He spoke to one of the drinkers, who left his companions and disappeared into the dark recesses of the

inn. When he returned he carried two torches of pine knots. Making a sign to the Frenchman they walked quickly up the unpaved street of the village. De Marcellus and his escort followed in their steps, walking in single file. A sailor came last with the boat's lantern. Save for the lights in the café and the voices of the men drinking in it, the village was both dark and silent.

They left the inhabited part of the island and began to climb. The red flames of the torches revealed to De Marcellus a terraced hillside planted with vines. The path rose steeply, and on his left cheek the Frenchman could feel the soft salt breath of the sea.

When they climbed for perhaps ten minutes the path ended. Bottonia held his torch horizontally over the cliff-edge. "There are rocks here," he said.

He led the way downwards towards the sea, stepping lightly from rock to rock. They came to a small cave filled with dry sand. Bottonia swung his torch in a wide arc, to get his bearings, then headed for a narrow crevice in the rock. The sand was damp underfoot, and they could hear the running of water. At the end of the cave the Greek lifted his torch above his head, and his companion raised his torch also. "Look!" said the Greek.

De Marcellus looked. Under the high roof of the cave, about ten feet above the ground, rose a white figure. A niche had been cut in the rock wall,



and in it stood a woman in marble. The shining torso was bare. The head was slightly inclined. The eyes looked down upon the floor of the cave. In the left hand, uplifted, was an apple. In the right was upheld a fold in the dress which fell over the nether limbs. The face was that of a young woman, serene and smiling. A rosy light from the torches played over the exquisite flanks and rounded breasts.

There were tears in the Frenchman's eyes and his voice was husky. "Mon Dieu!" he whispered many times. Then he said to the Greek: "How did you find her?"

"There was a fall of land. A part of my vineyard went over the cliffs. I

came here and found the cave open."

He stood in a kind of trance. The sailors shifted their weight uneasily from foot to foot. Then one of the torches went out.

Bottonia said: "We must come back in daylight."

"In the morning," De Marcellus told him, "I will return with a party of men with ropes."

★ ★ ★

At dawn De Marcellus was aroused by a knocking at the door of his cabin. The captain of the schooner called to him to dress quickly and go ashore.

He found the captain on deck looking intently at the island through his

glasses. An Arab brig stood close inshore. One of the brig's boats had been landed, and there came to them, muffled by the distance, the shouts of men struggling on the beach.

The captain had already had a boat lowered, and De Marcellus jumped into it. One of the ship's officers accompanied him, and half a dozen men.

On the beach the figures of the struggling men became clearer. They heard cries and oaths in Greek and Arabic. Before their boat grounded, De Marcellus and the ship's officer jumped into the water and dashed ashore. Under the trees, where the sandy beach began, a dozen men were fighting.

De Marcellus recognized the two Greeks of the previous night, and with them some of the men who had been drinking in the café. Their opponents were in Turkish or Arab dress, led by a tall bearded Turk with gold earrings. Between the two groups, prostrate on the sand, lay the marble figure of the goddess. The arms had been broken off in the struggle, and a part of one leg. A rope had been thrown round the head, and the two Arab sailors were hauling the statue down the beach to their boat. A Greek, sprawling over the legs of the goddess, was vainly resisting.

The tall Turk with the beard turned as De Marcellus came up with him. "Ah, the Frenchman!" he screamed. He raised his arm and a knife gleamed in his right hand. But before he could

strike, the figure sprawling over the legs of the statue had risen and had struck.

De Marcellus saw the Turk collapse. The Greek Bottonia drew a knife out of his back, wiped the blade on the skirt of his tunic and held it out in triumph.

"My brother's dagger is now clean," he said.

With the fall of their leader the Arabs lost heart. The two men who had been struggling with the statue dropped it to pick up the body of Mouroussi. The officer of the *Estafette* gave a quick command, and the French sailors seized the goddess, hoisted her to their shoulders and ran down the beach to the waiting boat.

★ ★ ★

The captain of the schooner had watched the struggle and its outcome through his glasses. He had already given the order to raise the anchor, and the *Estafette* sailed as soon as the boat, its crew and their prize were safely on board.

Two weeks later they sailed under the guns of the fort of Saint John in the harbor of Marseilles. And taking post horses, and following the road from Lyons northwards, the Comte de Marcellus reached Paris without mishap. There his King awaited him, the short, fat and gouty Bourbon, Louis the Eighteenth, and to him the diplomat dutifully presented his captive goddess: named by an admiring posterity the Venus of Milo.

—GEORGE SLOCOMBE

A NOTE ON GLUCK

THE OPERA IS STILL A HYBRID ART FORM, BUT
CONSIDER WHAT IT WAS BEFORE HE REFORMED IT



HISTORY books label Gluck a “reformer,” and legend has it that he fathered the idea later expounded by Wagner: that music should be fertilized by poetry. He is said to have told his patrons: “Your Majesties, your Excellencies, Knights and Ladies of the Court, surely you see the necessity of putting some sense into our operas. They need not continue as mere ‘song recitals in costume.’ Let us quit checking our common sense with our wraps and allowing *castrati* to make fools of us! We should compose and orchestrate our airs, our duets, our recitatives and our sinfonias so that they are always suitable to the dramatic situation.”

Gluck was not one of those fellows who preferred to write his music first and have a libretto fitted to it afterwards. He allied himself against the melody-at-any-cost-and-to-hell-with-the-words tribe, and not content with preaching, devoted himself to demonstrating what could be done about it.

Before Gluck, and even after, unbelievable things happened on the operatic stage. Every form of rivalry—artistic, amorous and commercial

—made mincemeat of the drama. “By an extraordinary convention, the major roles of the *opera seria* were all soprani, and thus the parts of Alexander, Julius Caesar or Theodoric were taken by eunuchs, enormous in bulk, fantastically dressed (they were allowed to choose their own costumes) and more temperamental than any prima donna,” reports Martin Cooper. “They were the film stars of the day: everything had to be adapted to their caprices. Some insisted on always singing one particular aria, no matter what the opera might be: another would not appear unless he were allowed to wear certain clothes, whether he was to represent a Roman senator or an Indian prince. They did their best to distract the audience’s attention during another singer’s aria, taking snuff, chatting to the orchestra or yawning ostentatiously. All alike, men and women, bullied the composer into altering their parts to enable them to introduce some particular roulade or ‘effect’ on a favorable vowel. They would even count the number of bars in a rival singer’s aria and then refuse to sing if he or she

had a longer part than themselves.”

When Handel induced the prima donnas Cuzzoni and Faustina to sing in the same opera, it was necessary to design two imperial roles, one that of the tragedy queen, the other that of the bride or bride-elect of the conquering Alexander. The two queens first entered together singing in thirds. In writing the score, it is necessary to write one part under the other. Handel was careful to put the higher notes on the lower stave at the outset. In their second duet the queens exchanged relative positions, both on the stave and in pitch; and minute statistical examination would probably show that neither of them had a single measure's cause for jealousy.

Even when the composer complied with the singers' demands, he could not be certain that his melodies would not be embroidered and altered in performance so that he would not recognize them. This was the singer's acknowledged right, for the eighteenth century had none of our worship for the printed score. The composer was no omniscient master: his job was merely to provide a framework for the singers' fancy.

Operatic plots were definitely fixed. There were six characters, three of each sex, and it was the custom to make them all fall in love. The principal male and female singers were required to have arias of all possible kinds: *aria contabile*, *aria di portamento*, *aria di mezzo carattere*, *aria parlante* or *infuriata*, and *aria di bravura* or *d'agi-*

lita. Every opera was divided in three acts which could not exceed a set number of verses. Each scene had to end with an aria; the same character must never have two arias in succession, nor could one aria be followed by another of the same type. Both the first and second acts had to conclude with outstanding tunes, and the second and third acts had to include a grand duet for the hero and heroine. Under these conditions, the musical numbers were not more relevant to each other than the numbers of a 1939 revue.

Originally an aristocratic entertainment for the jealous rival courts of northern Italy, opera started with the use of lavish scenic displays in which each Duke tried to outdo the other. No thought was given to the drama: activity was concentrated on spectacle. Triumphant processions, floods, storms, resurrections and re-incarnations, whatever would give the scene painter, the costumer and the stage hands something to do, were the rule. Groves lists the attractions for the performance of Freschi's *Berenice* at Padova in 1680 as:

A chorus of 100 virgins, a chorus of 100 soldiers, a chorus of 100 horsemen in iron armour; 40 cornets on horseback, 6 mounted trumpeters, 6 ensigns, 6 flutes, 6 sackbuts; 12 minstrels playing on Turkish and other instruments, 6 pages, 3 sergeants, 6 cymbalcers; 12 huntsmen, 12 grooms, 12 charioteers, Berenice's triumphal car drawn by 4 horses, 6 other cars

drawn by 12 horses, 6 chariots for the procession; a stable containing 100 live horses, a forest filled with wild boar, deer and bears, etc.

It is little wonder that no one minded if the same libretti were set and re-set, if scarcely a single word was in its natural place. Nobody heard or cared for the words. The opera was a vocal gymnasium.

Almost identical conditions existed a century later when Gluck came to Paris to produce his operas—though the French supposedly maintained a superficial interest in dramatic verity. Gluck found disorder, abuses, caprices, bad habits the order of the day. Actors did not act, signers could not sing, musicians did not play, the chorus stood in a double row like blocks of wood.

Vestris, the Italian ballet master, wanted to introduce a *chaconne*. “A *chaconne!*” exclaimed Gluck. “Whenever did Agamemnon dance a *chaconne?*”

“Did he not,” asked Vestris. “Well, so much the worse for him!” Vestris got the *chaconne*.

Gluck was determined to improve things. He began at the beginning and demanded two hundred rehearsals for his first Paris opera, *Iphigénie en Aulide*. In shirtsleeves and with a nightcap pulled over his head, he shouted his disapproval at singers and orchestra until he sank exhausted in his chair and had to be fanned and revived. He told one singer: “Made-moiselle, I am here to bring out my

Iphigénie; if you will sing, well and good. If you will not, as you please. I will go to the Queen, and I will say, ‘It is impossible to produce my opera.’ Then I will get into my carriage and go back to Vienna.”

Gluck was fortunate in the support of Rousseau and other men of letters, and of his former pupil, the then Dauphine of France, Marie Antoinette. Nothing helped more to make him famous than the quarrel arranged between him and Piccini, the Italian opera composer, brought to Paris for the purpose in 1776.

The French dearly love a fight, especially between famous personalities. The Abbé Arnaud printed in the *Journal de Paris* that Gluck was preparing an *Orlando* and Piccini an *Orlandino*. The sting in the diminutive was enough. Women and men entered into the fray: families and even lovers were separated. Satirical pamphlets, newspaper articles, poems and epigrams, puns and squibs circulated. Territories in America were forgotten, the whole Court squabbled over how opera should be written and who should write it. Piccini seemed victorious, when the first twelve performances of his *Roland* brought in 61,920 livres—eighty-six more than the first twelve of *Iphigénie*. But in the end Piccini was obliged to adopt Gluck’s mode of composition.

Gluck retired to Vienna at the height of his success. Several years later, his *Écho et Narcisse* failed in Paris and he swore he’d never return until

the jittery vacillating French made up their minds what sort of music pleased them. His last years were spent in easy comfort. A hulking, pock-marked, conceited old guffer, sated in glory and loaded with riches, he became as famous for his rages as for his music. Dr. Burney wrote, "He is as formidable a character as Handel used to be . . . a very dragon of whom all are in fear."

Born at Erasbach, between Bayreuth and Karlsbad, near the German-Czech frontier which Adolf Hitler recently moved, Gluck inherited the will-power and toughness of a youth grown up in the woods, the son of a forester and huntsman. Country-born and country-bred, he never lost his peasant shrewdness. Energetic, close-fisted, pugnacious, vehement, persistent, he had a "political" head. He sized up and exploited every situation instinctively. Adaptable and pliable at first, he became exceedingly obstinate and self-willed when his fame was secure. On his first visit to Naples he absolutely refused to call as etiquette demanded, on Caparelli, the greatest soprano of the generation. Once, to rid himself of delay in getting a passport, he put on a monk's robe and traveled from Denmark to Rome unmolested. He never failed to sign himself *Chevalier*, a title he received from Benedict XIV. Mozart had the same title, but never used it.

Gluck was accustomed to the approbation of painted lips. Royal hands turned his manuscripts. He so admired

his own early opera, *Telemacco*, that he lifted portions of it for ten later works. And he was not above passing off an opera of his pupil, Salieri, as his own.

He was eminently successful, the last famous composer for a century to live a normal, bourgeois existence, to make a fortune and die in bed at the end of a placid and none-too-eventful life. He was, in short, a child of the eighteenth century, a son of the rationalist age.

★ ★ ★

Today Gluck's music is more admired than performed. The Metropolitan Opera's revival and broadcast of *Orfeo* was its first attempt in a quarter of a century—since Toscanini departed—to dilute our scandalous ignorance of his music. The nearest most music-lovers can come to identifying him is to say that he was a great reformer of opera, the forerunner of Wagner. There is less affinity, however, than is thought between him and Wagner. Gluck wrote vocal opera, while in the greater Wagner the orchestra is supreme and the voice hardly more than an added instrument. Of course, Gluck was interested, as he put it, in "dramma per musica." He advanced the idea that "the combination of instruments should be controlled by the dramatic situation."

But he was concerned more with a fitting beauty of musical design, a fitting beauty of harmony and tone, than an extension of the musical language. His so-called "reform" owes

most of its cogency to the fact that his librettist, especially in *Orfeo* and *Alceste*, simplified the dramatic problem almost out of existence. He proceeded, not from one incident to the next, but from one picture to another.

Yet he ties the whole together and is convincing. Under the spell of Gluck's music, it is possible to believe that Orpheus did captivate not only the Furies of the underworld, but even the rocks and trees upon Olympus.

Gluck's greater operas deserve to be known, not only as illustrations of what people thought the lyric drama ought to be in those days, but as ex-

amples of the music of one of the eternal contemporaries.

It is as true today as when Rousseau wrote . . . "nothing is more perfect in what is called congruity than the ensemble of the Elysian Fields in the opera *Orphée*." There, virtue and effort are transcended. To be better and strive upward is no longer necessary. One has arrived and those accursed "hygienics of the soul" are done with and forgotten. All is said with the utmost rectitude of balance. Nothing is withheld; nothing is in excess. If the Greeks had had a musician, they would have called him Gluck.

—CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO TASTE-TEST ON PAGES 55-58

1—B is in better taste. The chairs are in closer style to the table and in better proportion. The chairs in A are not modern enough to harmonize with the table. The painting is hung too close to the table (one too many cocktails from off that cocktail table and your elbow might unhang the painting).

2—Combination B is preferable. The colors and style of chair, painting, wallpaper and rug are in complete harmony. Attention is subtly drawn to the painting because it contains the only bright colors. The items in A are individually good but the combination makes a battlefield of color. The designs of chair, rug and wallpaper are three thoroughly different types. There is no over-all unity.

3—A is the better grouping. All separate elements are related in style and there is harmony of form. In B, the individual items are not in the same style—some are modern, some not-so-modern. The seat is an illogical shape for a single seat. The table is over heavy for a small, low table. The flowers are too small for the vase.

4—Painting A is framed correctly. There is perfect balance between painting and frame in width, color, shape. The frame is unobtrusive enough to serve as a subtle emphasis to the painting. The frame of B is over-heavy, over-colored. When the painting is in a modern technique, as here, the frame should follow suit. This one is more of an unrelated antique than an integrated accessory.

ABOUT PRENTISS TAYLOR

WHO HAS MADE NEW ENGLAND HIS LOCALE, AND
LITHOGRAPHY HIS MEDIUM, TO EXCELLENT EFFECT

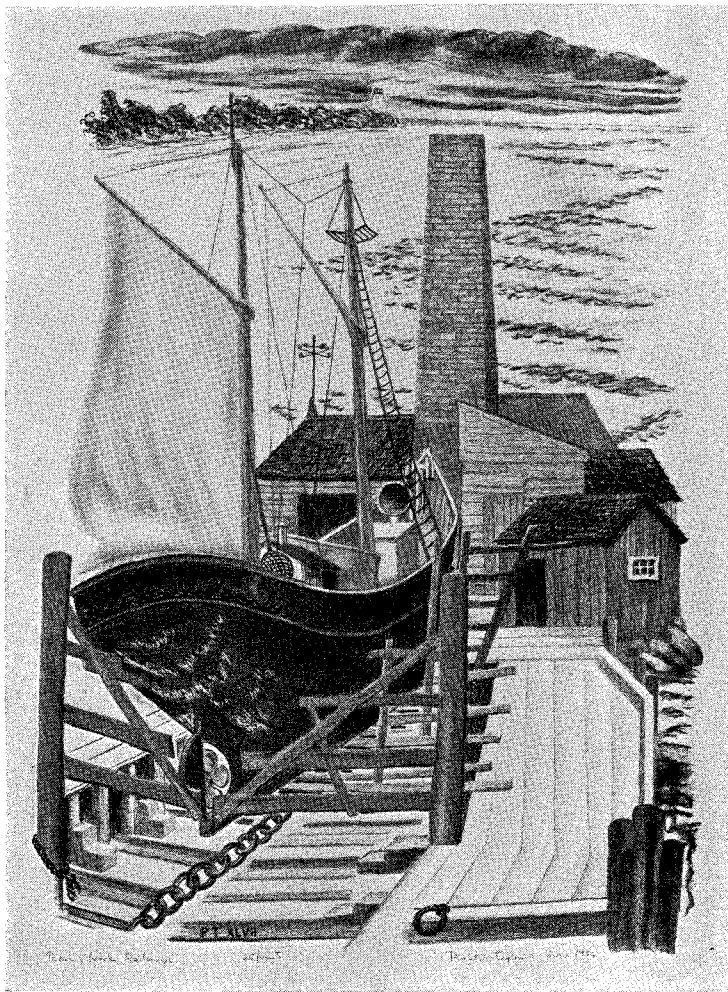


THE chief distinction of Prentiss Taylor's work is its refinements. Still a young man he has already made his mark in the medium of lithography. His prints, some of the best of which are reproduced here, manifest taste and discretion rather than unleashed power. His chief defects are a dangerous thinning of line and an inclination to go literary in his subject matter and abstract in his use of it. Prentiss Taylor will be a little master who will always digest whatever he bites off; he will give decorous pleasure with his intellectual statements about the world we live in. On the basis of the work he has already done one is justified in concluding that he will never be able to call to and evoke response from the emotions, but his skill will always be admirable.

Although born in Washington, D. C., of old Revolutionary stock from Maine and Virginia, it is New England which has drawn from him his most authentic and immediate responses. His most successful lithograph, for example, is *Louisburg Square*, into which is packed the mood of Boston's past Beacon Hill

glory. In New England's rocky coast, in its forbidding landscapes and utilitarian architectures Mr. Taylor has found points of departure for such prints as *Supper in Port, Connecticut Light and Power* and *Roxbury Foundry*. Mainly within the major theme of New England, Mr. Taylor plays the minor one of tribute to the small and vanishing industries. Throughout his work, whatever its locale, the youthful Mr. Taylor suggests a discreet nostalgia for the vanished simplicities of an earlier century.

Taylor's second loyalty is to Charleston which, he confesses, he sees with a New England eye; he has visited, and would like to return to, the Virgin Islands, the Caribbean exerting upon him a fascination second only to that of Charleston. The country around Washington has only recently begun to interest him, although it is not yet a part of him, as is New England, or half so fascinating as is Charleston. He likes to capture vestiges of the past that are freighted with social history. There are, for example, the prints celebrating the small industries of the past and *Louisburg Square*, for one,

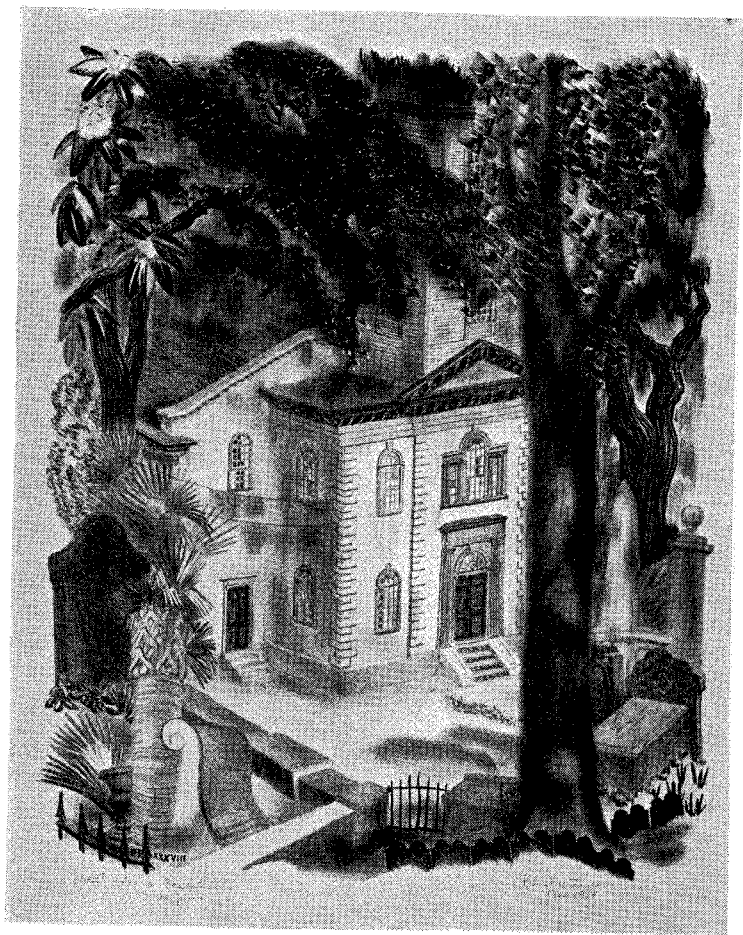


REHN GALLERY, NEW YORK

ROCKY NECK RAILWAYS

APRIL, 1939

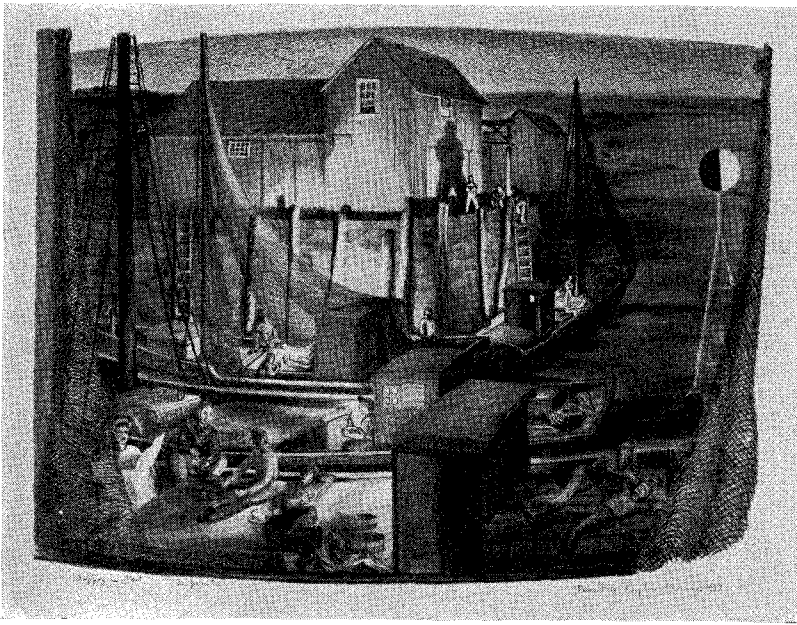
135



SAINT HELENA'S, BEAUFORT

CORONET

136



SUPPER IN PORT

carries a load of this implied commentary. Another note which Mr. Taylor plays is the threatening aspect of Nature. "I like to show what Nature and people do to each other, but you know as well as I do who wins."

Prentiss Taylor was born in 1907 and has since achieved not only a vocabulary in art but a sophisticated facility in language without having passed through any kind of college. Universities are made for such as he but Taylor early made up his mind to be an artist and to that ambition he devoted all his vitality and intel-

lectual capital. In boyhood he designed elaborate stage sets and it was his hope to go to New York and study stage designing with Norman Bel Geddes. The plan fell through and instead the 16- or 17-year-old Taylor journeyed to Provincetown and studied painting under Charles W. Hawthorne, from whose instruction, during two summers, he gained a simple basic approach to the problems of art that stood him in better stead than anything else he could have done.

But he didn't want to be an artist, not so much as he wanted to design stage sets. At nineteen he came to

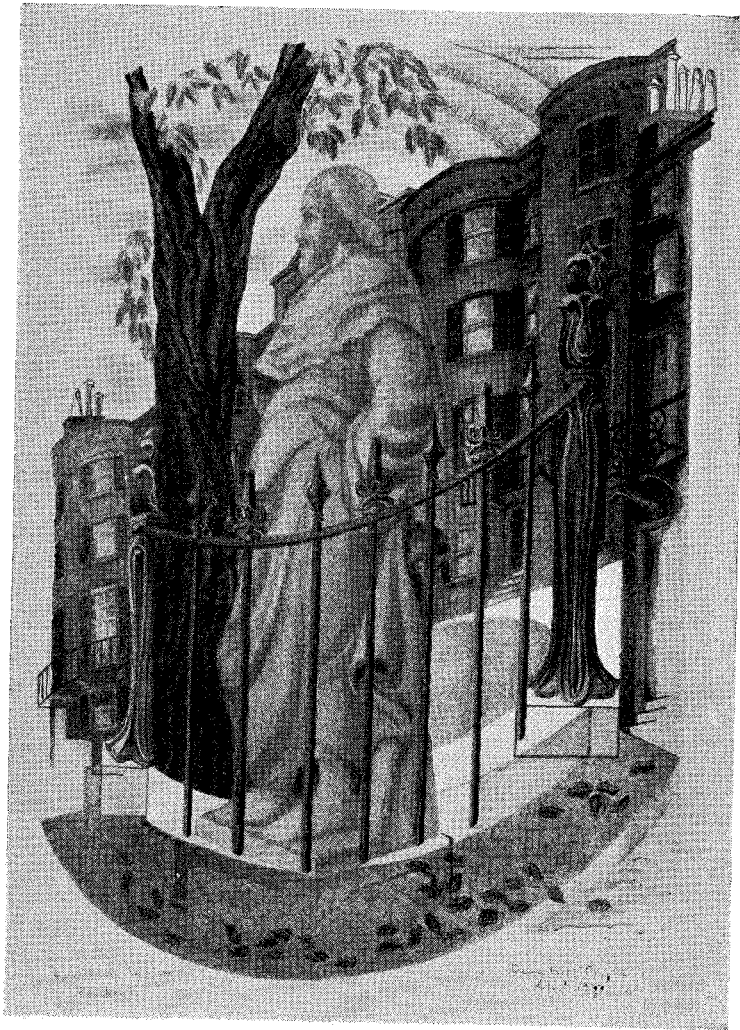


EXPERIENCE MEETING, MASSYDONY

New York and four days afterwards was designing costumes for a revue which, after sixteen weeks of rehearsal and two on the road, came into New York only to die. By the time the United Scenic Artists permitted him to take its junior and senior tests, both of which he passed, his ardor for the theatre had cooled. In the meantime he had worked as office boy, done piecework in a decorative box factory and painted flowers on mica lampshades. In and around all these things he was selling designs for book jackets, making an illustration here and there and publishing a little of his own prose. Interest in illustration

started him searching for a congenial black and white medium. In the fall of 1931 a friend suggested the night class of Eugene Fitch at the Art Students' League for a try at lithography. "From the first thrill of the crayon on the stone I knew I was home."

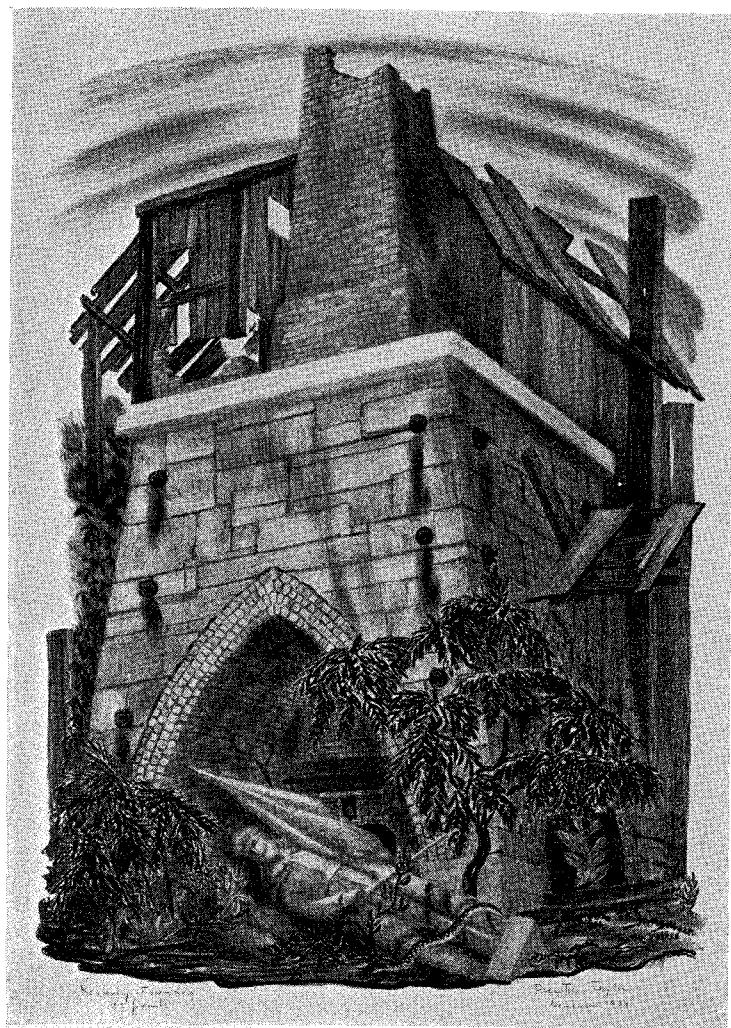
Since then he has made about fifty lithographs. His one-man shows began in Washington in 1927. During a recent twelve-month period he has had exhibitions in Norfolk, Boston, Baltimore, Washington and New York, and his work is included in the permanent collections of the Museum of Modern Art, Library of Congress, the



LOUISBURG SQUARE

APRIL, 1939

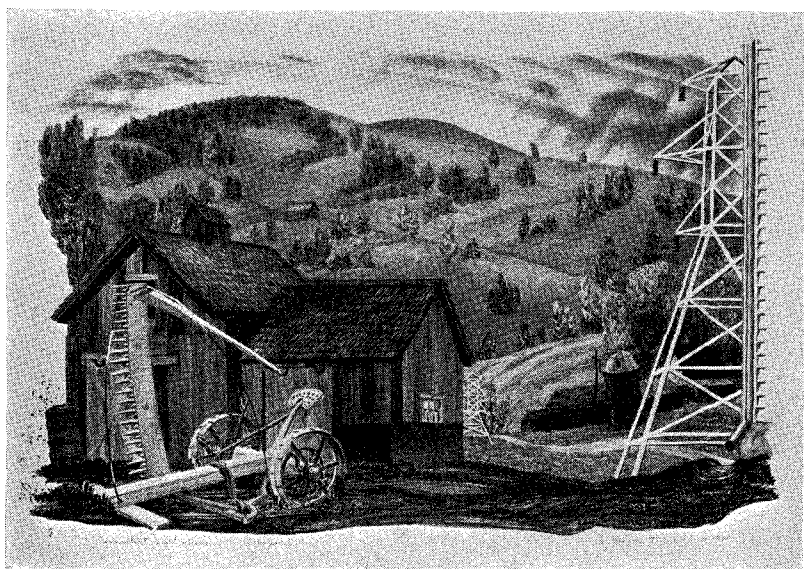
139



ROXBURY FOUNDRY

CORONET

140



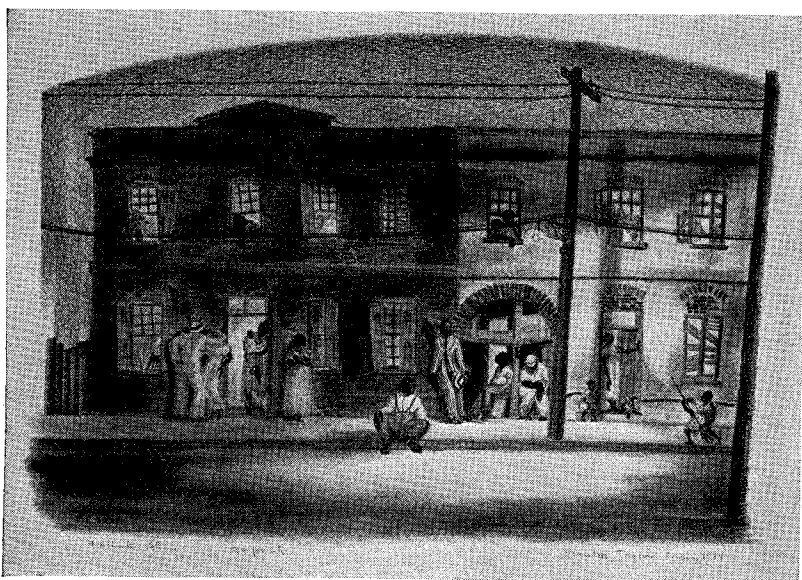
CONNECTICUT LIGHT AND POWER

Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Phillips Memorial Gallery, the Whitney Museum, the Seattle Art Museum, the Wadsworth Athenaeum, the Baltimore Museum and the Addison Gallery.

Mr. Taylor's own comment on several of the lithographs reproduced may be of interest. *Experience Meeting, Massydony* (Macedonia A.M.E.) is set "in one of the few Charleston churches where the real 'shouting' has not been replaced by Moody and Sankey hymns. DuBose Heyward took George Gershwin there for the 'shouting' rhythms when they were working on *Porgy and Bess*. The day I went I was the only white person present. I sat at the back

and concentrated. When things were going well the floor seemed to pull away like a speeding train. Home from the service I sat down and wrote a consecutive recollection which ran to eleven pages. The next year I went to Easter Service and soon after that made my lithograph, which was based however on the earlier meeting."

Of *Roxbury Foundry*, Mr. Taylor writes: "One of my best and least popular prints. This foundry, near Roxbury Station, Connecticut, produced steel second only to Sheffield before the Pittsburgh era. The fallen statue is a symbol of an era of small industries that ended with the Civil War." *Horlbeck Alley* was the artist's



HORLBECK ALLEY

favorite street in Charleston and no day failed to get him through it at least once. *Connecticut Light and Power* is based "on the view from a place I visit in the Litchfield Hills. There is my business of the old and present circumstance." One night when Taylor saw the boats tie up at the Rockport wharf until dawn, the sight gave him an idea—and that is how *Supper in Port* came into being. "Tourists are scandalized because I left the chimney off. It would have been bad for the design and I just forgot it."

Mr. Taylor's good taste prevents his themes from sloshing over into sentimentality. He knows he is on the

right track and doesn't feel under any necessity to pander.

In view of his youth Taylor's success may seem to be phenomenal, but it has been gradual, if not actually slow. "There has been," he says, "fine luck in friends and sometimes in circumstances. There haven't been any blaring trumpets that turned to gold as they hit the air, but that sort of thing is very disturbing. Most of us need to throw away a lot of stuff, not use second-rate things because there's a demand. Of course that's a truism. The process of integration of my own things is too slow to allow rapid production."

—HARRY SALPETER



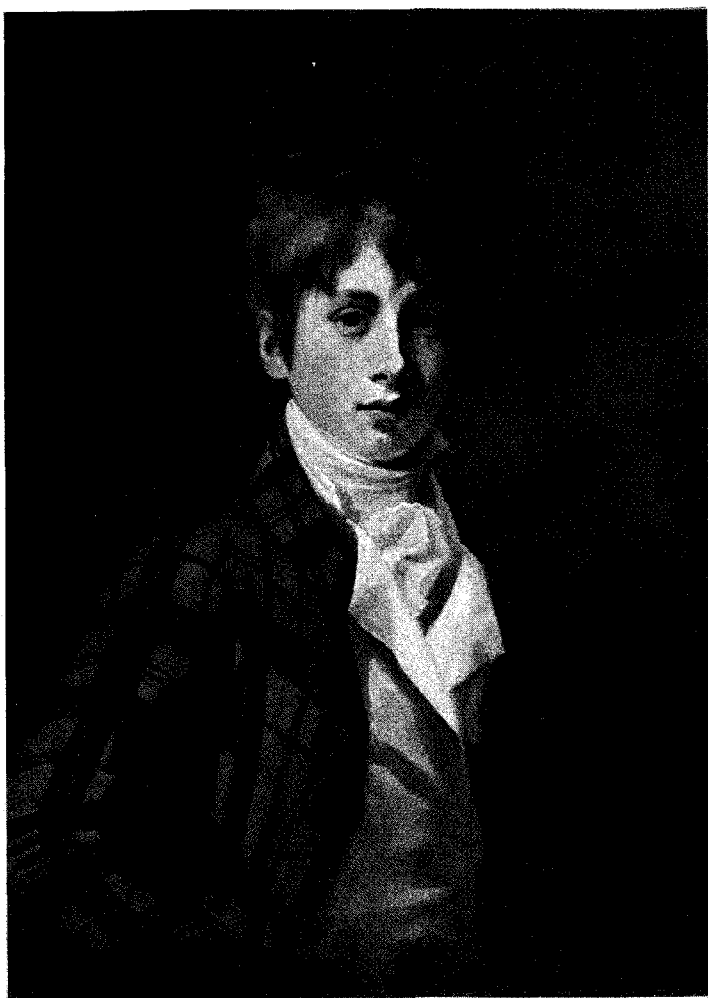
TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

PORTRAITS BY HOPPNER AND RAEburn

John Hoppner (1758-1810), whose portrait of Mrs. Gwyn is seen above, vied with Lawrence as England's leading portraitist. George III treated him like a son and, since Hoppner's mother had been an attendant at court, some suspected this was more than a figure of speech.

APRIL, 1939

143



EDWARD FRASER BY RAEBURN

Sir Henry Raeburn (1756-1823) began by painting miniatures and worked his way up to the title of Scotland's leading painter. Notables like Sir Walter Scott sat for him as a matter of course, and his 600-odd portraits are an index to the Edinburgh society of his day.



JANE FRASER TYTLER BY RAEBURN

Powerful enough at times to be compared with Velazquez, Raeburn had a flair for literalness of characterization, topped off by a dramatic flourish. With it all, he was consistently graceful in treatment, as exemplified by this pair of brother-and-sister portraits.

APRIL, 1939

145



AGNES COUSSMAKER BY HOPPNER

In this portrait, as in the one so similar in style on page 143, Hoppner is at his most typical—the coloring refined and harmonious, the characterization keyed to a sort of girlish matronliness. He aimed at, and achieved, a nice balance of elegance and simplicity.

'WAY OUT WEST

THE STORY OF STANLEY J. MORROW, A PIONEER
PHOTOGRAPHER IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD



ON A May morning in the year 1876 a stocky young fellow in civilian clothes stood at the edge of a cavalry camp on the banks of the Missouri River in the present state of North Dakota and gazed upon the scene of bustling activity that unrolled before him.

Out on the level plain beyond the line of tents, cavalry trumpets blared while flustered young lieutenants scurried here and there. In to the midst of this turmoil strode a tall, lean figure who needed no insignia to identify him.

The curly, yellow hair that escaped from beneath his broad-brimmed felt hat and tumbled about his shoulders was at once a sign and symbol of George Armstrong Custer, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry

and Indian-fighter par excellence.

Jaunty, daredevil Tom Custer, his younger brother, now strolled up. For

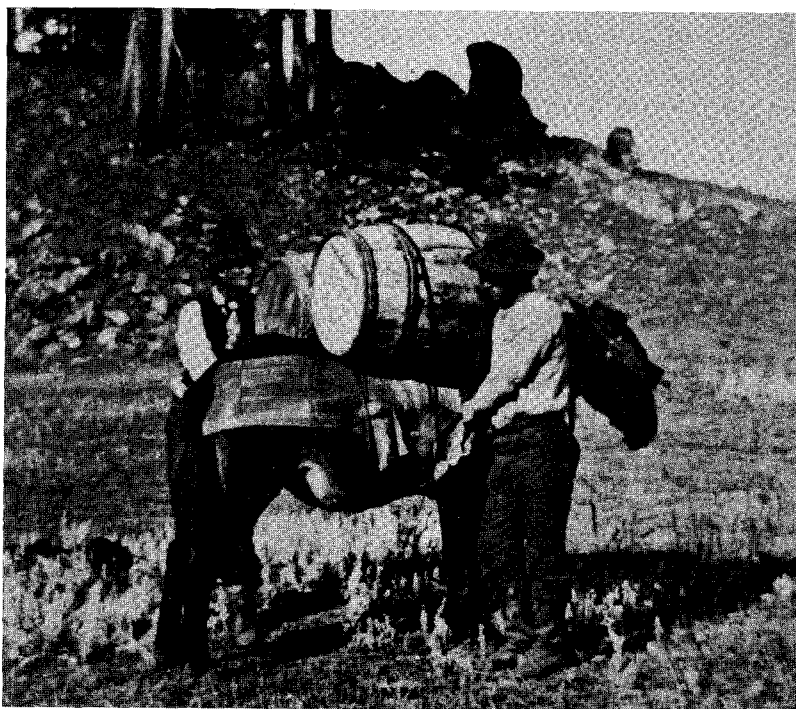
a moment the two Custers stood talking. Then with a quick gesture toward the young civilian approaching them, "Old Curly" exclaimed to Captain Tom:

"There comes that photographer chap from Yankton again. He's been pestering me for permission to go along. I've told him he's risking his scalp but it's no good."

Once more the "photographer chap" stood before the commander of the Seventh and quietly repeated his request. Custer listened to him for a moment, then turned away abruptly. "All right—all right—all right!" rattled "Old Curly's" impatient voice. And thus Stanley J. Morrow was



Stanley J. Morrow
From a Photograph Taken in 1870



PACKING UP FOR GENERAL CROOK'S MARCH (1876)

given permission to accompany the Seventh with his bulky camera, his tent darkroom and all the other paraphernalia necessary for making pictures by the old wet plate process he had learned from Mathew B. Brady, famed Civil War photographer.

The next week was an anxious one for Morrow. He had ordered a supply of glass plates and chemicals from Chicago but they hadn't arrived. They were still missing when May 17 dawned. And that morning the expe-

dition marched out of Fort Abraham Lincoln.

They had left behind a bitterly disappointed photographer. But he was soon thanking his lucky stars for those delayed supplies. Within a month Custer and his troopers had marched into the valley of the Little Big Horn River in Montana and attacked the huge camp of Indians gathered there under the leadership of Chief Sitting Bull. When Generals Terry and Gibbon arrived on the scene two days



5TH CAVALRY LEAVING CUSTER CITY (1876)

later, "Old Curly" and 264 of his men were dead.

Undaunted by his narrow escape from this disaster, Morrow immediately sought and obtained permission to accompany the expedition of General George A. Crook, now marching to join Terry and Gibbon in the pursuit of the Indians who had overwhelmed Custer. As "official photographer"—the first to accompany a military expedition against the Indians—Morrow conscientiously recorded

every phase of the exciting march.

At the conclusion of the campaign, Morrow returned to Yankton, but the next year he was in the field again. In the spring of 1877, General Phil Sheridan ordered his brother, Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, to lead an expedition to the site of the Custer disaster. Morrow was appointed "official photographer."

Sheridan's party arrived on the battlefield on June 25, 1877, exactly a year after the fight. The place where



CROOK'S MEN CARVING A HORSE FOR FOOD (1876)

Custer had made his last stand was still the barren hill it had been when the red wave of destruction swept over the thin line of blue-coated soldiery that had tried to hold it.

Now it was strewn with their whitened bones, the dismembered skeletons of their horses and the other debris that was left when the savage tide of hate had receded. By various distinguishing marks the soldiers were

able to identify many of the slain. They buried the bones where the men had fallen and marked each grave with a wooden headboard on which was painted the name of the dead. But for most of the dead, one headboard sufficed. It was marked "Unknown."

★ ★ ★

The career of Stanley J. Morrow had begun back in Civil War days when he was a youthful member of



CROOK'S CAMP IN THE BLACK HILLS (1876)

the Seventh Wisconsin Infantry. While he was stationed at Camp Lookout, Maryland, Mathew B. Brady, the famous Civil War photographer, visited that place. Young Morrow was greatly interested in Brady's work, became his volunteer assistant and, under his tutelage, quickly mastered the art of taking pictures by the old wet plate process.

Mustered out of the army in 1865,

Morrow hurried back to his home in Lodi, Wisconsin, and on New Year's Eve, 1866, married Isa A. Ketchum, his boyhood sweetheart. The next year the young couple joined a covered wagon train, bound for the Territory of Dakota. Arriving in Yankton, Morrow opened a "photograph gallery," the first in that part of the West. This region provided the inspiration for an idea which was to be foremost



AFTER THE LAST STAND: MARKING A GRAVE (1877)

in Morrow's mind for the next decade. He determined to make a photographic record of the West while it was still wild.

He fixed up a wagon, similar to the one used by Mathew Brady in the Civil War, to transport his camera, supplies and the black canvas tent under which he made his wet plates and developed his negatives. Mrs. Morrow had learned photography from her husband soon after they were married, so he left her in charge of the gallery while he went on any number of long trips throughout Dakota.

During the next decade he went everywhere in the Upper Missouri country, constantly taking pictures. Then in 1882 Mrs. Morrow's health began to fail and her husband took her to Florida. About 1889 he sold his Florida property and went to Atlanta, Georgia, to live. During this move, all of the negatives of his Indian and Western scenes were lost in shipment.

All efforts to trace them were fruitless. It was not until five years later that he learned that they were in the studio of a photographer in Jacksonville, Florida. He had bought the col-



BONES OF THOSE WHO DIED WITH CUSTER (1877)

lection (valued at \$20,000) at a "dead horse," or unclaimed property, sale for \$10! Morrow immediately went to court to regain his property. But while the suit was pending, fire swept the business district of Jacksonville and all of the negatives were destroyed.

Fortunately for posterity, however, Morrow had retained prints from many of the negatives. When he died in Dallas, Texas, on December 10, 1921, these passed into the possession of his widow who took them to California when she went to live there. She died in 1927 and nine years later

her son, Earl S. Morrow, presented to Dr. W. H. Over, curator of the University of South Dakota Museum, a collection of more than 300 of these pictures as a memorial to his father and mother, the two pioneer photographers who not only saw the history of the West in the making but preserved it for future generations through the lens of their camera.

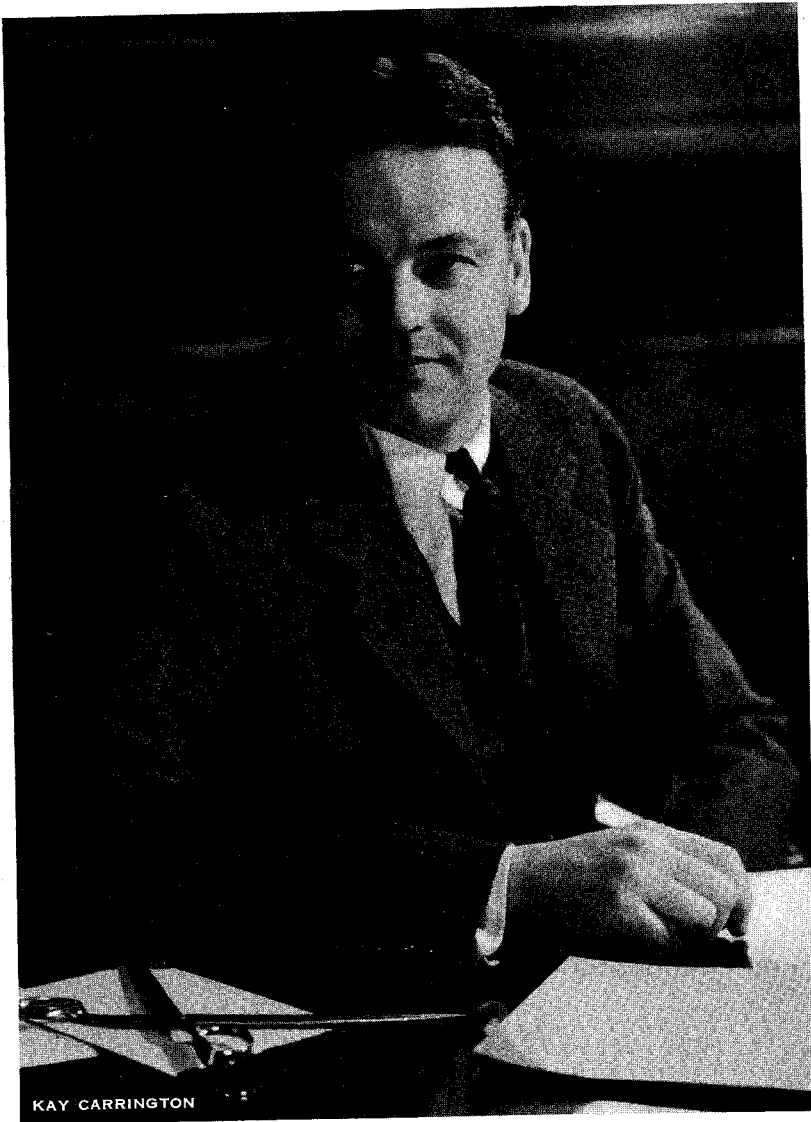
Morrow's day is long since past. But it is less dim as a result of his quiet industry than through the shining deeds of many more heroic figures.

—ELMO SCOTT WATSON

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

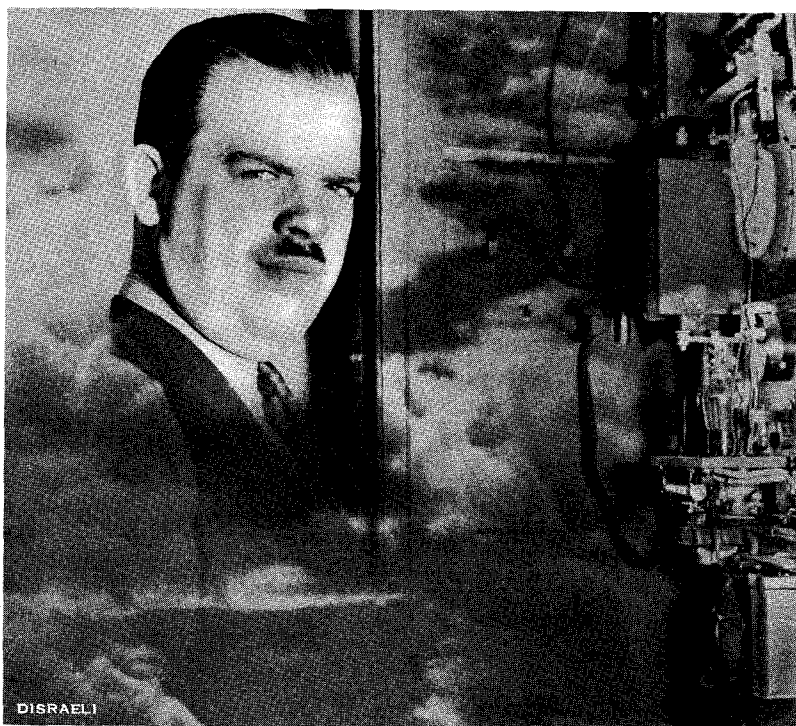
THE "Boy President" of the University of Chicago, who took office in 1929 at the unprecedentedly tender age of 30, recently celebrated his 40th birthday. In the past decade he has proved to learned greybeards who criticized his unorthodox program that he was right as well as president: the U. of C. is rated one of the finest universities of the world. Students, regarded as adults, attend classes and take regular class examinations or not, as they prefer. Yet the school is no spa for collegiate dalliance. Stiff comprehensive tests dispose of idlers. Hutchins has proven a wise minister of finance. Under his administration the school has received almost \$53,000,000 in gifts. Before coming to Chicago, Hutchins was dean of Yale's Law School, where his youth made him indistinguishable from his students. During his own college years he was self-supporting, captained Yale's debating team, won a Phi Beta Kappa key and took the DeForest prize, a coveted honor his father had won. Mrs. Hutchins is an accomplished sculptress. There are two daughters. Now heaped with academic honors, at eighteen young Hutchins earned an entirely different kind of award—for bravery in the War.



ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

APRIL, 1939

155



RICHARD LOMBARD

WHO BRIGHTENS THE LIVES OF FOLK UNAWARE OF HIS EXISTENCE

A STORM detector is as vital to a power company as reserve turbines. The company must know *hours in advance* just when rain or snow clouds are going to blot out the sun and bring a sudden increase in power consumption. Electricity cannot be stored like gas or coal, and power houses must have reserve turbines spinning when a million lights are flashed on simultaneously. It takes an hour and a half

to warm up a 50,000-watt turbine. Richard Lombard is Number One storm detector of New York Edison Company. He designed, built and presides over the mechanism that translates discharges of atmospheric electricity, "static," into messages of approaching storms. Less gifted employees read the newspapers to anticipate extra demands of championship fight broadcasts and the like.



EDWIN A. ROWLANDS

WHO CONCEDES THAT HE IS ONE OF THE NATION'S PRIME PESTS

BIG-NAME hunter Edwin Alexander Rowlands, seen above with Gypsy Rose Lee, has a collection of signatures from the famous—the noted and notorious—valued and insured at \$15,000. He has met and talked with each of his signers, has never resorted to letters of introduction—and he has never been refused. In four years Rowlands has traveled many thousands of miles to fill the three volumes that hold

his collection; he began stalking celebrities when seized by an irresistible yen to meet Lily Pons. Rowlands received his higher education at the University of Pittsburgh, has lectured to high school students on his encounters with the great. He gets a lot of mail from folk who want to buy parts of his collection. Autograph collecting is great fun, but he says there's no easier way of making a pest of yourself.



EMILE LARUE

*WHO IS A SEA-GOING
GARDENER, TENDING
PLANTS IN MID-OCEAN*

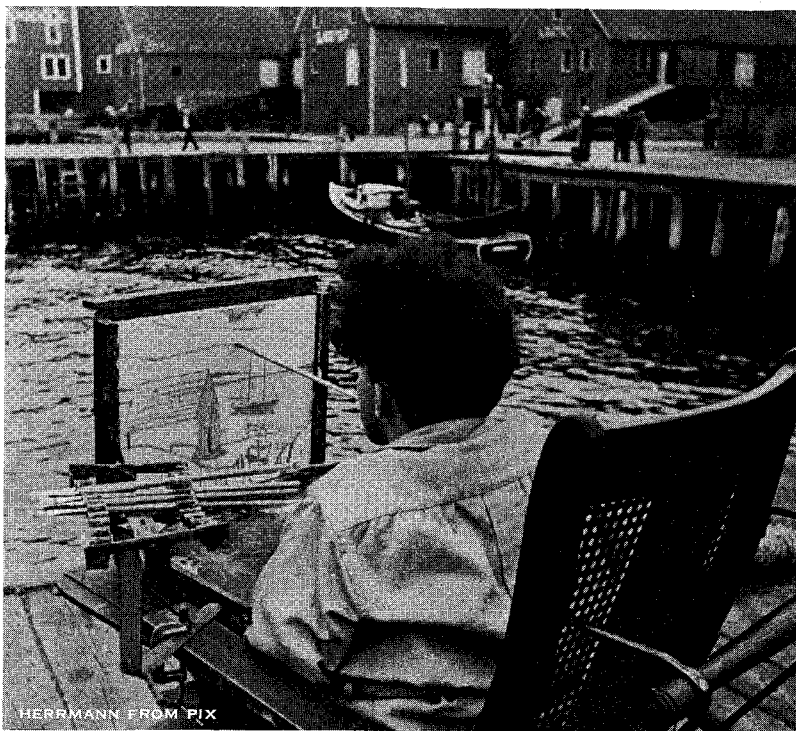
IF YOU care about that sort of thing, list among your collection of odd-and-interesting full-time occupations the vocation of Emile Larue, who is a professional sea-going gardener. He shuttles back and forth across the Atlantic, coaxing Kentia, Phoenix, azalias, cyclamen, liliun fongi florum, roses and dozens of other species of flora to grow and thrive in conservatories, pergolas and pots scattered through the decks of the liner *Normandie*. It is his job to overcome constant quick changes in climate and temperature, as well as long absences of sunlight. He has discovered that some plants suffer from seasickness, that cacti from deserts thrive better on oceans than in their native habitat. Larue is 30, comes from Indre-et-Loire and has been a gardener for 18 years. He dabbles in fauna, too, is something of an amateur ornithologist, having two carefully-tended aviaries aboard the *Normandie*.

JOSEPH WILLIAM BURK

*WHO PLAYS A WINNING
SHELL GAME AGAINST
TIME AND THE RIVER*

SINGLE sculls championship "ship" means little to the run of armchair sportsmen. It is, however, an internationally-competed sport and 24-year-old Joseph William Burk is one of only three Americans who ever won England's Diamond Sculls. Now Jo is training for the Olympics. He missed the last games by one second, losing a tryout by that heartbreaking margin. But he is today considered the world's great sculler. The only rowing he did until he saw a Poughkeepsie Regatta was ferrying himself across the ice-choked river to school. He rows like no other sculler—more than 42 strokes a minute; the average uses 30 to 32. Paying no heed to human opponents, he rows against time, a watch before him in his shell, as Nurmi sprinted against time. Jo's style is individual, not the result of coaching—a thought for intelligent athletes. At the family farm in New Jersey, he practices on the river.





EVERN EARLE BAILLY

WHOSE VICTORY OVER HANDICAPS FOLLOWS A GREAT TRADITION

THINK you're handicapped? Physical disabilities, it seems, need be handicaps only in proportion to the strength of the human will. Discoveries of fundamental importance in astronomy and optics were made by *blind* men. A great concert pianist has only *one* arm. And Evern Earle Bailly, whose paintings have won favorable comment and have been hung in galleries in New York,

Montreal, Philadelphia and other cities, has *no arms*. He had to teach himself, since no one believed that an armless man could ever learn to paint creditably. His favorite locales are those around his home at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. A rebuilt wheel chair, which has an easel he can adjust with his feet and a rack that places his brushes and painting materials within range of his head, is his traveling studio.

CORONET

160

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAILURE STORY

*ONCE A MAN MASTERS A CRAFT, IT'S LIKELY
TO FOLLOW HIM EVEN INTO THE WILDERNESS*



THIS one is about a citizen who set out to get away from all that and wound up by lugging it with him.

This one is about Will Solle who for fifteen years sold books for Kroch's in Chicago and now sells them from a farmhouse near Omena, Michigan, pop. 37, and still contends that he has escaped the calling that got him down.

This Solle was quite a guy around Chicago in his day. He was rather the fair-haired lad of the book trade back in the twenties, too, after John Kidd said what he said at the Booksellers Convention in 1925. John Kidd had been an inveterate president of his bund and should have known what he was talking about. Anyhow, at that convocation of the high priests of the trade, John Kidd said:

"Solle, at Kroch's, has sold more good books than any other man in America."

Quite an accolade for a man behind a counter. Oh, Solle was vice-president of Kroch's, but still he was behind the counter.

However, in that sad summer of 1932, the few who still bought books, and went to Kroch's for them and

had the habit of looking up Solle to find out what they should read—he being that sort of salesman—couldn't locate him.

Solle had had his fill of bookselling. He couldn't eat, for thinking about selling books. He seldom slept and when he did he dreamed of fighting off glaciers of books somebody was supposed to sell. The job had wrecked his body and spirit and so he walked out one afternoon and swore he was through selling books forever.

Solle moved to Omena and left books behind. Forever. As merchandise, that is. He took his own along to save storage.

Those were months to remember. The next meal's source was a universal problem. Solle kept fed somehow, but by the summer of 1933 was down to dimes.

Physically, he was better. Physically, he was tops. And his Chicago job was waiting any old 9:00 a. m. he wanted to hang up his hat. But his stomach turned over every time he thought of passing books across a counter again. And, besides, he'd taken a vow about that. There could be no turning back.

Now, as far as Solle himself was concerned, there were berries, roots and fish for the taking. But he had a wife and son who had contracted the eating habit in virulent form. And in Leelanau County you do one of four things: fish the waters of Lake Michigan commercially, grow cherries, feed and/or house summer tourists or render service to those who engage in the other three.

Solle considered all four, but fifteen years of bookselling furnished background for none.

It was the jig-saw puzzle era and Solle was trying to lose his troubles in one for a brief period one summer afternoon when his son entered and lifted his nose kitchenward and said: "What! Dandelion greens *again*?"

Practicing parents will understand. It was one of those jams in which all a man's resources respond to the pinch. There, right in his fingers, might be an answer. So he rented a jig saw and fell to and sold and rented puzzles and now and again there was a strip of pork with the greens, but a joker was coming up.

A customer, waiting for our artisan to dismember a lithograph of Belshazzar's Feast, took a time-killing squint at the books on Solle's shelves and mumbled a title or two and then growled that he'd always meant to read them and hadn't.

Now, that was an idea. If Solle got rid of his books at a price there might be an occasional meal emancipated from greens in any disguise. Besides,

even his own books there in the house had been like a cloud on the horizon threatening the future. Everywhere he had looked for a way out of his dilemma only one thing had been clearly discernible: books, which he had forsworn.

So that week the mimeographed circular which found regular distribution at church suppers and such announced that, besides jig-saw puzzles, books, as well, might be purchased or rented at Solle's, the yellow house on M 22, one-half mile north of Omena.

Folks began to come. Natives came first; people who couldn't remember looking at a stock of books anywhere, let alone over on the other road. And next, people from Northport Point, western Michigan's Bar Harbor, who, on puzzle forays, had cast covetous eyes at those volumes of Solle's which were collectors' items.

Shortly the jig saw was put aside for a cross-cut; Solle built bookcases and unpacked more books. No, he wasn't in business, he announced. He was just getting rid of books he didn't need or want so he could get hold of groceries.

And when a lady wanted a companion volume to one Solle sold her, he offered, just in a neighborly spirit, to get in touch with a friend in London who might locate the other. Just a friendly act, he contended.

But very soon Solle's wife got a good giggle. She got a good giggle because, getting ready to broil a juicy steak for dinner, she heard him say:

"Of course, that's a new title and I wouldn't have it. I'm not in the book business, understand, but if you're really unhappy for lack of it I can wire and have it here Thursday."

No, he was not in the book business, Solle would assure you. He'd never go back to that. He was a strong man again but not strong enough for that. He'd sold books for fifteen years and what it had done to his stomach and nerves was plenty.

He had eaten regularly, if at intervals frugally, up to that time. This was Omena, not Chicago with its helter-skelter living. But now Northport Pointers, doing their sun-up equestrianism, took to dropping into Solle's before turning breakfastward. Frequently they'd linger long after Solle's coffee was cold. And often at lunch and dinner time what used to be the dining room would be congested with persons trying to get a word with the man who knew just what a total stranger should read.

But he hadn't established a bookshop. He wasn't back in the business, Solle insisted. Whoever heard of a shop in such a location lasting? In New England, maybe. Out here in towns of, say, 25,000. But in Omena, Michigan, pop. 37? With an eight-week summer season at the most? Not on your life!

But came the autumn with a list of hard-to-get books left by the summer people, and the long days when catalogues might be searched and lists explored failed to develop. Li-

brarians and teachers and clubbers from surrounding counties had heard about Solle. They kept coming and breaking in on his time and so, to save repetitions, he bought a font of type and a hand press and mastered both and began getting out a bulletin which would serve the purpose of a personal letter.

A little shamefacedly the other day he admitted that his bulletin had gone to as many as 5,000 addresses. And he complained about getting queries in the same mail from Buenos Aires, Vienna, Edinburgh, and London.

He isn't in the book business. Oh, no! But columnists in trade papers have tried to make him a personage; and the daily press here and there writes him up as a figure; and radio commentators, concerned with book broadcasts, point to him as a great and unique success, not realizing he's a failure. He did his best to leave something behind and laid an egg, didn't he?

Solle started building a new shop this spring. It's a mile from his home. He just can't stand the pressure of having no time to himself. Nice shop: attractive sales room, snug office and printing shop. And a kitchenette.

"Why the kitchenette?" says Solle. "I'll tell you why: because I find that I must eat regularly. And I know that every day I'll be down here right after breakfast and that half the time I won't get home before midnight."

That's how badly he failed.

—HAROLD TITUS

EAGLE AND SERPENT

CORTES MANAGED TO CRUSH THEIR CIVILIZATION,
BUT THE INFLUENCE OF THE AZTECS STILL LIVES



WHEN Montezuma, king of the Aztecs, was informed in 1518 that white men in huge floating vessels had been seen off the coast of Mexico he was deeply disturbed. In his religion Quetzalcoatl, god of the air, once a great teacher and law-giver, had been a white man who before his death had declared he would one day return leading other white men. Now Montezuma feared that Quetzalcoatl had returned at last to reign over his old empire. The ruler's hesitancy and weakness made the Spaniards' conquest simpler and the end of the Aztec empire inevitable. Besides, to the conquerors these people were only heathen savages, to be crushed, proselyted and mulcted of their wealth. That here was an unusual civilization some of the Spaniards sensed, but the work of destroying it went on.

When the *conquistadores* inquired of the Aztecs about their origin the Indians replied that they were descended from a race of giants. To prove their story, a tradition of their people, they displayed numerous huge bones which they had found em-

bedded in the earth and which had obviously come from creatures of great size. But those bones, as the paleontologists testify, belonged to the mammoth, the mastodon and the other giant monsters who roamed the American continent in prehistoric times. From whom or whence the Aztecs derived is still not known.

According to their own legends, the Aztec tribes of the nation Nahua left Aztlan, their original home somewhere in the near north, about the seventh century of the Christian era, as we reckon time. After several centuries of wandering, they reached that region of lakes and plateaus where the City of Mexico stands today. There in 1325 they founded their own city and named it Tenochtitlan from a word meaning stone and cactus: for one of their chiefs had seen an eagle perched on a cactus and holding a serpent in his beak. Tenochtitlan has become Mexico City; the eagle and serpent remain in the coat-of-arms of the Republic of Mexico.

War seems to have been the motivating force in Aztec society, and the priesthood which ministered to the

spiritual needs of these people interpreted the commands of Huitzil-pochtli, the god of war, a terrible protector who craved blood for his sacrifices. The Aztec let his own blood freely in penance and expiation and purified himself with self-torture. But the freshly torn-out hearts of men, birds and beasts were the god's especial delights. Needless to say, wars had to be waged constantly, if only to provide captives for the sacrifices. Prisoners were taken alive and were well cared for until the appointed day when they were ruthlessly massacred. Unfortunately, in the ideographic paintings upon which much of our modern knowledge of the Aztec world is based, the more gory achievements were emphasized. But the Aztecs did attain a high degree of culture. They cultivated maize, cotton, agave and many other plants; they employed irrigation systems; they invented floating islands upon which they could grow vegetables and flowers on their lakes; they excelled in gold-, silver- and jewel-smithing, in ceramics, weaving, painting, cabinet-work and masonry; they manufactured paper, made sculptures and feather-mosaics, employed the arch and the column in their building, and constructed aqueducts; they also composed lyric and dramatic poetry and were enthusiasts of the dance.

Their calendar in particular has earned the admiration of students of comparative civilization. It was more scientific than the Julian calendar

which Europe then employed. Quetzalcoatl is supposed to have invented it, but he probably borrowed it from the Mayas. In any case this calendar, perfected by the Aztecs, was adopted by all the peoples of the valley of Anahuac.

There were eighteen months in the Aztec year and each month was composed of twenty days. Aware that the solar year was five days longer than the three hundred sixty for which they had accounted, they added five days to the last month in the year. These five days, which they called the "useless" days, were given over to festivities and celebrations. Inasmuch as there was still a quarter of a day left in the solar year, thirteen days were added to each cycle of fifty-two years to make up the difference.

The mythology of the Aztecs contained several hundred greater and lesser gods. From birth until death the life of the Aztec was filled with rituals and ceremonies: here perhaps the American Indian's religious inclinations were developed to the fullest.

The Aztecs probably did not practice circumcision, although a related tribe did. However, they did practice polygamy and cremation. They abominated the unnatural vices to which their conquerors were addicted. In their laws they also inveighed against insobriety. They had public schools and convents and held the education of the young to be one of the most important functions of the state. By a series of courts and magistrates justice

was administered carefully. Slaves were held but were fairly treated; the children of a slave were at birth free. In the main the laws of the Aztecs were severe but not unjust.

Since the most highly venerated of the gods was the god of war, the military profession was naturally considered the most worthy. Even princes had to prove themselves by valor on the field of battle. The brave warrior was the Aztec ideal, and proficiency in the use of the bow, the tomahawk, the lance, the sword and the javelin was taught to every youth; the nobles also used blowguns. As a race of proud conquerors the Aztecs disdained to attack an enemy by surprise. They declared war and fought on special fields reserved for battle. But they also built fortifications; indeed, every temple in ancient Mexico City was a strong citadel. Such was the empire upon which the Spaniards descended.

★ ★ ★

For generations the Aztecs were governed by a council of nobles and priests. In the fourteenth century the council, following the example of neighboring tribes, elected a king. The greatest of the kings were Itzacoatl, who conquered many near-by tribes and made of the Aztecs a proud nation, and Montezuma Ilhuicamina, an able and just ruler. Montezuma II—surnamed Xocoyotzin or “the younger” to differentiate between him and his great predecessor—was on the throne when Cortes invaded.

He was the last, but two, of the Aztec kings.

Montezuma, whose name has been variously rendered Moctezuma or Moteuczuma, was born in 1479, the son of King Axayacatl, who died two years after the prince's birth. At five Montezuma was sent to a temple to be educated by the priests and particularly to be instructed in the history of his people. Under the tutelage of the priests he probably spent the next fifteen years of his life, except for such periods when he was being taught the arts of war. When the prince was twenty-three years old his uncle Ahuitzotl, the king, died. In 1503 the electors chose young Montezuma to succeed to the throne.

Although as a prince he had been known as a person who practiced humility, piety and deliberation, Montezuma once he had been anointed emperor, displayed a new character. He began to pose as a god and gradually became more and more despotic, demanding the homage paid a god, driving out from his palace all who were not of noble birth, insisting that hundreds of nobles wait upon him and that they send relatives to his court as hostages for their loyalty. He collected a harem; he also assembled several large menageries. The vessels from which he ate and drank were of gold or pearl and were used but once and then given away.

To the average subject Montezuma was probably no more cruel than any of his predecessors had been. He levied

heavy taxes but he dispensed justice with zeal and worshiped the gods piously. He strengthened the army. To provide employment for many workmen he constructed public works. He provided asylum for veterans of the military and the public service. He also beautified Tenochtitlan which was built on an island in Lake Tezcuco and made it a sort of ancient Venice, with its canals, fine thoroughfares, gardens and many grand temples in the traditional shape of the truncated pyramid.

It was by an alliance with the Alcohuas and Tepanecs, neighboring tribes, that the Aztecs in the early fifteenth century were able to conquer the peoples who opposed them. Montezuma kept the kingdom intact, frequently marching off to punish recalcitrants in the provinces. Tlaxcala, one tiny republic, alone held out against Tenochtitlan, as it had done for decades.

After several successful campaigns in other parts of the empire Montezuma determined to invade Tlaxcala. This time, however, the Tlaxcaltecs united many of the enemies of the Aztecs under their standard and defeated one army sent against them. Montezuma himself was preparing to go out against the enemy when word came that white men were on the seacoast.

★ ★ ★

Hernando Cortes had come to Hispaniola from Spain in 1504 when he was nineteen years old. An adven-

turer at heart, ambitious and courageous, he inspired jealousy in his superiors, admiration in his subordinates. In 1511 he helped Velasquez conquer Cuba and won for himself a fine estate with many slaves. Central America and Mexico were still unknown to the Spaniards: the expanse of the Caribbean Sea hid the former from Hispaniola, the Gulf of Mexico concealed the latter from Cuba.

But in 1518 Jean de Grijalva discovered the shores of Mexico. Early the next year Cortes persuaded Velasquez to let him lead an expedition to the new land. The day before Cortes sailed Velasquez, uneasy because of the younger man's ambition, attempted to recall him. But Cortes was gone before he could be stopped. In April he landed at the site of modern Veracruz.

Here the conflict between Cortes and Montezuma began. Cortes saw a beautiful country, rich in minerals and therefore perhaps in gold and silver, thickly populated and therefore a source of many slaves, productive of maize, corn, cochineal and countless other plants and commodities. Besides he heard of the great temples and palaces of Tenochtitlan, of the pomp and wealth of the Aztec court—Montezuma, on the other hand, heard of the white men and sent presents to them. Superstitiously, he feared their coming and tried to prevent Cortes from marching to Tenochtitlan. King of a warlike people, he should have attacked and crushed the invaders,

but he was very troubled and weak.

Cortes may have been the serpent but the Aztec eagle was surely hypnotized by him. At Tabasco he won a battle with the Indians on the coast, the cannon and the Spanish horses helping to frighten the enemy who had never seen such weapons and such four-legged creatures.

At this time Cortes learned of the feud between the Tlaxcalatecs and the Aztecs and, as skillful a politician as he was a soldier, he allied himself with the Tlaxcaltecs, for his own meager forces could not have coped with the armies of Montezuma. Now a mutiny threatened in his ranks and with characteristic determination he sank his own vessels to insure that his soldiers remain with him. With his Indian allies he set out for the Aztec capital.

Montezuma received Cortes in November, 1519. Still the emperor was conciliating. His own people murmured against him now. While he marveled at the wonders and splendor of Tenochtitlan, Cortes perceived that he had a tremendous task on his hands. To insure against an outbreak of the Aztecs he took the monarch prisoner. But Cortes had another problem to face: now he had to turn about and fight Narvaez, whom the jealous Velasquez had sent to follow him and bring him back.

Cortes defeated Narvaez. While he was gone the Aztec princes resolved to attack the Spaniards who still held their king: the Aztecs were proud

warriors and could no longer accept the humiliating behavior of their ruler. Either Cortes or his lieutenant asked Montezuma to address his people from the walls of the palace. But patrician and plebeian alike considered that Montezuma had betrayed them. They stoned the king and Montezuma, the proud, the harsh and the weak, died on June 30, 1520.

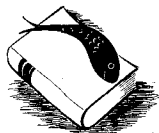
The temper of the Indian populace was now such that Cortes found his position untenable. He decided to retreat. The night of July 1, known thereafter as *Noche Triste*, the Spaniards fled, fighting a rear-guard action as they went, with Aztecs attacking them from every ditch and thicket, until they reached the borders of Tlaxcala.

Montezuma's death did not mean the end of the Aztecs, nor did Cortes' retreat mean his defeat. In 1521 the Spaniards returned and assailed Tenochtitlan and finally captured it. But even when the last emperor was hanged by Cortes, the Aztecs still survived. In time the conquerors, pausing from their chase for gold, would destroy Huitzilpochtli and root out his terrible worship; for it they would substitute the Inquisition.

Yet the Aztecs, their civilization in ruins, would live on, and today are present in the blood of modern Mexico. Indeed, with the return of the Indian to importance in the life of the Mexico of our times, it seems that the eagle is after all triumphing over the serpent. —PHILLIP PAUL DANIELS

THE COMPLEAT MAN

HE WHO SEEKS A SPIRITUAL TONIC FOR OUR
TIMES SHOULD READ THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE



A CRITIC, with apparently no nose for such a humble dish, once sniffed that an ancestor of the essayist Montaigne had sold herrings. The plea to the charge is "Guilty!" But a prosperous trade in herrings, wine and sundries made it possible for Montaigne's great-grandfather to buy estates and the right to the Montaigne name. On the profits from the herring business, which his father continued, the Gascon councillor, courtier and soldier was able to retire at thirty-eight to live quietly in his château and there set down those thoughts which he later had published as his *Essais*. When has either herring or leisure served a nobler purpose?

It is true, Michel de Montaigne did not deal in herrings himself but his style retained many of the characteristics of that grocer's staple: generally salty and always stimulating. Three and a half centuries have passed and the essays have lost little of their timeliness, or their caloric value intellectually, and none of their humility. Their wholesome and invigorating appeal to the inquiring mind has remained most constant of all.

Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas and all the later philosophers invite disciples. But they are masters whom the learners must approach with downcast eyes. Montaigne sits at a plain board with his companions crowding about him and everyone who wishes may join the conversation and contribute what he will for the edification of the entire company. One does not court Wisdom in the *Essays*; one weds her and knows her.

Of all the thinkers of the past he is our man. He mirrors the very doubts, the identical perplexities that confuse us today. He knows our problems; he probes them surely. And above all, he speaks our language and employs no rhetorical furbelows. He is not a perfect man but he is the complete man for us.

★ ★ ★

Michel de Montaigne was born on the last day of February in 1533 at his father's castle in Perigord not far from the city of Bordeaux in South-western France. Pierre Eyquem, the father, must have been a person with considerable independence of mind for, although a Catholic himself, he

had married a young woman of Jewish blood whose family, once fugitive from the religious persecutions in Spain, had been converted to Protestantism.

Eyquem determined that his child should have the best of upbringings. The child was brought up to speak Latin instead of the common tongue of the district. Then, at six, Michel was sent to the College of Guienne in Bordeaux. When he was thirteen years old he left the college and, inasmuch as his father desired that he should enter the law, probably engaged in legal studies. There is no further record of his activities until, at twenty-two, he secured a councilor's position with a local magistracy. Three years later he continued his law work at the Parliament of Bordeaux.

Not until he was thirty-three years old did he marry. Two years after his marriage Pierre Eyquem died and left to his son an estate including the château; the Protestant-Jewish mother lived on and even survived her distinguished son by ten years.

When Pierre Eyquem died he charged his son with the translation from the Latin of Raymond Sebond's *Theologia Naturalis*. This task Montaigne dutifully completed in 1569. Not yet had it occurred to him to set down his own thoughts.

Curiously, he did not begin to record his reflections until about the time of the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre in 1573. Perhaps it took

that dreadful event to make him articulate and to crystallize his reactions to his own times. The translation into French at this period of *Plutarch's Lives* and *Moralia* may also have inspired him. *Plutarch* had portrayed the thoughts of his day and the lives of its leaders; in his turbulent century Montaigne was perhaps prudent in not sketching heroes from life: he chose instead to delineate the behavior of every man.

The Renaissance was in its second century. Now the wars of opinions began and the ranks of the dissenters grew. Cruelties, treacheries, assassinations, wholesale slaughters—all in the name of God, the same God but variously interpreted. "What a pitiful mania," the essayist wrote, "to think your position so strong, and to be convinced that it is impossible to hold a contrary faith." To burn a man alive for his convictions, he summed up, is to set a very high value on one's own opinions.

The man in the château had seen certitude bring ruin and civil war to France. No wonder, then, that he should have looked with suspicion upon every flat opinion uttered without material substantiation. "What do I know?" became his motto and the mainspring of his philosophy.

Patiently composing for nearly eight years, Montaigne finally issued two little volumes of *Essays* in 1580. But before the books appeared a malady which he believed hereditary—he called it "the stone" but it is identified

today as nephritic colic—seized him and, inasmuch as he hoped to derive some benefit from the natural springs in other lands, he determined to travel.

He was gone for seventeen months. He journeyed through Germany and Switzerland and down to Italy. He traveled on horseback and, since he was nearing fifty, there must have been times when he was seriously discommoded. But his journeys were broadening his mental horizons and he confided few complaints to the diary which he dictated to his valet.

The following years brought honors, distinctions—and the multiplication of his illnesses. It is related that in his last days he called all his legatees in, particularly his domestics, and himself paid them the bequests he had set aside for them in his will to save them legal difficulties after his death. On September 13, 1592, Michel de Montaigne gave up the ghost. He was fifty-nine years old.

Montaigne exerted powerful influence upon English literature from the moment John Florio made his notable translation of the *Essays* in 1603. Shakespeare borrowed from him in the later plays, particularly in *Hamlet* and in *The Tempest*, Ben Jonson was a devoted admirer, and Sir Francis Bacon even called his work by the same name as Montaigne's: *Essays*. For Elizabethan England appreciated both the frankness and the skillful prose. From Florio down to Marvin Lowenthal, who in our own times

reconstructed the autobiography of Montaigne from the mosaic of the essays, the Gascon Socrates has been translated, paraphrased and appreciated.

★ ★ ★

He is garrulous and gossipy and the wise words he utters are offered in an amalgam of anecdote and personal experience, and yet he maintains a discreet silence about some things. He does not speak of his wife, save where, in keeping with the thought of his times, he pokes fun at most women and praises only those of worth.

His critics have supposed he was not happy in his married life but such an interpretation is shallow. He simply chose not to speak of certain matters and his choice of the material for his essays must be respected: he has revealed so much he should not be blamed for failing to tell more. The confessional was, after all, self-imposed. Perhaps he took soberly the line from Petrarch which he once quoted: "If you try to be too sharp you may cut yourself."

He talks about himself at length and is a confirmed egotist; but he is not offensively so. This is the way I am, he seems to say, leisurely, with a warm smile, a shrug and an open-handed gesture.

Self-study is his habit in all his writing, which combines the under-the-blanket freedom of the diary with the "Come, all ye who are weary—" of the confessor. Observation is the secret of the accuracy of everything

he has to say. His eyes are always open. He finds the episode to illustrate his thought, words to clothe the episode and the proverb to bejewel the words. His rule is also to exercise judgment, amiably but surely. The exercise of judgment is one thing that should be taught every child; upon that score he feels strongly. "Let him be able to do all things," he advises, "and then love to do only the good."

Proposing self-study, observation and the exercise of judgment, he also believes in moderate discipline, not for the sake of cramping and depressing the spirit but rather to make it alert and ready to absorb knowledge and to learn how to put knowledge to profitable use. He fears study that only inflates the mind instead of broadening it.

In the *Essays*, he does not write only of his native Bordeaux and Perigord, close as these were to his heart. He sets down the customs and manners of Rome as judiciously as those of Paris. Indeed, he glories in recording folkways of savages and barbarians and of presumably civilized peoples outside of France who behave differently from the *mores* of the day. He uses such material, first because he believes with Terence that "Nothing that is human is alien from me" and second, because he wishes to impress the need for toleration of different peoples whether at home or in foreign parts. He could find no value in the shedding of blood over pious doctrines. He saw a sick world about him and he

advised that the patient's natural powers of recuperation would do more good than all the inspired remedies.

If he was not the first discoverer of Truth, he did try to deliver her from the white slavery into which the zealots of his day had sold her. Rabelais before him had laughed a horrible laughter at a world that offended his nostrils: Montaigne only jested—because he recognized that the odor was human. He kept up his courage and pleaded quietly for simple things, justice, mercy and a measure of charity, confident that in his raucous world men, who never heard the bellowed cries, might strain to hear the softer-spoken words.

In our day Montaigne reads like a wise father who, having caroused himself, knows what a big head his son must have the morning after. Is the world, our brave efficient world, in chaos, with no hope anywhere, all lost forevermore? Will republics crumple, suns collide, truth never rise again? The essayist shrugs and smiles: "Who is there that, seeing our civil wars, does not cry out that this machine, the world, is being overthrown, and that the day of judgment is seizing us by the throat, without calling to mind that many worse things have happened, and that, notwithstanding, ten thousand parts of the world are meanwhile having a merry time? . . . To one who feels the hail coming down on his head, the whole hemisphere seems to be in storm and tempest."

—LOUIS ZARA

LOST MOTION

MORAL TALE OF A YOUNG SALESMAN UP AGAINST
THE EGOMANIA OF A MEDIUM-SIZED BIG SHOT



YOUNG Bob Armitage swung through the revolving doors of the building in which his firm's offices were located, out into a perfect spring morning. The sun poured down into the canyon of the street, and the air, not yet having picked up its quota of automobile fumes, dust and smoke, was clear and clean. He sniffed the air like a hound taking a scent; he squared his shoulders, gave his light overcoat a pull, and started off full of high ambition.

It is true that young Bob Armitage did not fill a very big place in the business world. He was a junior salesman, and not too important a cog in the machinery of distribution. But that bothered him not at all... It was a perfect morning. He felt in tip-top shape, and he felt capable of great things.

A little later he left the world of clean air, sun and blue sky, and was whirled up fifteen stories in a building that thrust itself upwards with Spartan plainness.

Stepping out of the elevator, he found himself in a setting of mildly restrained opulence. The firm he was

calling on was a large one and occupied an entire floor of the building. The elevator, therefore, opened directly into the waiting room. In the middle of the room stood a dull finished library table on which were scattered several industrial periodicals, and on which also stood a crystal bowl in which three goldfish swam with slowly swishing tails. Over at the right-hand wall, behind plate glass, sat a young lady who was a self-conscious picture of elegance, clad in black satin that seemed to be painted on. Altogether it was a restful scene that seemed, somehow, to be far removed from the hurly-burly of everyday life. The time was 9:30 a. m.

Young Armitage strode over to the plate glass and beamed with good humor through its crystal clarity. The young lady negligently opened a plate glass slide with a delicately tinted fingernail, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Mr. Jarvis in?" he asked pleasantly.

"Who is it wishes to see him?" queried the Venus in the glass case,

unemotional and utterly impersonal.

"R. Armitage, of Houston, Swales and Blue," responded the young man in his best manner.

This information left Venus quite unmoved. She patted her hair, answered a telephone call, and then, after doing several mysterious things with plugs, she spoke in a monotone into the telephone mouthpiece hanging around her neck, "Mr. Armstrong, of Houston, Swales and Blue to see you."

There was a moment's pause, and then, turning to young Armitage, she said, "Mr. Jarvis will see you in a few minutes—if you don't mind waiting." Then she promptly slid the glass panel closed and shut young Armitage out of her immediate world with such impersonal emphasis that he felt vaguely as though his topcoat didn't fit across the shoulders.

But young Armitage had been footslogging around long enough to know a lot about impersonal young ladies at inquiry switchboards. So, beaming once more, he turned and settled himself into one of the comfortable chairs, and picking up one of the industrial magazines, he proceeded to read with gusto the details of the heating installation in the plant of Messrs. Bickwick, Tyler and Astrum. He surprised himself by saying "tripe" out loud, as he threw the magazine back on the table, and looked guiltily round to see whether anyone had heard him. But he was quite alone in a pool of silence. The Venus in the glass case

was doing soundless things with plugs. He looked at his watch. The time was 9:50 a. m.

He picked up another magazine, but found his attention wandering. He wondered how much money it took to keep this expensive layout going. His mind trailed into blankness. He suddenly noticed the silence and it was a physical sensation rather than a mental reaction. He wrenched his attention back to the magazine. He examined it in detail from front to back, and from back to front. He looked again at his watch. The time was 10:15 a. m.

He tried another magazine, reading it through conscientiously. By now he found himself highly critical of modern industrial literature, and was glad when the elevator door slid open and disgorged a telegraph messenger who outdid the young lady in the glass case in impersonality. She evidently considered all telegraph boys blots upon the landscape, and plainly showed it. He evidently considered young ladies in glass cases to be merely expensive, unornamental, and useless luxuries, and plainly showed it. And the honors were even.

The next entrant was a man older than Armitage. He went over to the glass panel, and again the slide was opened. The newcomer asked for Mr. Hughes, and the same ritual that had greeted young Armitage was gone through, even to the identical words which consigned the elder man to another of those comfortable chairs. This

man did not even reach for a magazine. He settled himself with his knees close together, on which rested his brief case, and on his face was a look of patient resignation as he stared at the glass bowl on the table. Young Armitage looked at his watch. The time was 10:45 a. m.

He settled himself again, but was conscious of a growing distaste of this place and all it contained. The look of dumb resignation on the older man's face worried him. He wondered whether he would be like that in ten or twelve years. He expected to be sales manager by that time; but this older man had also probably expected to be sales manager ten or twelve years ago. And the years flit away so fast, even though waited minutes tick away so slowly.

He turned to the older man. "These birds in this place aren't a bit fussy about time, are they?" he ventured.

The other man laughed. A short, bitter laugh. "Fussy about time," he snorted, "I should say not. Good God: I hate to think how many hours I've waited in this place. But what can a fellow do?" he finished rather vaguely.

After a moment or two of silence, he turned to young Armitage. "Have you ever figured out how much time you spend in waiting?" he asked. "Some places are worse than others, but in the end you spend a lot of time waiting, just as I do. Now, multiply that by hundreds of thousands, because there's hundreds of thousands just like you and me, and what do you

get? I've never worked it out, but there must be years of time wasted every day. Years of time wasted every day, and that's funny, when you come to think of it . . ."

Young Armitage wrestled with this problem. "Yes," he said, "that's a funny sort of idea. Years of time wasted every day, but I guess you're right." Again he looked at his watch. The time was 11:20 a. m.

And then something happened to young Armitage; something quite unprecedented, and most certainly quite inexcusable. A sudden surge of hot temper swept over him, and he strode over to the glass panel behind which the satin-clad Venus still impersonally handled telephone plugs. Upon his arrival she opened the glass slide and looked at him as though he had just come in.

"Say," said young Armitage, "how much longer does that old trout in there think I'm going to wait here? For the love of Mike, wake him up."

A flicker of interest came into the level, impersonal eyes of Venus.

"What was the name?" she asked.

"Armitage, of Houston, Swales and Blue."

She spoke again into the mouthpiece around her neck. "Mr. Armstrong, of Houston, Swales and Blue, is still waiting," she said.

And then, "Mr. Jarvis will see you in a few minutes—if you don't mind waiting," she said. Descending for a brief moment from her aloofness, she added, "He really will see you in a

minute." Then she slid the panel shut. The time was 11:25 a. m.

At 11:30 a rotund gentleman of benign countenance came through one of the doors, balancing a pair of spectacles in his hand.

He looked enquiringly at the two occupants of the room. "Mr. Armstrong?" he queried pleasantly.

Young Armitage got to his feet. "Armitage is the name sir," he said, "of Houston, Swales and Blue."

"Oh, yes," said the benign gentleman, "of Houston, Swales and Blue. I'm sorry, Mr. Armstrong, we have nothing for you this morning."

Young Armitage gasped. He felt suddenly weak and terribly ineffectual. "But Mr. Jarvis," he said, "can't I have an opportunity of talking our proposition over with you?"

"It would be useless to take up your time and mine, Mr. Armstrong. I advised your people by letter yesterday that this order had been placed elsewhere."

For a moment young Armitage saw red. He was seized with an insane desire to punch that benign, rotund countenance to a pulp. "Take up my time, you pot-bellied old nightmare," he shouted. "Don't you know you have kept me waiting two hours this morning? Why the hell didn't you send out word when I first came in here this morning at nine-thirty?"

Not by a flicker did the benign countenance of the rotund gentleman's face change. He still looked pleasant. "Your language and your

attitude are both offensive, sir. Good morning," he said, and vanished. And that was that.

Young Armitage felt more helpless and ineffectual than ever.

Fifteen minutes later young Armitage was back in his own office, and asked to see the sales manager.

"Did you know that Wentworth order was placed?" asked Armitage.

"Sure I did," responded the sales manager.

"Then what was the idea in sending me over there?"

"Oh," said the sales manager, "I took a chance that maybe we could squeeze something out of it."

For the third time that morning something went wrong with young Armitage. "You're crazy," he shouted, "the whole system is crazy. First of all you send me over on a cold call. That's wasted effort. Then they keep me waiting two hours. That's wasted time. You need never have sent me, and they need never have kept me, but you both did it, and the whole thing is madhouse, and I'm going to quit."

"Oh no you're not," replied the sales manager. "You're fired. Mr. Jarvis telephoned over and reported your conduct. You can't insult a man like that and get away with it. You're fired, get me? . . . You're fired. F.I.R.E.D."

As the sales manager left him, young Armitage looked at his watch. It was exactly 12 o'clock noon.

—R. C. ROWE

LIKE GREAT PEOPLE.....

CORONET is a magazine like great people.

*By my association with its "infinite riches," I,
a commoner, am able to reap the benefits it
willingly offers without my first falsely assum-
ing the air of sophistication demanded by
other and lesser periodicals.*

CORONET is the aristocrat most democratic.

John Binnes.....

AKRON, OHIO

How to Secure Reduced Rates For Your Own and For Gift Subscriptions to CORONET

RATES NOW IN EFFECT

Single 1-year subscription, \$4.00

Single 2-year subscription, 7.00

Two 1-year subscriptions, 3.50 per year

Foreign Postage—\$1.00 per year

Why not take advantage of these low prices now? You may include your own subscription or renewal with any gift subscriptions you may desire to place at this time. If your subscription is a renewal, it will be started, of course, at the expiration of your present subscription. A special gift card will be sent from you to all those receiving gift subscriptions. Secure these savings for yourself and your friends now!

USE THE CONVENIENT ORDER BLANK BELOW

Coronet 919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

My name is
Please Print

Address

I enclose \$..... If you prefer to have us send you a bill, check here

Enter ☐ Renew ☐ My own subscription for 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐

Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

Name.....
Please Print

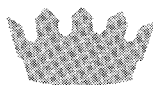
Address..... 1 Yr

City.....State.....2 Yrs

Name.....
Please Print

Address..... 1 Yr

City.....State.....2 Yrs



CORONET

for

APRIL

1939

Continued from inside front cover

By David P. Willoughby . . . 12
By David Ramage . . . 13
Left by Richard Correll; right
by Alf Bruseth . . . 14

AN EASTER PORTFOLIO

Martin Schongauer . . . 47
Michelangelo . . . 48
Albrecht Dürer . . . 49
Domenico Campagnola . . . 50
Pieter Breughel . . . 51
Peter Paul Rubens . . . 52

HAMMERED COPPER BY
MAREK SZWARC . . . 99-102

EIGHT LITHOGRAPHS BY PRENTISS TAYLOR

Rocky Neck Railways . . . 135
Saint Helena's, Beaufort . . . 136
Supper in Port . . . 137
Experience Meeting,
Massydon . . . 138
Louisburg Square . . . 139
Roxbury Foundry . . . 140
Connecticut Light and Power . . . 141
Horlbeck Alley . . . 142

FOUR PAINTINGS

Mrs. Gwyn
by John Hoppner . . . 143
Edward Fraser
by Sir Henry Raeburn . . . 144
Jane Fraser Tytler
by Sir Henry Raeburn . . . 145
Agnes Coussmaker
by John Hoppner . . . 146

DRAWINGS BY

WILLIAM SHARP . . . 21, 125, 127

DRAWINGS BY

GEORGE JO MESS . . . 32, 116

PHOTOGRAPHS:

COMPOSITION

Benediction . . . Camara 59
Seagoing Spire . . . Deutch 60
Guardians of the Louvre
Brassai 61

Aristide Maillol Brassai 62

Romanesque Corridor
Brassai 63

SEASONAL

Blossom Time . . . Barchan 64
Deshabille . . . Deutch 65

STREET SCENES

Midnight Oil . . . Brassai 66
Lamplit . . . Brassai 67

PORTRAITS

Belle of Bombay . Rathenau 68
Australian Shepherd Hoppé 69

LANDSCAPES

Pastoral . . . Papillon 70
Tyrolean Shrine . . . Ergé 71

CHILDREN

Eskimo Pie . . . Albee 72
To Market . . . Diènes 73
Not the Company . Jacobi 74
Thought for Food
Prager-Mandowsky 75

ANIMALS

Easter Bunny . . . La Tour 76
Pigeons on the Gravel
Kertész 77

Camel into Zebra

Wishengrad 78
Apronstrings . . . Kehl 79

STUDIES

Water Gown . . . Csörgeő 80
Catnap . . . Haveman 81
Balletomane . . . Deutch 82
Tactile . . . Deutch 83

HUMAN INTEREST

The Young Idea . . . Ferris 84
Nightcap . . . Dumas 85
Restful Inclination . Groom 86
Smoothed Over . . . Bauer 87
Cotton Cargo . . . Hibbs 88
Goat Hides . . . Hibbs 89

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

STANLEY J. MORROW 148-153

PORTFOLIO OF

PERSONALITIES . . . 155-160

EDITORS:

ARNOLD GINGRICH

BERNARD GEIS

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

